The Saturday Evening
POST
June 30, 1956 — 15¢

JUN 2 6 '56

Cincinnati's Wally Post
By Harry T. Paxton

CAN CHEMICALS CONQUER CANCER?
By Steven M. Spencer

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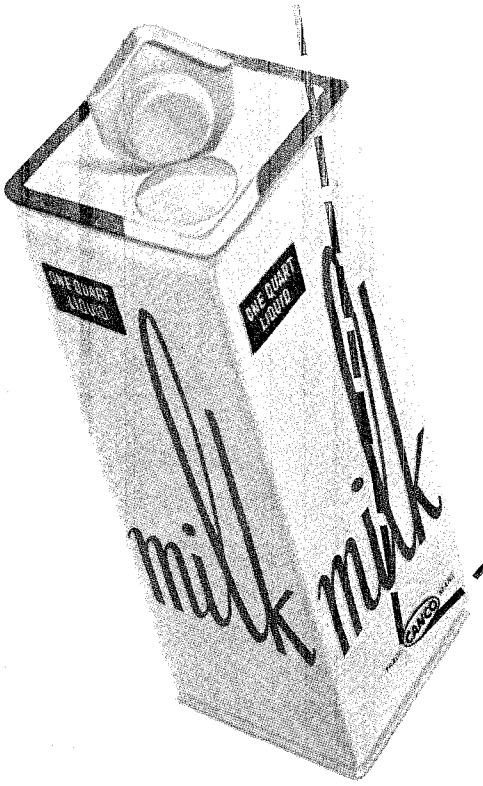


CANCO

The Symbol that links the modern dairy to your modern way of living

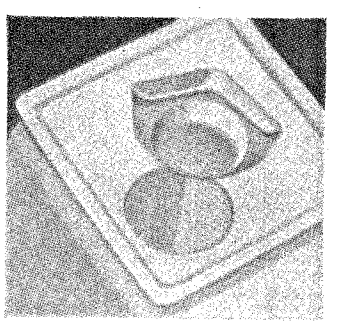
Today, fresh milk in a Bright-White fibre carton is as handy as the refrigerator in which you store it. This great improvement in milk "packaging" bears a symbol you probably seldom notice.

The symbol is a trade-mark—a small oval on paper cartons made by American Can Company.

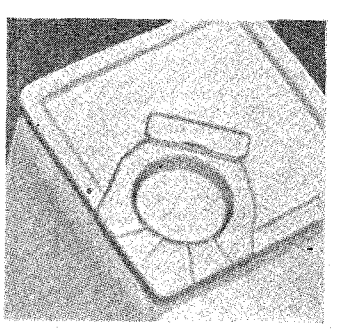
Back of it is Canco's conviction that the fibre container is by far the best way to bring milk within the reach of everyone . . . quickly, conveniently, economically.

Back of it, too, is Canco's motto, "Can do," and the *spirit of cooperation* that makes this motto work.

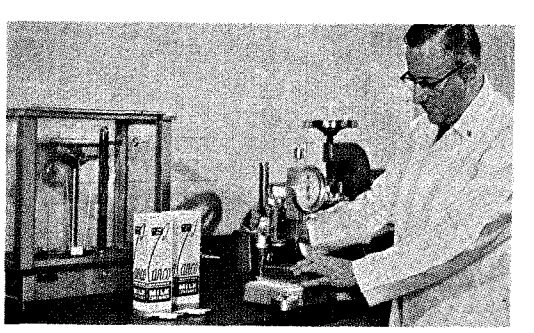
BEHIND THIS SYMBOL ARE THE SERVICES OF CANCO'S "CAN DO" MEN. READ HOW THEY ADDED "CONVENIENCE" TO THE ENJOYMENT OF DAIRY-FRESH MILK.



FLIP—IT'S OPEN! Canco Snap Cap carton is easiest to open. "Controlled pouring" makes it simple for children to serve themselves.



SNAP—IT'S CLOSED! Push down Snap Cap. That's all! Closes faster, easier, tighter. It's another accomplishment of Canco's "Can do" men.



PHYSICAL CHEMIST DR. L. E. HOAG is one c the many specialists contributing to the superiorit of Canco milk containers. Faced with challenge Canco people have always answered, "Can do!" Result: leadership—yesterday, today, tomorrow

"Can do"... *that's the spirit of* American Can Company

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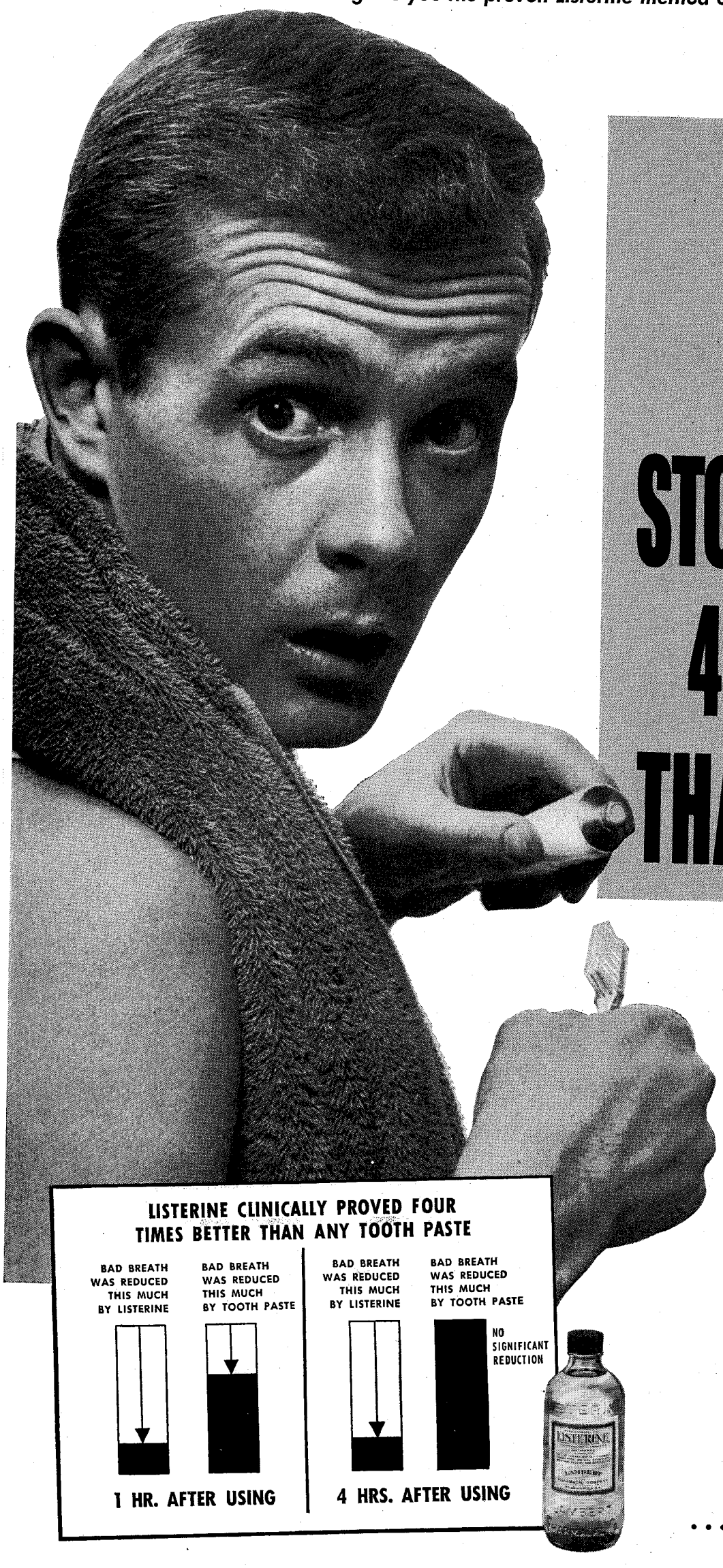
TOOTH PASTE DOESN'T DO IT... *No tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine method of stopping bad breath with germ-killing action!*



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH 4 TIMES BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE

LISTERINE CLINICALLY PROVED FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE
BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY LISTERINE
BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY TOOTH PASTE
BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY LISTERINE
BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY TOOTH PASTE
NO SIGNIFICANT REDUCTION
1 HR. AFTER USING
4 HRS. AFTER USING

Germs are the major cause of bad breath and no tooth paste kills germs like Listerine—instantly—by millions!

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. Research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than any tooth paste.

Listerine Antiseptic Kills Germs by Millions

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions on contact. Test after test has shown that even fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, germs on tooth, mouth, and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; one hour afterward, as much as 80%.

No Tooth Paste Kills Germs Like This . . . Instantly

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action. As a result, Listerine stops bad breath instantly, usually for hours on end. No tooth paste offers proof like this of killing germs that cause bad breath.

LISTERINE

. . . the most widely used antiseptic in the world

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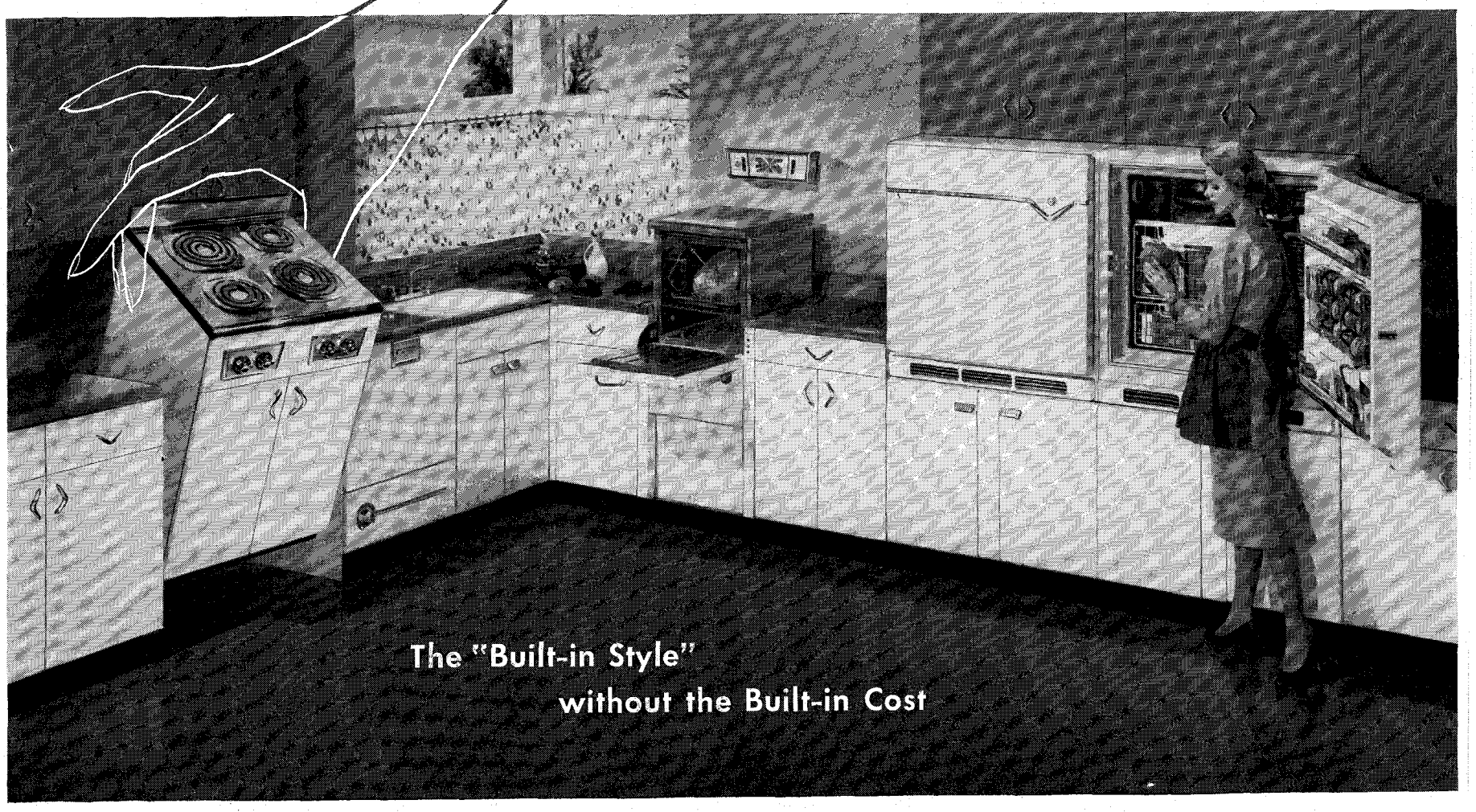
Create your own Custom Kitchen . . .

it's as simple as playing with blocks!



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Custom Sectional Appliances

Add a Section at a time to fit your budget

You can start right now—thanks to a great new pioneering idea of Philco's—*Custom Sectional* appliances. Instead of being raw, disassembled mechanisms intended to be hidden by plaster, bricks and carpentry, these are finished, self-contained appliances, complete with base cabinets where required, ready to be placed right in position as easily as the conventional appliances you now own.

You don't have to have a brand new home. You don't have to tear out or remodel your kitchen. These new Philco Custom Sectional Appliances can fit right into your *present* kitchen without rebuilding anything. You can begin with just a single unit if you please. Then, you can add one piece after another until your whole dream kitchen is complete.

These sectional units come in white and colors . . . and if you should ever move, here's *one* built-in kitchen you can take right along with you!

FREE! NEW PHILCO KITCHEN PLANNING BOOKLET

"Philco Custom Sectional Appliances" shows sizes, specifications. See your Philco Dealer or write P.O. Box 49-A, Dept. SP-630, Mount Vernon 10, N.Y.

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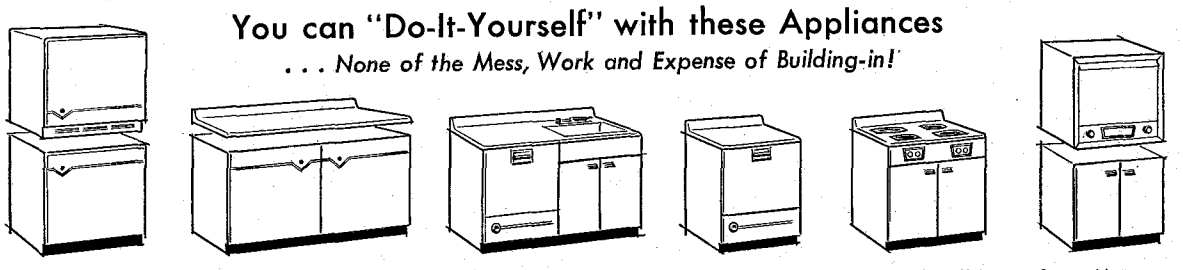
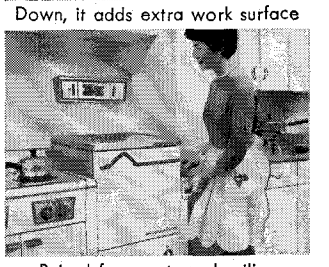
You can "Do-It-Yourself" with these Appliances

. . . None of the Mess, Work and Expense of Building-in!

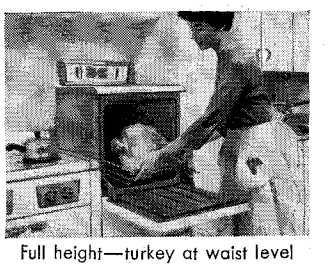


Refrigerator and Freezer | Side-by-side, with counter top | Dishwasher-sink | Dishwasher | Surface Cooking Units | Oven with Base

Down, it adds extra work surface



Raised for no-stoop broiling



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Matches any woman's height. Raises and lowers like the electric window lifts on a modern car . . . at the touch of a finger.

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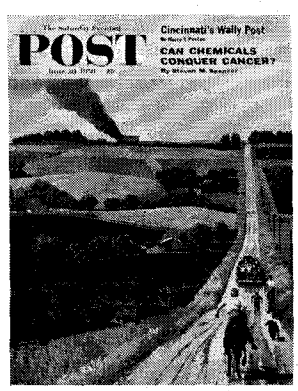

THE COVER

The scene is out of John Falter's boyhood, and from this hilltop that looks like an ugly fire. But Falter, having added a modern chemical fire truck which he feels certain will save the barn, reflects that when he starts a fire, he can put it out. Seriously, this evokes a fervent thank-heaven for telephones, gasoline motors, new-fashioned antifire devices, and the know-how and courage of volunteer smoke-eaters. Falter didn't ride a horse bareback to his long-ago fire; his horse ran away and Johnny dismounted into a passing haystack. Then, finding himself alive, he proceeded on shanks' mare. To return to 1956, three volunteer boy-models, one on a horse, helped the painter by careering down a steep California hill again and again, which astonished onlookers, as there was no fire.

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Letters

Do-It-Yourself Churches

Dear Sirs:

How to Build Your Own Church [by Booton Herndon, May 19, 1956] was both surprising and almost unbelievable. To think that in the world today there are still those people who labor with their own hands in order to build a sanctuary in which to worship. As the North Carolinians said "thanks to God and Mr. Haines," I say thanks to God that there are those who want to worship badly enough to get out and build their own church.

SALLY GUTHRIE
Jacksonville, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

It is encouraging to see there are still some architects who design a church to look like a place of worship. . . .

I enjoyed the article about Howard Haines and wish so many more would adapt his ideas and models and not the glorified chicken houses of today.

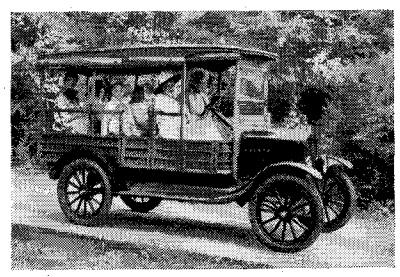
CLARA REED
Bristol, Pa.

Station Wagons

Dear Sirs:

Arthur W. Baum's All-American Automobile in your May 26, 1956, issue was right down our alley.

We found our 1925 Model T, Model 800 Suburban, in a tumble-down barn



and have enjoyed reconditioning it. The chassis was shipped to the York Body Corporation, York, Pa., where the suburban body was installed. The delivered price was $600.00.

The enclosed picture is of my family as we were getting ready for a parade.

WILLIAM E. VAN BUREN
Hobart, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Our fourth station wagon is now about to have many thousands of summer miles added to it and all of them with the greatest of pleasure and for less expense than car traveling. . . .

No other cars for me as long as station wagons are manufactured.

"RED" FISHER
Selinsgrove, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

You might like to know the story of the first two station-wagon bodies built. . . .

It was in 1916 that the late Dr. A. Schuyler Clark, a practicing physician in New York City, had an immobilized but not very ill patient on whom he made occasional calls. On one visit, Dr. Clark found his patient (whose name I do not know) propped in bed with a drawing board on his knees and a sketch thereon of something quite different in the form of a car. The patient . . . called it a "station wagon" and proposed to get bids on its construction. Dr. Clark recognized immediately that such a car would be the perfect model for his maiden sister who ran the family's three-hundred-and-fifty-acre dairy farm in New Jersey. . . .

The two men agreed to seek bids on two station wagons and the patient handled the details. It turned out that Willys-Overland offered the most advantageous bid and two station-wagon bodies were ordered. Their construction was generally like that of the early custom-built model pictured with your article. . . .

When Willys-Overland completed the two models, its management was so intrigued that it asked permission to show them over the country for two months and, for the privilege, promised to mount them on new chassis and deliver them for half the contract price.

T. R. P. ALSOP
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

A seven-passenger limousine (seats 9 or 10 children) is infinitely superior to a three-seater station wagon—and more comfortable—besides, you still have room for the picnic basket in the trunk compartment.

W. M. BRODHEAD
Cleveland, Ohio

Stock-Car Racer

Dear Sirs:

Only one who has had the good fortune to have driven in stock-car races, can truly appreciate and evaluate the article by Frank (Rebel) Mundy [Death Rides Beside Me, as told to Furman Bisher, May 19]. From personal experience, I doubt if he has ever seriously considered the possibility of having his neck broken (that only happens to the other fellow).

JAMES D. AVERY
Greenfield, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

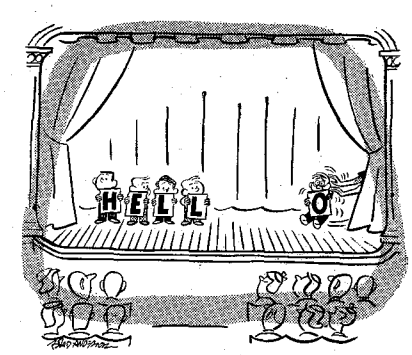
I think the sport has so many hazards that its continued existence should be curbed in some way.

F. J. MILLER
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Punk Speller

Dear Sirs:

In looking thru your May 26th issue of your magazine, I came across the amusing cartoon [by Brad Anderson] on page 58. It brought back memories of a similar



event which happened at a school entertainment which I attended. But the wording was a little different than in your picture. The letters came out in the following order, O H E L L, which, needless to say, started the festivities off in grand style.

WILLIAM I. MOWRY
Northampton, Mass.

(Continued on Page 6)

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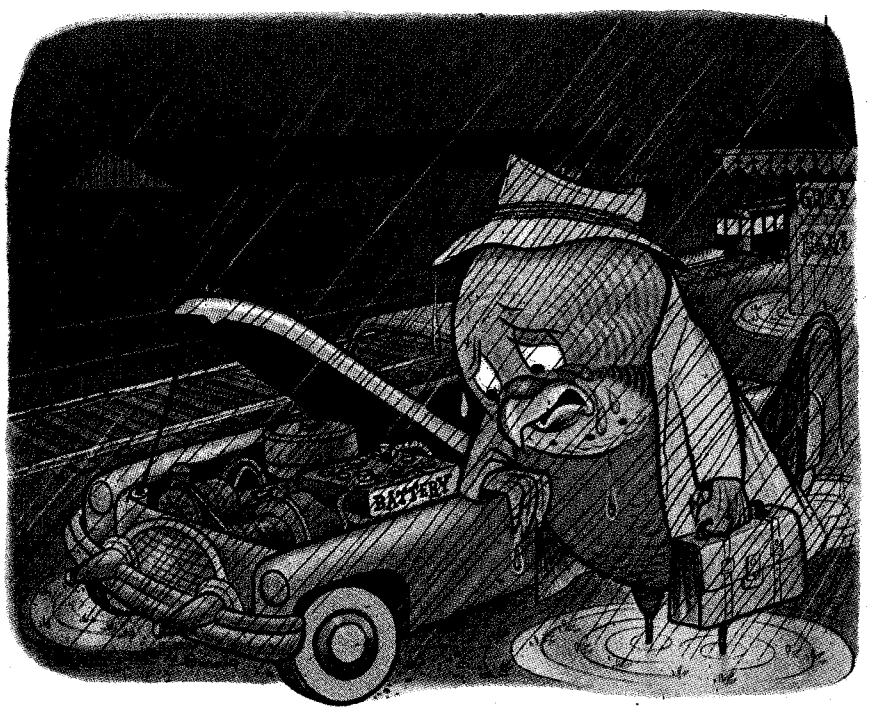
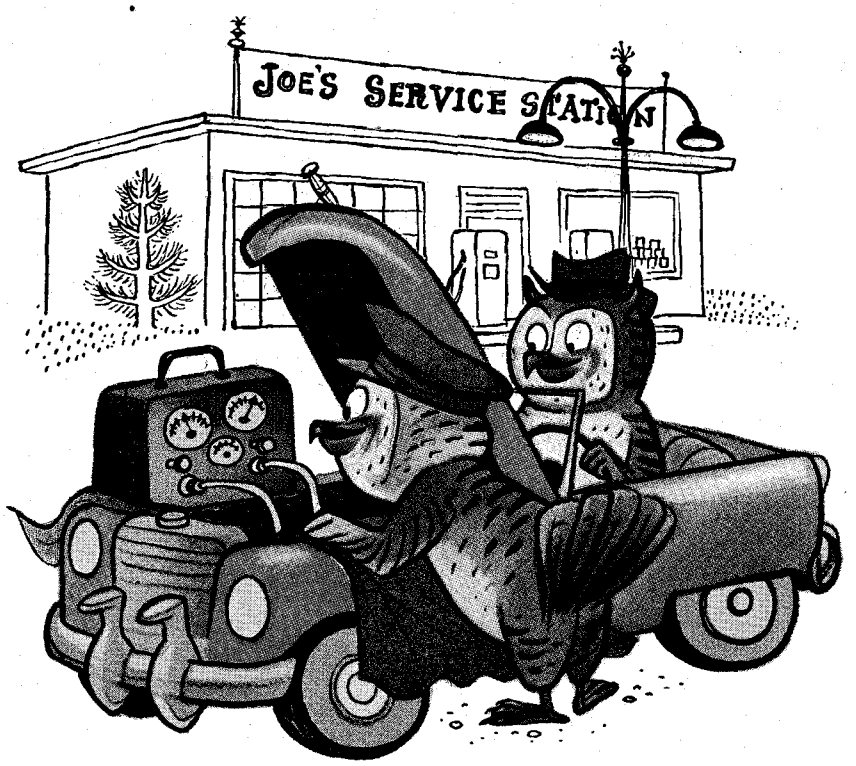
ROAD BIRDS

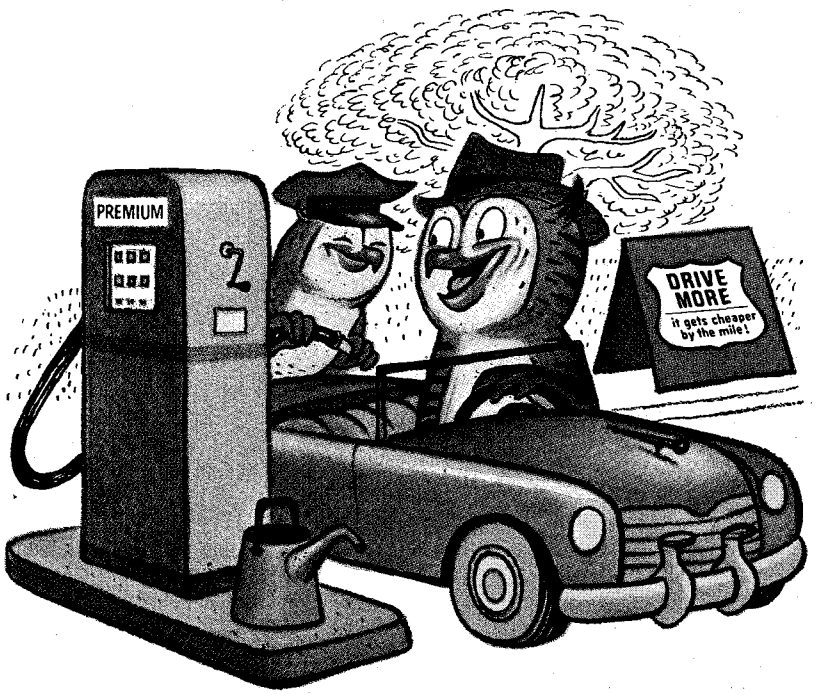
a series by Ethyl Corporation



The No Budgie is in real trouble. While the rest of the flock have taken off for their warm, dry nests, he's still trying to get going. But he's been grounded by a dead battery.

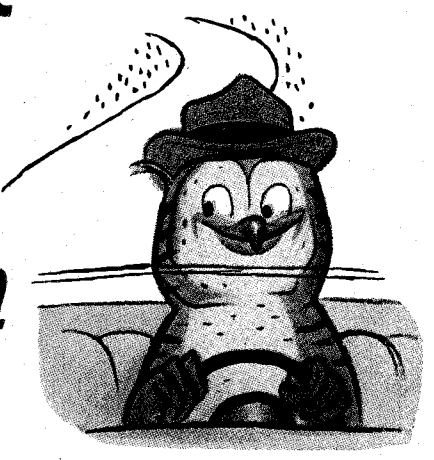


The Smart Bird avoids annoying battery failure by having his service station check it frequently. He knows it's wise to get a weak one recharged or to install a peppy new one.



The Smart Bird knows how to get peppy engine performance, too. He always uses premium gasoline. Premium gasoline's higher octane rating lets your engine deliver full power when you ask for it.

It's smart to use *premium* gasoline



ETHYL ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND ETHYL CORPORATION

ETHYL CORPORATION

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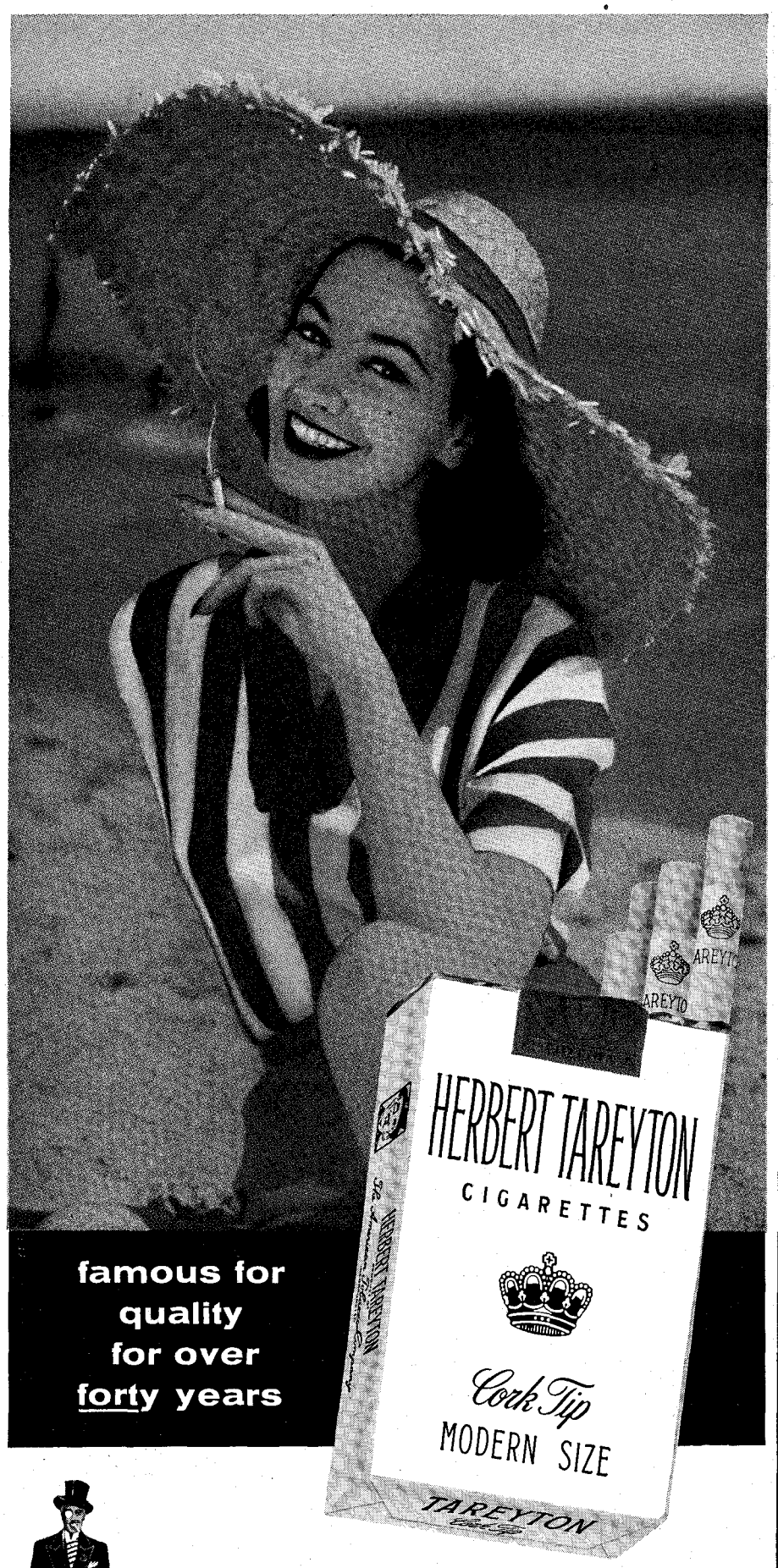
discriminating smokers prefer

HERBERT TAREYTON

with the genuine cork tip



famous for quality for over forty years

You, like discriminating smokers everywhere, will prefer Herbert Tareyton's mild, rich-tasting blend of famous quality tobaccos... the king size that gives you an extra measure of better smoking. And you'll like the genuine cork tip that protects your lips, that stays so pleasantly firm and fresh. Try Herbert Tareyton—it's a finer cigarette, the most enjoyable you could smoke!

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PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Nothing But Money

Dear Sirs:

Was amused by the Post Scripts poem, WORDS WE CAN'T FORGET (May 26th issue), in which Richard Wheeler gives us some synonyms for money:

I've always thought it rather funny
How many words we have for money.
It's specie, treasure, silver, gold;
It's shekels, cash—both hard and cold—
It's cabbage, lettuce, lucre, ducats;
It's mammon, the almighty buck; it's
The root, dinero, chips, the greens;
It's nuggets, wampum, riches, means;
It's dollars, currency and rhino—
And these are just the ones that I know.

I add:

It's dough, the roll you're rolling in,
It's rubles, marks, spondulicks, scratch,
It's yen, it is—and isn't—tin,
It's francs, pesos or cartwheels, natch.
It's credit, when you're holding stacks,
It's debit, when you pay your tax,
Doubloons, wherewithal, long-green stuff.
But somehow, never long enough.

HARRY FILLER
Philadelphia, Pa.

Bag Swing

Dear Sirs:

Please tell me how these boys got the rope fastened to the tree? [cover by John Falter, May 26] It looks unclimbable!

WILLIAM KRAMER
Westport, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

The kid on the rope. Is he still there? I am afraid to look. And can he swim?

CHARLES T. SHAW
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

My grandson could well be the brave hero in your picture. His plan for tomorrow is a fishing trip, the real object being not to catch fish, but to swing far out over Chickamauga Creek on a grapevine, hoping to get his first ducking of the vacation. His forebears indulged in this perilous sport, and at the age of eight he is coming into his great American heritage.

MRS. GLADYS C. BOVIE
Gallipolis, Ohio

Botts, Master Salesman

Dear Sirs:

No wonder Alexander Botts, (BOTTS AND THE BIGGEST DEAL OF ALL [by William Hazlett Upson, May 26]) has held his job with the Earthworm Tractor

Co., all these years. He bursts by receptionists and right into the big shot's private office. In the face of insulting and berating, he sits down on Mr. Buttrick's desk, smiles and remains to close the deal.

Forty-five years ago, I was selling a businessman's magazine in Chicago. I approached a big-wig in his office. The B-W riz out of his chair, faced me and yelled the very words Mr. Buttrick used, "Who let you in?" I told him. He further yelled, "Well, get out!" And not being as persistent as Botts, I got.

G. C. KONKLER
Phoenix, Ariz.

Animal Hospital

Dear Sirs:

Upon reading the article entitled YOUR DOG'S NEXT-BEST FRIEND by Burton J. Rowles [May 19], I laughed and thought how silly some people can be—until I recalled my actions when my little puppy had his operation.

MRS. RICHARD L. SPEER
Casper, Wyo.

Dear Sirs:

To my way of thinking, the profession of veterinarian medicine is exceeded in dignity and dedication by no other recognized profession. Mr. Rowles has portrayed it in his article as a sort of comic-relief job. . . .

MAXINE ROSS
Excelsior, Minn.

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Reading across pages, then down:

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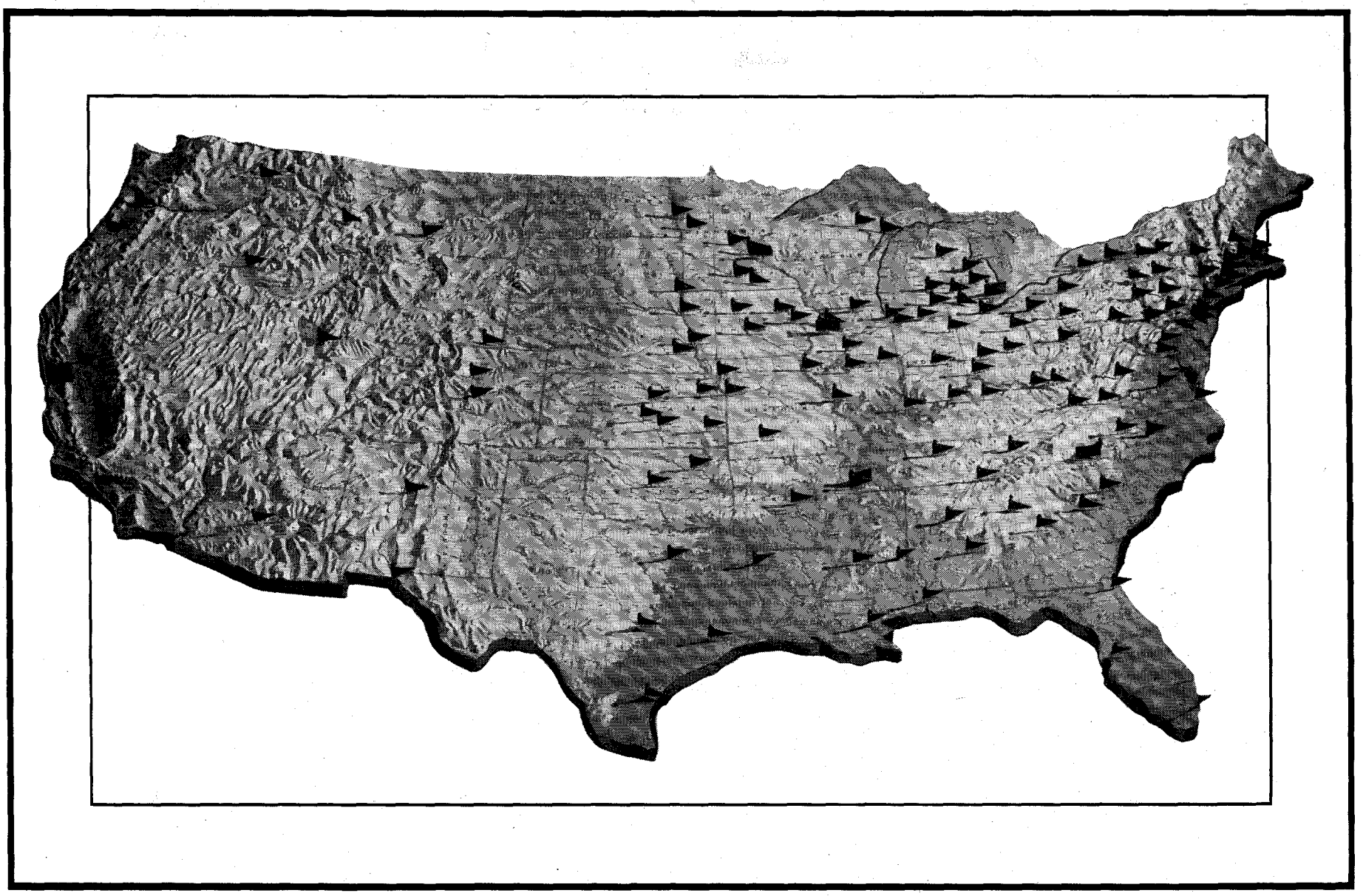

151 opportunities for the right men to become their own bosses with *Investors* Diversified Services, Inc.

The 151 cities indicated all have offices of Investors Diversified Services. And I.D.S. business is growing to the point where we need additional men of the right caliber.

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Are you alert, ambitious, even "successful" —but still short of the goal you deserve? Are you held back by an arbitrary ceiling on your ability? And finally, are you looking for a big challenge and a big opportunity? If you can honestly answer "yes" to these questions, here's your opportunity virtually to write your own ticket on income with I.D.S.

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If you believe you can qualify, we will be glad to arrange an early personal interview with one of our divisional managers. Write to the address below.

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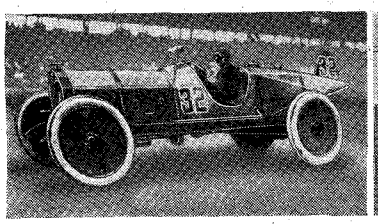
33 CONSECUTIVE HAVE BEEN WON

Choose the tire the champions use...

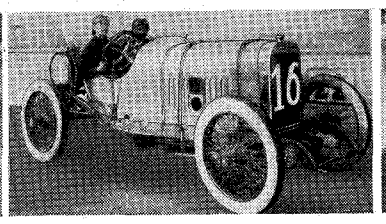
Firestone — the tire with "built-in peace of mind"

Year after year at Indianapolis and at stock car and sports car races from Coast to Coast, the winners have come in on Firestone tires. And for good reason. These grueling tests of tire stamina have provided Firestone with experience and performance data unmatched in the tire industry . . . have helped them design tires infinitely superior in safety and speed. That's why each year, the top drivers insist on Firestone tires, gladly paying the price to get the safety and mileage that only Firestone tires can deliver.

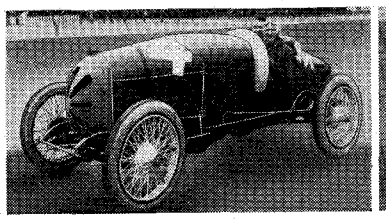
And that's why you should equip *your* family car with the "Tire of Champions." The same knowledge and skill that provide winning tires at Indianapolis go into the design and manufacture of every Firestone tire on the market today. They are the only tires with "built-in peace of mind."



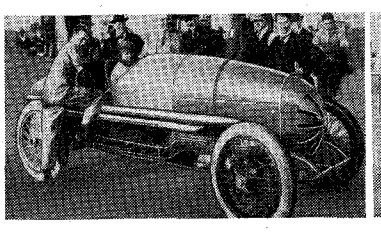
1911 RAY HARROUN
74.59 m.p.h.



***1913** JULES GOUX
75.93 m.p.h.

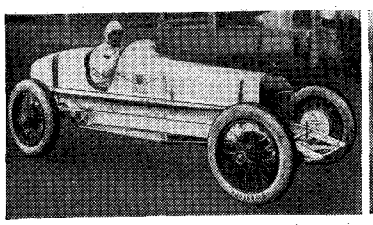


***1920** GASTON CHEVROLET
88.62 m.p.h.

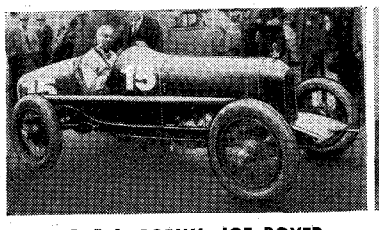


1921 TOMMY MILTON
89.62 m.p.h.
Firestone introduces famous Gum-Dipping Process for greater safety.

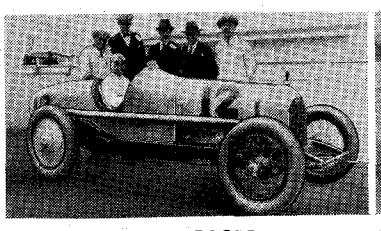
1922 JIMMY MURPHY
94.48 m.p.h.



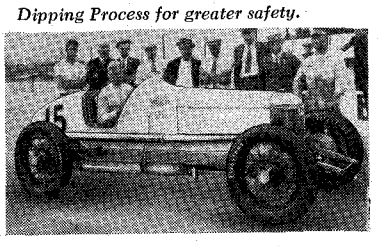
1923 TOMMY MILTON
90.95 m.p.h.
Firestone pioneers the "balloon" tire to absorb road shock, lengthen car life.



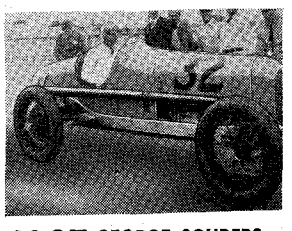
1924 L. CORUM, JOE BOYER
98.23 m.p.h.



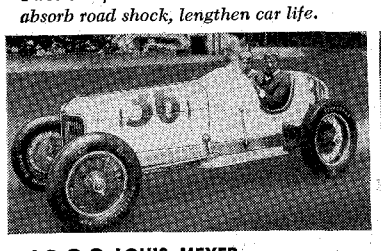
1925 PETE DE PAOLO
101.13 m.p.h.



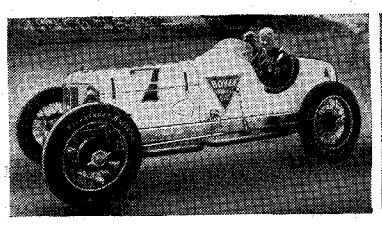
1926 FRANK LOCKHART
95.9 m.p.h.



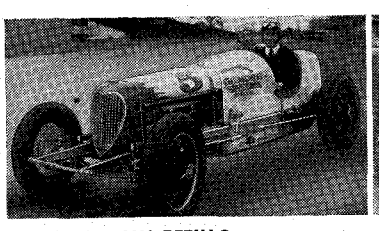
1927 GEORGE SOUDERS
97.54 m.p.h.



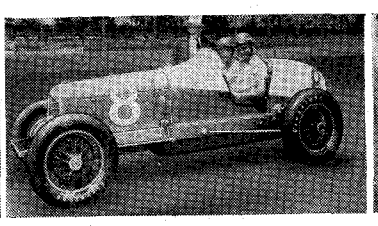
1933 LOUIS MEYER
104.16 m.p.h.



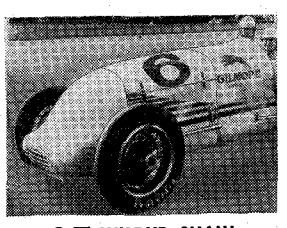
1934 WILD BILL CUMMINGS
104.86 m.p.h.
Firestone manufactures first passenger car tires containing synthetic rubber.



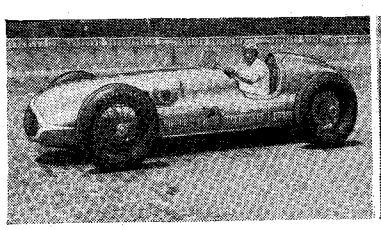
1935 KELLY PETILLO
106.24 m.p.h.



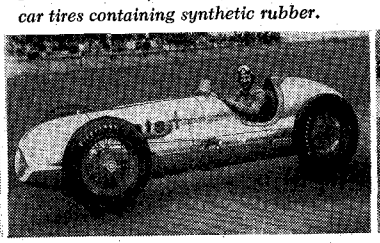
1936 LOUIS MEYER
109.06 m.p.h.



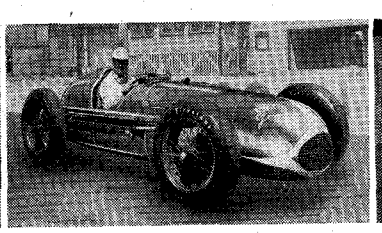
1937 WILBUR SHAW
113.58 m.p.h.
Firestone first to use rayon cord passenger car tires.



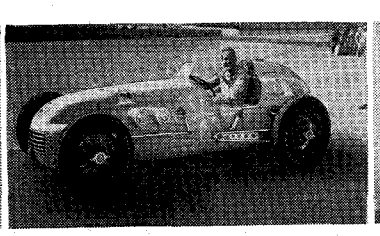
1947 MAURI ROSE
116.33 m.p.h.
Firestone was the first to use nylon cord in passenger car tire bodies.



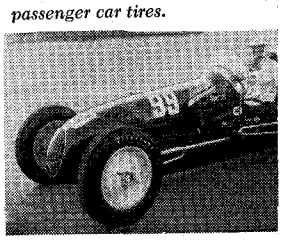
1948 MAURI ROSE
119.813 m.p.h.



1949 BILL HOLLAND
121.327 m.p.h.



1950 JOHNNIE PARSONS
124.002 m.p.h.



1951 LEE WALLARD
126.244 m.p.h.
Firestone designs first blowout-puncture-sealing, tubeless tire.

The only tires made that are Safety-Proved

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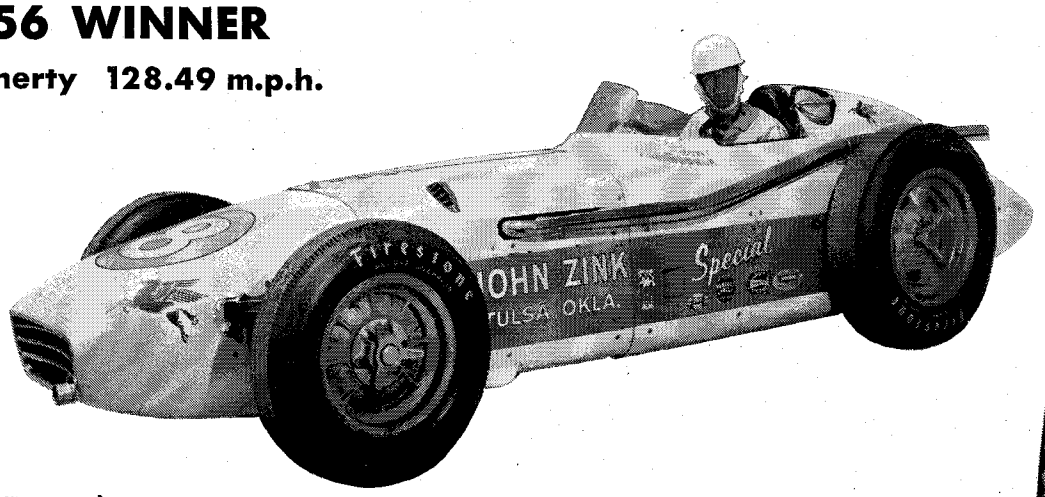
INDIANAPOLIS RACES ON Firestone TIRES!

1956 WINNER

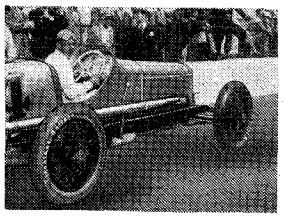
Pat Flaherty 128.49 m.p.h.



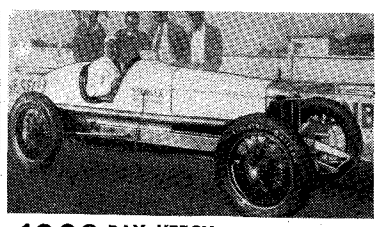
I WOULDN'T BUY ANYTHING BUT FIRESTONE TIRES FOR MY FAMILY CAR, EITHER"

—says Pat Flaherty, 1956 Indianapolis Champion

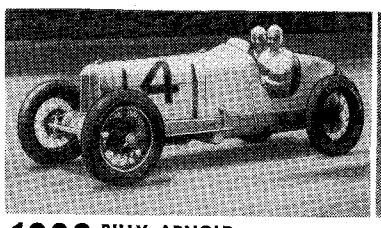
Like so many other race drivers, I refuse to take a chance with any other tire han Firestone. That, in a nutshell, is why I buy Firestone tires for the big ace and for my family car, too. You see, we figure if Firestone tires can take it t Indianapolis, they can sure give us the protection we want on the highway."



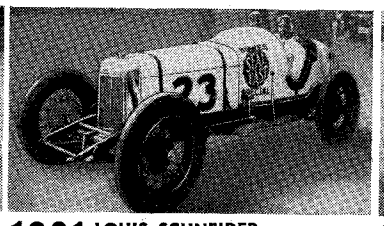
LOUIS MEYER
99.48 m.p.h.



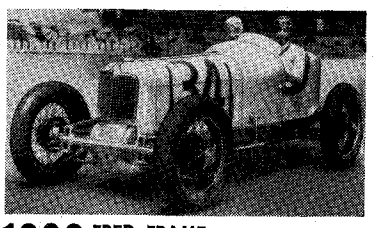
1929 RAY KEECH
97.58 m.p.h.



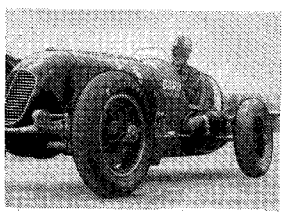
1930 BILLY ARNOLD
100.44 m.p.h.



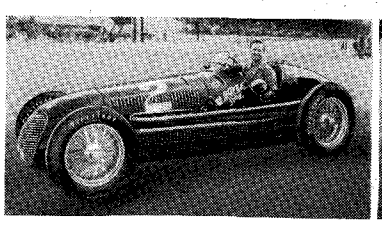
1931 LOUIS SCHNEIDER
96.62 m.p.h.



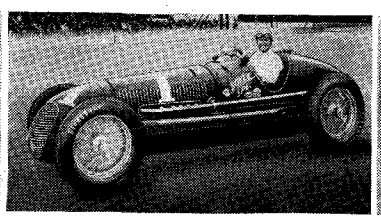
1932 FRED FRAME
104.14 m.p.h.



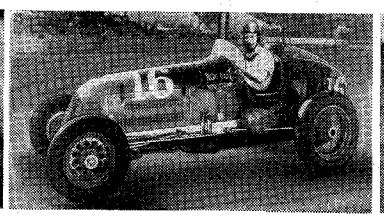
B FLOYD ROBERTS
117.20 m.p.h.
rip tread introduced. Also race struction in passenger tires.



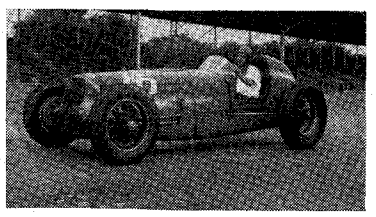
1939 WILBUR SHAW
115.035 m.p.h.



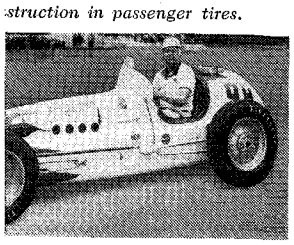
1940 WILBUR SHAW
114.277 m.p.h.



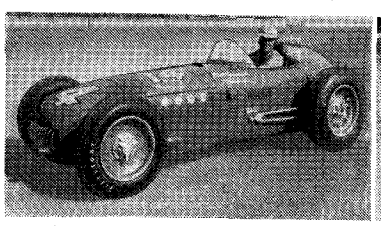
***1941** MAURI ROSE, FLOYD DAVIS
115.117 m.p.h.



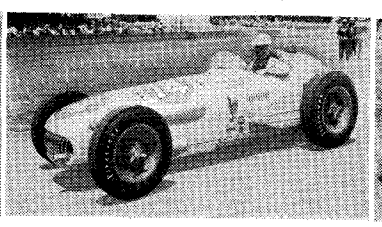
***1946** GEORGE ROBSON
114.8 m.p.h.



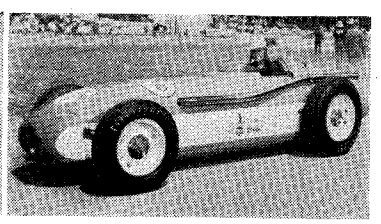
2 TROY RUTTMAN
128.922 m.p.h.
stone Town & Country tire with action tread for snow, ice, mud.



1953 BILL VUKOVICH
128.74 m.p.h.
The Firestone "500," first high-strength nylon cord tubeless tire.



1954 BILL VUKOVICH
130.840 m.p.h.
Firestone announces the bladed-design Silent-Ride, Safety-Grip tread.



1955 BOB SWEIKERT
128.209 m.p.h.

*NO RACES IN
1917 • 1918
1942 • 1943
1944 • 1945

e Speedway for your Protection on the Highway

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Editorials

We Also Need More Teachers of Science!

It is too late to prevent Soviet spies from stealing our industrial and military secrets, but it is not too late to do something about an even more important matter, the alarming lag in the training of scientists and engineers.

A few months ago in Oklahoma a series of aptitude tests was conducted by the Oklahoma Curricular Improvement Commission, in the hope of picking up students who might be encouraged to take courses in the natural sciences. The commission is sponsored by Oklahoma's Frontiers of Science Foundation, which has been set up to do something about the shortage of scientists in that area.

Even if young people with scientific aptitudes could be persuaded or enabled by scholarships to pursue their studies further, many of them would have a hard time finding qualified teachers. On this matter Dean Robert MacVicar of the Graduate School of Oklahoma A. and M. College has some discouraging figures. For the two years 1955 and 1956, colleges in Oklahoma graduated about 250 bachelors of science majoring in physics or chemistry. Of these only 13 indicated their intention to teach, and up to now none of the thirteen is actually teaching. The figure does, however, include seven of the 1956 class who may or may not stay with their present intention.

One explanation, of course, is that young bachelors of science are now being offered by industries starting salaries twice as high as the highest salary they could ever expect to earn in teaching. Teaching salaries cannot be completely competitive with industry, but surely we should value our survival sufficiently to make the inducements more attractive than they are now.

Another important factor is the attitude of Selective Service toward young scientists. At present the requirements for recruits are not great, but the official attitude is pretty much that of the Michigan draft board which recommended deferring an outstanding science student for four years, but added that "he should be willing to submit himself for military service at the completion of his fourth academic year." In other words, just when promising scientists become essential in their jobs, they are expected to take two years out in close-order drill and allied subjects.

The U.S.S.R. has no such inhibitions. During the battle of Stalingrad, when the very existence of the U.S.S.R. was at stake, not a single scientist of any age was drafted for military service!

In a democracy this selective process is not so easily carried out. It is undeniably wrong to set off science students as an untouchable class apart. And Mrs. Jones, who has three boys in the Army and one dead in Korea, naturally wants to know why Mrs. Smith's son across the street is living the life of Riley at the university. The obvious answer, of course, is that the things Mrs. Smith's son is working on at the university might make possible a weapon which would have the effect of releasing Mrs. Jones' boys from having to slog it out in the infantry.

What to do? For one thing, an executive order could lay it on the line that no promising scientist working on an essential project, or a topnotch student in the scientific field, should be drafted. For another, our rich foundations could finance nationwide aptitude tests and scholarships for promising science students. But very little is likely to be done by anybody until the public becomes sufficiently aware of the urgency of the problem and determined to solve it.

Let's Hope We Aren't Going Overboard for Mr. Sukarno!

The recent visit of President Sukarno of the Indonesian Republic to this country left some Americans wondering how much ticker tape has to be showered down on "neutralist" Asiatics in order to prove our passionate devotion to democracy and anticolonialism.

When Doctor Sukarno addressed a joint session of our Congress and explained in some detail just what we of the West must do to be saved, most people took it in their stride. However, before it is commonly assumed that President Sukarno's regime is anything to tie up to for the long pull, we suggest a brief glance into the recent past. When the Japanese invaded Java and the Dutch East Indies in the early part of World War II, President Sukarno was an enthusiastic greeter. Photographs, admittedly from Dutch sources, show the Indonesian leader addressing groups of Japanese officers and administrators. On one occasion he declared, "America we shall iron out, England we shall destroy."

Perhaps President Sukarno welcomed the Japanese as the only means for liberating his country from the Dutch. Nevertheless, in 1951 the Sukarno government was still so angry at the West, or subservient to the Reds, that United Nations ships engaged in the Korean war were refused the privilege of refueling in Indonesian ports.

The conclusion from these events is that we are dealing with a slick opportunist and would do well to think twice before opening the United States Treasury too widely for his benefit. Words like "democracy," "self-determination" and "freedom" are current coin in political parlance, and Doctor Sukarno employed these terms fully during his visit to this country. Nevertheless, according to the Manchester Guardian, Doctor Sukarno's obsession for the conquest of Dutch New Guinea is as strong as ever, despite the unpopularity of such a military adventure among his intellectual backers and among the native populations marked for absorption.

If the Indonesian president feels any anxiety concerning the widespread activity of the communists in Southeast Asia, including his own country, he manages to conceal it.

All this is easy enough to understand. After all, the Dutch made the mistake of failing to share enough of the benefits of their colonial projects with the native Indonesians—an error unfortunately not confined to the Dutch. It is not remarkable that resentment for the wrongs of the past remains, but it would seem to us of doubtful wisdom to sink too much money into a regime which appears less than likely to do us any good.

The U.S.A. Can't be Called a "Young Nation" Much Longer

A lot of people still like to refer to America as a "young nation." But is it? On this Fourth of July, 1956, it will be 180 years since the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. After that momentous July Fourth in 1776 there was, of course, the revolution to be won, the Constitution to be written and ratified, and working plans to be established. But even allowing for these years, the United States as a nation is among the oldest in the world today.

The changes that have taken place even in England since the signing, the enormous turnover and the frequent starts and halts in France since 1776, the revolution in Russia, the only recent emergence of India as a real nation—all these things leave the United States a hardy "old-timer." Considering the continuity of a nation on the basis of the kind of men who have governed it at different times, few would deny that President Jefferson and President Eisenhower have far more in common than George III and Anthony Eden, Czar Alexander III and the Khrushchev-Bulganin dictatorship. The difference between Nehru and Adenauer and their predecessors is self-evident.

On this Fourth of July, it is not "waving the flag" too much or patting ourselves on the back too complacently to recall that America as a nation has weathered many terrible storms while many other nations have foundered. When we put 180 candles on our Independence Day birthday cake, we are celebrating not only the laborious birth of a nation but its sturdy growth and stability during generations of responsible maturity.

America is bigger and richer than it was in 1776, more complicated and perhaps more "governed," more dangerously involved with the world. But on this Independence Day America in essential principles would be familiar and, let us hope, even pleasing to its founders.

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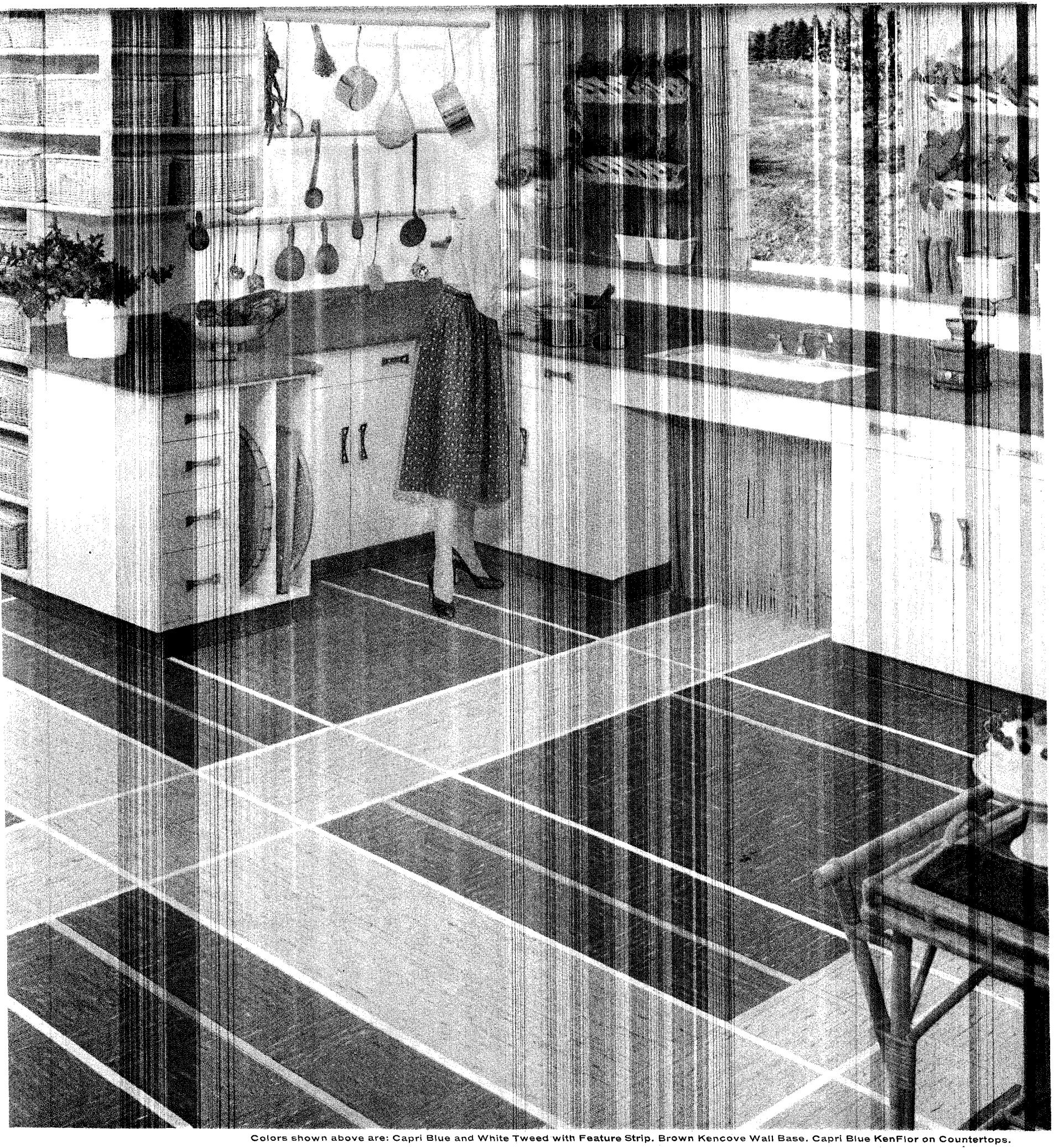

Colors shown above are: Capri Blue and White Tweed with Feature Strip. Brown Kencove Wall Base. Capri Blue KenFlor on Countertops.

The loveliest floor is easiest to clean

Unsurpassed in fine floor elegance, beautiful KenRoyal vinyl comes in "crown-jewel" colors ideal for your proudest rooms. It's glowing, greaseproof, wearproof vinyl from the top clear through to the back of each rugged tile! You'll love its extra-resilient, step-comforting beauty; its exclusive satin finish, its easy-to-care-for loveliness that stays fresh, new looking for years. Remember, grease, dirt, grime wipe right off this non-porous vinyl. See KenRoyal now at your Kentile Dealer's. He's listed under FLOORS in your Classified Phone Book.

It costs less than you'd dream to self-install KenRoyal... an average 8' x 10' floor in economical Standard Gauge KenRoyal costs approximately $46.25.

KENROYAL TRADE MARK
VINYL TILE
by the makers of
KENTILE FLOORS

© 1956, KENTILE, INC., 58 2ND AVENUE, BROOKLYN 15, N. Y., *America's largest manufacturer of resilient tile flooring*
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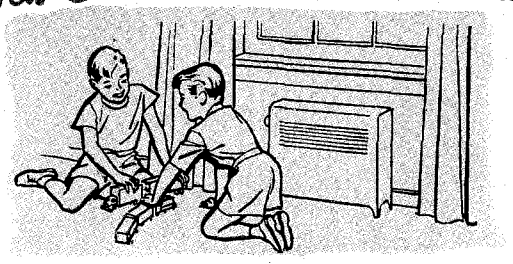
New Warm Air Heating

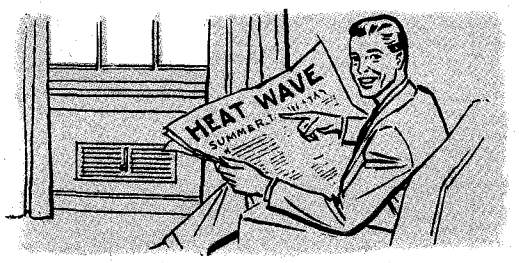
OIL OR GAS FIRED FURNACES

New Steam or Hot Water Heating



OIL OR GAS FIRED BOILERS

New Air Conditioning



CENTRAL AIR-COOLED UNITS

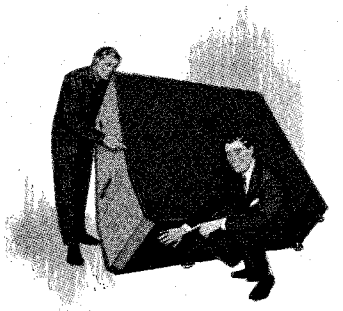
COMPLETELY NEW...INSIDE AND OUT!

Sensational Improvements in Home Heating and Cooling from EUREKA WILLIAMS

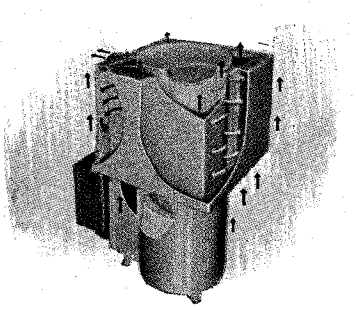
...the oldest name in Automatic Heating

Now, for oil or gas fired warm air, hot water or steam systems, you have your choice of many, many different types and models of top quality home heating and cooling units...individually engineered, designed and dramatically styled for every home owner's specific needs or desires. Yes, there's a Williams home comfort unit to exactly fit *your* requirements. For complete satisfaction in year 'round efficiency, consult your local Eureka Williams dealer. You'll find him a friendly, practical heating engineer. He'll give you the most complete home comfort conditioning you've ever enjoyed...at the lowest possible cost.

Exclusive Features Give You Dependable Low Cost Performance for Years to Come!

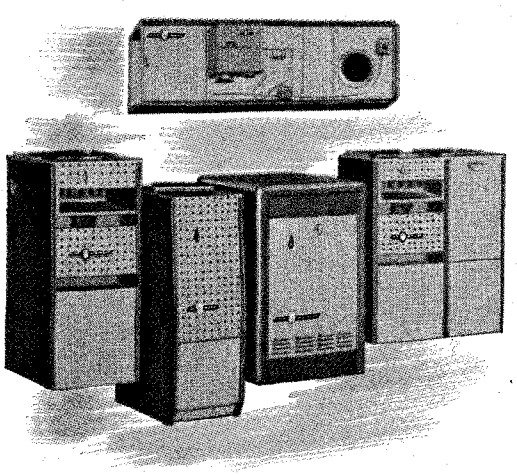


SEALED IN STEEL FROM TOP TO BOTTOM—Only *filtered* warm air can go into your home. Sealed unit prevents contamination from musty odors or basement dust... insures cleaner, more sanitary, more healthful warm air for your family's comfort and protection.



NEW HEAT EXCHANGER CUTS FUEL BILLS—All oil and gas heat exchangers are exclusive Eureka Williams developments. Extra heavy steel throughout—designed to give balanced air flow for best heat transfer. Built for long life operating efficiency at low cost.

DYNAMIC NEW STYLING FOR ANY TYPE HOME SMALL...MEDIUM...OR LARGE



WARM AIR HEAT—Available in Lo-Boy, Hi-Boy, Counterflow or Suspended models for oil and all types of gas...natural, mixed or LP. Complete range of sizes. Top quality construction throughout. Heavy-gauge, durable, long-life, heat exchanger. Sealed in Steel for *cleanest* heat ever!

HOT WATER OR STEAM HEAT—Oil and gas fired cast iron, and oil fired welded steel boiler burner units, for hot water or steam in complete range of sizes for home installations. Domestic hot water optional. Extra strong quality construction in accordance with A.S.M.E. Code. Gas boilers approved by A.G.A.

AIR CONDITIONING—New, modern, efficient units to fit every home, every need. Comprehensive selection of modern air-cooled units.

EUREKA Williams OIL-O-MATIC GAS-O-MATIC AIR-O-MATIC

EUREKA WILLIAMS CORPORATION • BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

ALSO MANUFACTURED IN BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA...AND IN SWEDEN, DENMARK, FRANCE, ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA.

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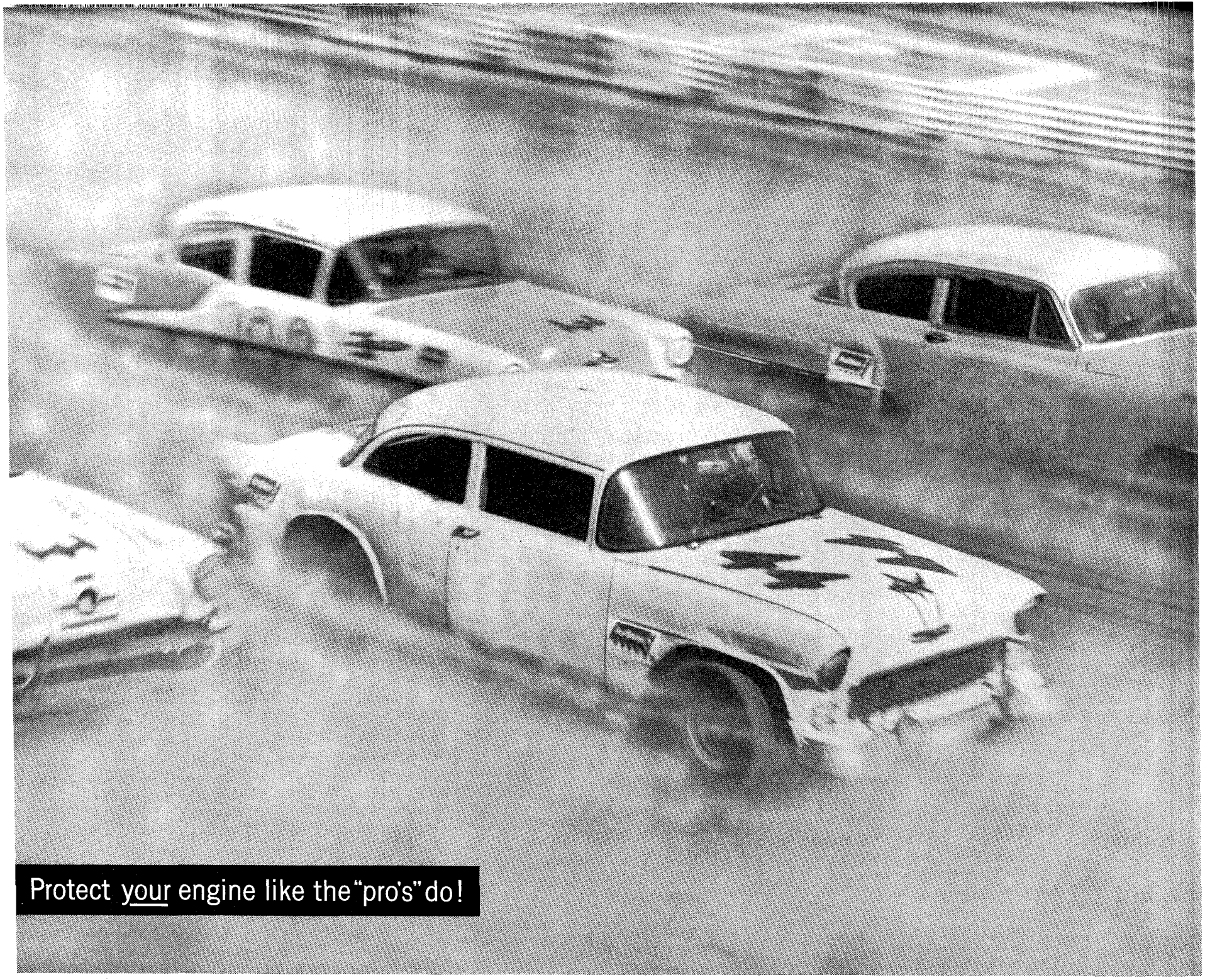

Every leading make of car uses Purolator in the Grand National Championship races sanctioned by NASCAR (National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing). *They're cars just like yours!*

Ace NASCAR drivers pick Purolator Oil Filters for every make of car!

"I know it pays to keep a new Purolator on the job in *any* car"—says NASCAR ace Junior Johnson.

There's a Purolator for your car

—specifically engineered and *fully warranted* for it.

BUICK	IMPERIAL
CADILLAC	KAISER
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CONTINENTAL	OLDSMOBILE
DESOTO	PACKARD
DODGE	PLYMOUTH
FORD	PONTIAC
FRAZER	STUDEBAKER
HUDSON	WILLYS

—and for every major make of trucks, tractors and foreign cars.

Many of the above makes come equipped with Purolators. *Whatever make of filter* your car came with, Purolator gives the greatest possible protection—as proved in NASCAR racing.

DESTRUCTIVE grit by the pound gets into their engines in a single NASCAR race! To trap it and keep it from wrecking vital moving parts, 9 out of 10 NASCAR drivers use Purolator oil filters—*whatever make of car they drive.*

The Purolator Micronic is up to 10 times more efficient than many other oil filters. Stops grit small as *39 millionths* of an inch!

Every 4000 miles, have your serviceman put in a new Purolator refill. Ask him to do it when he changes the oil—takes only minutes. Refills cost as little as $1.60.

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Proved best for every make of car PurOlator

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The Sun Oil Story —a Story of People

By CHARLES SLATER

"The way to be successful in America is to offer better quality and value". Through the years dramatic meaning has been given to this philosophy of Sun Oil's founder by the cooperation, resourcefulness and loyalty of Sun's employees.

IN AMERICA'S great petroleum industry, one company, now in its 70th year, stands out as an example of the good relationships that can be maintained between a company and its employees. This is Sun Oil Company, a far-flung organization which produces over 467 petroleum products, explores and drills for oil in 26 states and 5 Canadian provinces, markets gasoline and related products through service stations in 19 states operated by over 8,000 independent dealers.

But this is not a story of a company. It is a story of the more than 18,000 people who make Sun Oil Company live, who pride themselves in their association with it and the importance of the jobs with which they are entrusted.

At hundreds of different, interesting jobs, Sun men and women do thousands of different, important things. You'll find them at the dials of the latest laboratory research equipment, or at the controls of great refinery towers which are themselves giant laboratory apparatus, or on drilling rigs that hunt for oil and natural gas... in operating offices, warehouses, and along thousand-mile pipelines.

Individual Dignity Respected

Working with everything from typewriters to bulldozers, Sun Oil people are, above all, individuals—men and women who like working at Sun for, among others, this very important reason: the worth and dignity of the individual is respected. People are *people,* not just "employees". They'll tell you, "I can be myself here"—and they are.

Throughout Sun Oil Company you'll find more than 3,000 employees who have been with the company over 20 years. Many Sun families have more than one member working for the company. A father may work in one of Sun's refineries while his son is in the sales department, selling products his father helps to make.

Employee Ownership Encouraged

Sun does much to encourage companionship among its people by providing athletic fields and encouraging such activities as men's and women's bowling leagues, dances, picnics, and many others. Sun provides all or part of the facilities but the activities are organized and managed entirely by Sun people. Each year, Sun Oil Management offers on its own time aid and guidance to Junior Achievement, an organization of young people who learn business methods by making and selling useful articles.

Sun people have earned some very tangible benefits which the company helps them to attain. These include hospitalization and surgical insurance, credit union, group life insurance, financial assistance to employees who study courses which will help them in their work, vacations and—perhaps most important of all—the opportunity to share in the ownership of the company.

Under the provisions of Sun's stock purchase plan, an employee may subscribe up to 10 per cent of his salary toward the purchase of Sun Oil common stock. To every dollar invested, the company adds fifty cents. Last year saw the maturity of the 25th stock purchase plan. Some 8,094 Sun Oil men and women shared in the distribution of 144,448 shares. Up to and including the 25th plan, 1,153,000 shares of stock have been distributed to employees. Thus many Sun people not only work for the company but for each other. In one sense, company officers are employees of the employees.

Forward-Looking Organization

Of vital importance to millions of Sun Oil customers is this close-working relationship among the over 18,000 men and women who make up the Sun Oil team. The sincerity and loyalty of Sun people cannot help but make a reality of the simple formula initiated by Sun's founder many years ago: "The way to be successful in America is to offer people better quality and value." Sun Oil Company, Philadelphia 3, Pa., Sun Oil Company Limited, Toronto, Canada.

GUS PASQUARELLA

GUS PASQUARELLA

COMFORTABLE RETIREMENT is enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. John Moore after Mr. Moore's 51 years of service with Sun. Flower raising is one of their favorite summer pastimes.

GUS PASQUARELLA

25-YEAR SERVICE PIN is presented to Sun employee. Over 7,900 people have been with Sun for 10 years, 3,000 for more than 20 years.

GUS PASQUARELLA

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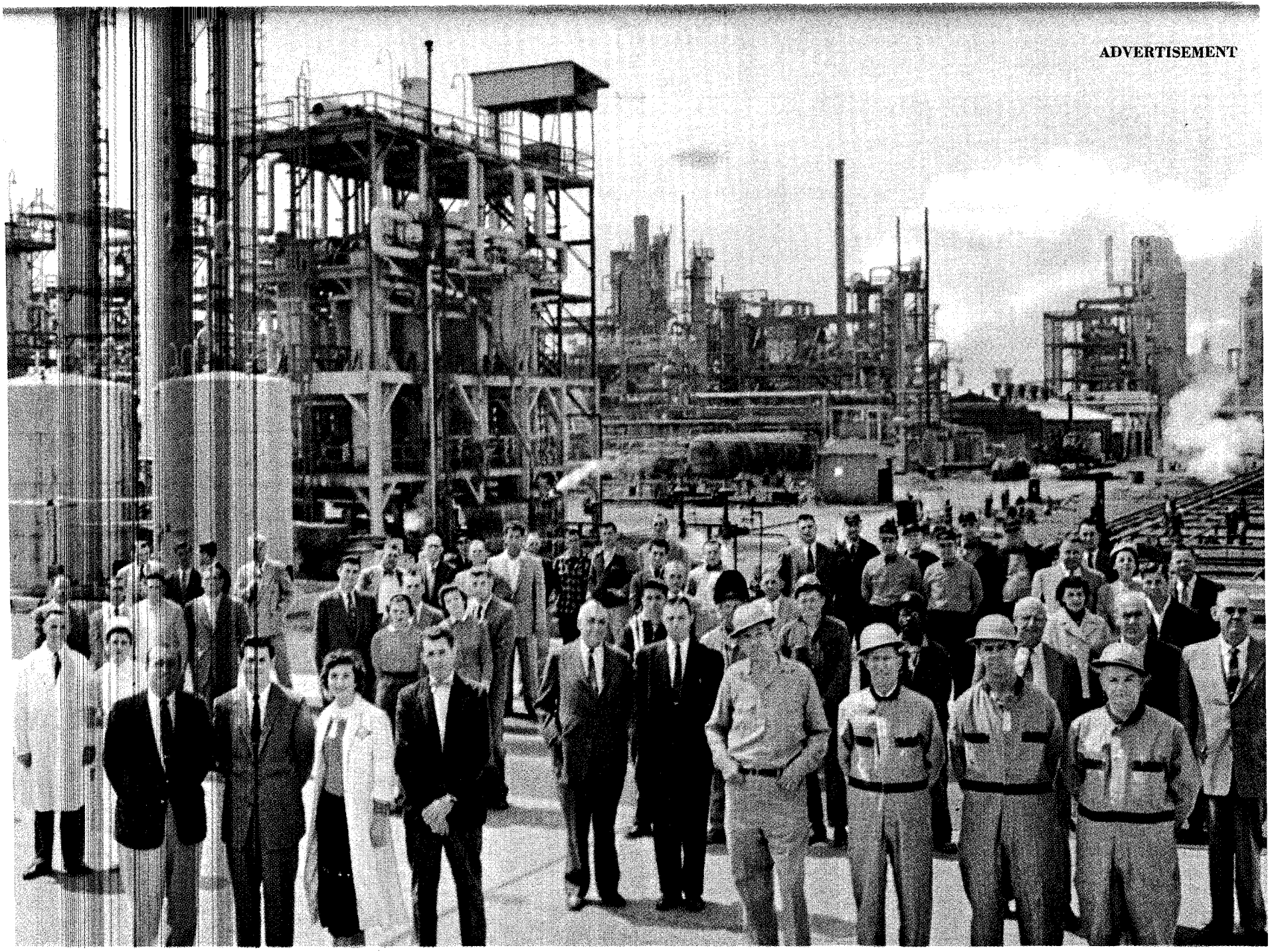
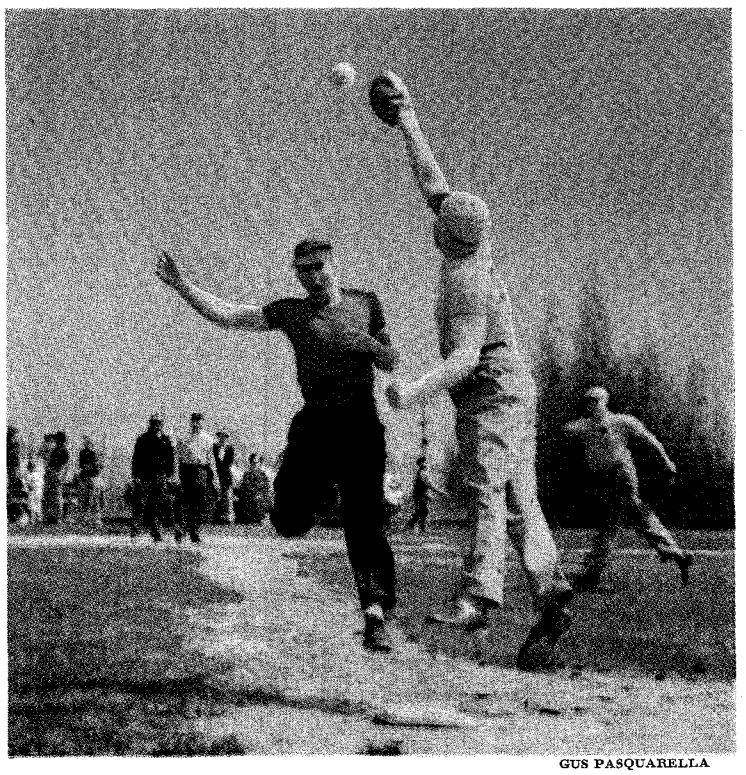


ESE PEOPLE ARE SYMBOLIC. Grouped in front of one of Sun's refinery units, they represent over 18,000 Sun men and women doing thousands of portant things in the finding, transporting, refining and marketing of petroleum and its products. Among them are Production, Pipeline and finery people, Research and Development scientists, Marketing, Marine and Executive personnel. One may explore swampland, another may go no ther than her laboratory table, but whatever the job, "One for all and all for one" is the common denominator for people at Sun Oil Company.

MPANIONSHIP, at work or play, nes naturally to men and women Sun. Some find it in bowling, ers at dances, talent nights, or in ost of club and hobby activities.

TEAM SPIRIT, like company spirit, runs high at Sun. For recreation, sports of all kinds are organized and managed by Sun men and women, encouraged by Sun's management.



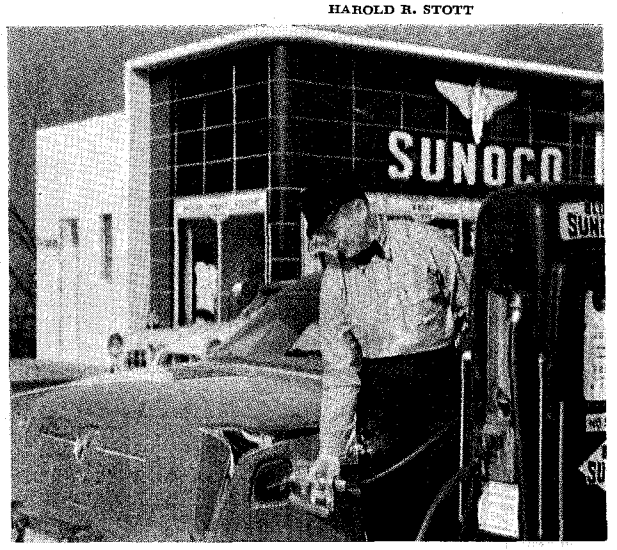
GUS PASQUARELLA

INDEPENDENT BUSINESSMEN – over 8,000 – operate Sunoco Service Stations. The Blue Sunoco gasoline they pump is the best selling premium gasoline in their territory.

JOHN VERB

62 YEARS AT SUN and still on the job in Sun's Toledo Refinery. Al Daily, who prefers work to retirement, is the oldest employee in terms of years of service.

HAROLD R. STOTT



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LIL' ABNER Goes to the Movies to se THAT CERTAIN FEELIN

by AL CAPP

AH GOT THAT CERTAIN FEELING THIS PITCHER WILL AMOOZE EVERY RED-BLOODED AMERICAN, FUM A INNERCENT CHILE, LIKE HONEST ABE, TO A WRINKLED, SCRAWNY OLE GRANNY, LIKE YO', MAMMY, DEAR!!

Paramount presents
BOB HOPE · EVA MARIE SAINT
GEORGE SANDERS
in
THAT CERTAIN FEELING
with
PEARL BAILEY
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Produced and Directed by
NORMAN PANAMA and MELVIN FRANK
Screenplay by
NORMAN PANAMA and MELVIN FRANK,
I.A.L. DIAMOND, WILLIAM ALTMAN
Based on a play by
Jean Kerr and Eleanor Brooke
VISTAVISION

LOOKIT! -BOB HOPE, WIF ACADEMY AWARD WINNER, EVA MARIE SAINT!!- AN' SHE'S A-SINGIN' AN' A-DANCIN', AS THOUGH SHE DIDN'T HAVE A SERIOUS BONE IN HER BODY!!-

-AN' BOB HOPE'S SO DIFFRUNT, IN THIS PITCHER--SO UNNERSTANIN', YET SO FUNNY!!— B-BUT-GASP!!- WHUT'S THET?

YOWW!

DON'T CRY, HONEST ABE!!-THASS NO MONSTER FUM OUTA SPACE. THASS MERELY AL CAPP, THE VARMINT WHUT CAUSES US SO MUCH TROUBLE!!

Tm. Reg. U. S. Pat Off.—All rights reserved. Copr. 1958 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

HOW DID CAPP GIT INTO THIS HERE MOVIE, WIF SECH NICE CRITTERS AS THET LI'L BOY, AN' THET DOG?

BRIBERY, NO DOUBT!!

DON'T PEARL BAILEY'S SONGS, AN' TH' ROMANTICAL SCENES IN VISTAVISION, GIVE YO' THET CERTAIN FEELIN', LI'L ABNER?

YAK!! OH!! THET GEORGE SANDERS!!

CHUCKLE!! THIS PITCHER GOT MORE SURPRISIN', UNEXPECTED, AN' ASTOUNDIN' STUFF IN IT THAN A BARREL O' KICK-A-POO JOY-JUICE!!

Al Capp

WHEN AH GITS THET CERTAIN FEELING, NATCHERLY, AH MAKES A PRE-DICK-SHUN. AH PREDICTS THIS PITCHER WILL MAKE YO' LAUGH, SOB, AND WHOOP IT UP!!—THET IS MAH CERTAIN FEELING!!

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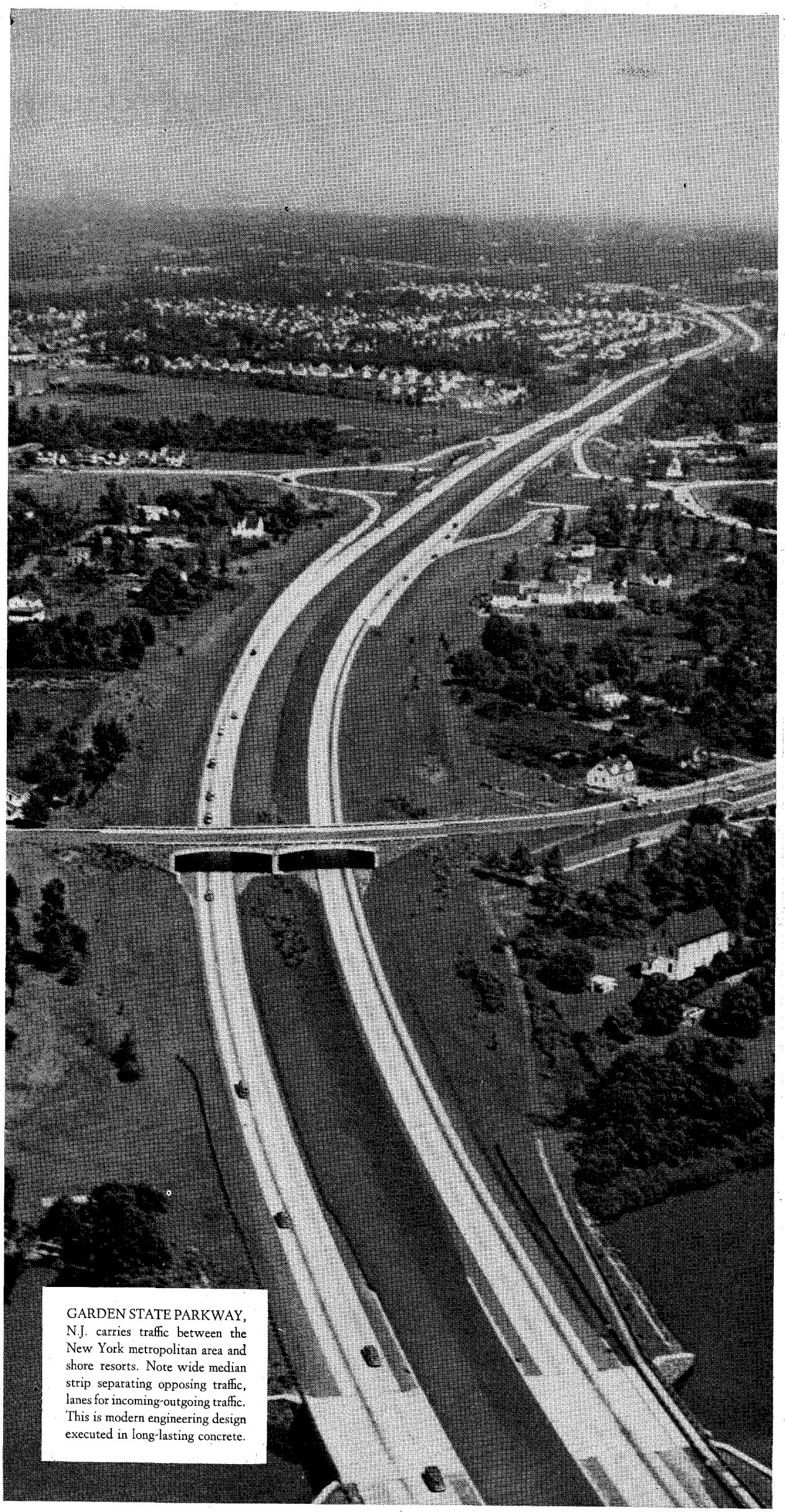

GARDEN STATE PARKWAY, N.J. carries traffic between the New York metropolitan area and shore resorts. Note wide median strip separating opposing traffic, lanes for incoming-outgoing traffic. This is modern engineering design executed in long-lasting concrete.

Concrete
MORE SERVICE FOR MORE YEARS

FAR into the distance and far into the future reach America's new concrete highways. These sturdy, concrete roads will give thrifty service to motorists, to commerce, to industry and to the nation's defense needs.

Dependable concrete roads will enable millions of families to enjoy safe, relaxed travel from Canada to Mexico, from Atlantic to Pacific.

Engineers who design and build roads favor concrete paving. For example, 68 per cent of all toll roads in operation, under construction or on which paving materials have been selected are concrete. In addition, 76 per cent of urban and 71 of rural expressways are paved with sturdy, dependable concrete.

Write today for free booklet, "*Why Concrete.*" It is distributed only in the United States and Canada.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

33 West Grand Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete through scientific research and engineering field work

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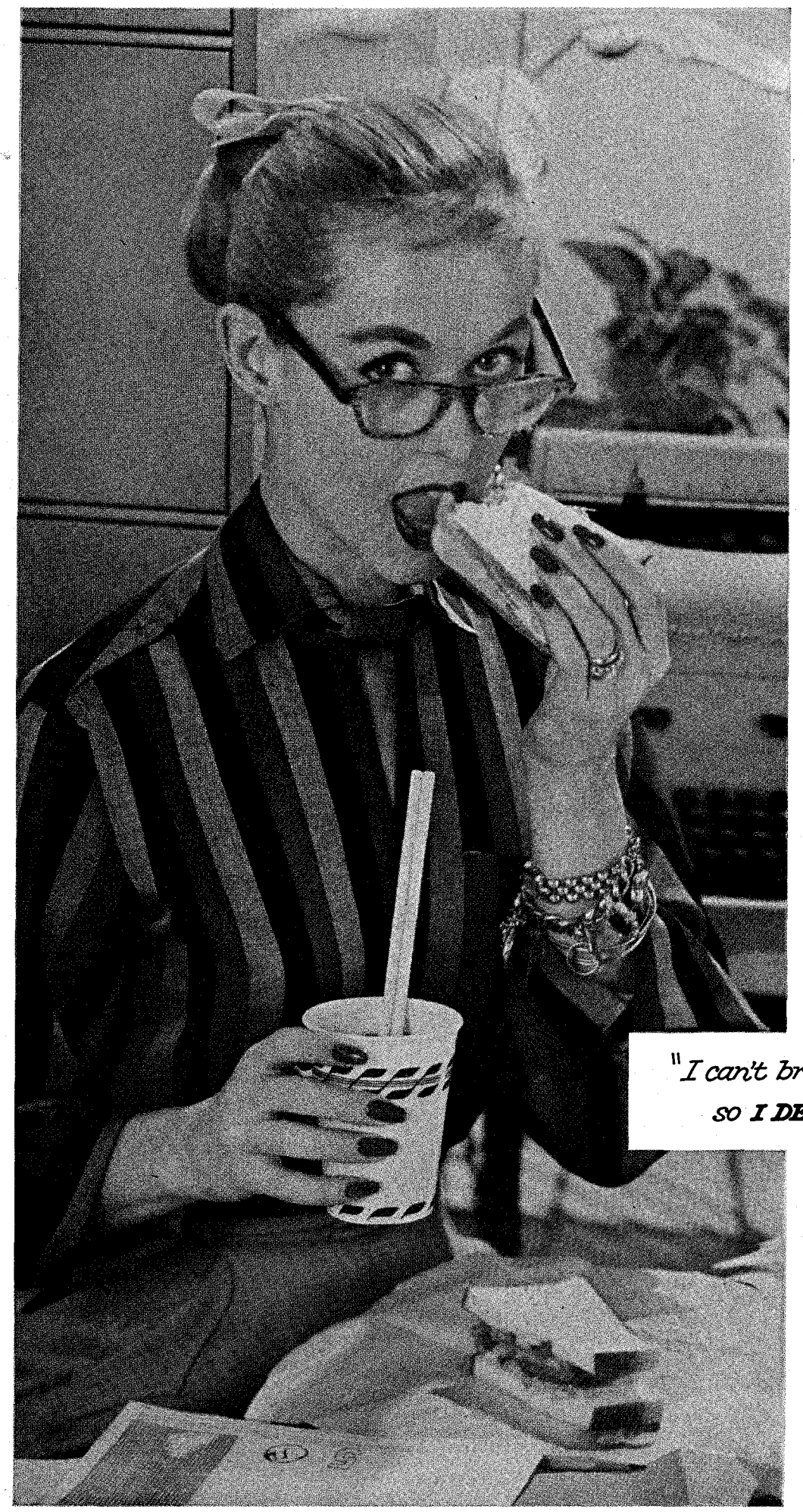
Here's why so many people use

ONLY GLEEM...*the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*



JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay-and odor-causing bacteria

MOUTH BACTERIA BEFORE BRUSHING—THESE ARE THE CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY.

AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED.

If you could brush after every meal, any good toothpaste would do . . . but if you can't always brush, even though it's best, then you should use Gleem. One Gleem brushing destroys most bacteria . . . gives added resistance to decay. And Gleem's flavor is so wonderful even youngsters like to use it regularly! And for children, regular after-meal brushing is a *proven* way to reduce decay. Remember, there's only *one* Gleem—the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal.

Mouth odor stopped all day with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor. Start *your* day with Gleem.

"*I can't brush after every meal, so* ***I DEPEND ON GLEEM!***"

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The prisoner came up the road, walking slowly and a little stiffly.

Reunion With Terror

She had fought to get her father back from his captors, and now, at last, he returned . . . a strangely changed man.

Beginning a thrilling new story of intrigue By MARTHA ALBRAND

There could no longer be any doubt. Somewhere something had gone wrong. Nemec had either never received the warning that he had been betrayed or he had been arrested before he could carry out his carefully planned escape. Or perhaps he had just been careless and got caught.

Caught, thought Kenneth Ward, and he braked so abruptly that the little Volkswagen he was driving skidded halfway across the icy road. Yet that was the only explanation. If Nemec had not been caught, he would have crossed the Czech border into West Germany two full days ago. And somehow Ward could not help feeling that without his influence no harm would ever have come to Nemec, that Nemec was his responsibility.

Three years ago, in London, he had met Nemec, member of a medical congress, a frail, dapper little man whose skill as a surgeon had made him world famous. And there had been that moment when, by chance alone together, Nemec had grown conscious of the young man's angry stare and had asked why Ward was looking at him as though he were a monster.

Whatever had possessed him to answer frankly, Ward could no longer recall, nor could he remember exactly what he had said that had made the little professor frown angrily and cry, "My dear young man, I have always detested politics! I am a scientist! I am interested in medicine! What's that you say? I'm curing only bodies, not lives?"

They had had several talks after that—short, furious ones—Ward attacking the surgeon's

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indifference to the communist government which had given him a high position as medical adviser in the Czech Ministry of Health, Nemec defending his attitude. But in the end Ward had had the feeling that the Czech was wavering. So, half a year later, stationed in Germany, he had dared risk contacting Nemec in Prague for help in a delicate matter. From then on, Nemec had become one of the most important sources of information for American Intelligence.

Just below where Ward had stopped his car, the headlights held in their beam one of the old, weather-beaten crucifixes guarding a bend in the road. The little roof sheltering the long, crudely carved figure of Christ was covered with snow. But Kenneth Ward, though looking straight at it, saw nothing but the finely shaped, narrow face of the little professor whom he had challenged to save lives in the true spirit of his profession, even if it meant risking his own.

What had become of Nemec? How had he ever dared intrude on another man's conscience? Not even his own father, Ward thought, had felt justified in opposing his son's choice of a different profession. A brief smile lighted Ward's face as his mind flew back to his father's law office in Easton. Ward could still see the bewilderment in his father's eyes, the impossibility of grasping why, if one had been a brilliant scholar and worked like mad to cut down time and passed one's bar examination at twenty-three, one should toss it all away. But for Ward, neither law nor science offered a chance for peaceful progress as long as people were needed to help prevent a third world war. First steps first. The next day he had put in for Army Intelligence.

Some called him an idealist, some thought he was looking for adventure, some said it was his parents' fault. He should never have been allowed to volunteer when he was not even seventeen; it was the war and the year he had spent fighting overseas that had made him restless and unfit for ordinary civilian life. It was neither. He wanted to do a job which he thought important and which he felt he could do well. So here he was, in the country he liked least of all, in Germany, working with the Gehlen outfit, the most secret organization of Counterintelligence, financed originally by the Americans, but, since the peace treaty, taken over by the German Government.

What had happened to Nemec?

The smile died on Ward's face and he started the car again, driving fast now and carefully along the small, winding road between the gigantic old trees of the Bayrischer Wald. Only two hours ago he had been notified that Krofiw, one of the Czech agents with whom he worked, was driving a truck that would bring back to Germany a small group of important prisoners who, until now, had been held as war criminals. Normally everybody would have to go through Camp Friedland; normally they would arrive at any border rather than Eisenstein, where crossings of any kind to or from behind the Iron Curtain were strictly forbidden, but he didn't care. Not only was it no concern of his department, he was simply not interested in anybody but the man Krofiw, who, if he was not bringing a message, would at least be able to take one back. Krofiw had to alert everybody available to find out what had become of Professor Nemec.

Ward knew Eisenstein, the little town on the old German-Czech frontier at the foot of the Great Arber Mountain. The first time he had come to the valley, he had come to meet a man who claimed to have connections behind the Iron Curtain. After that he had returned again and again whenever time allowed; in summer to wander through the giant forest with its lakes and waterfalls and old castles; in winter to ski at Brennes.

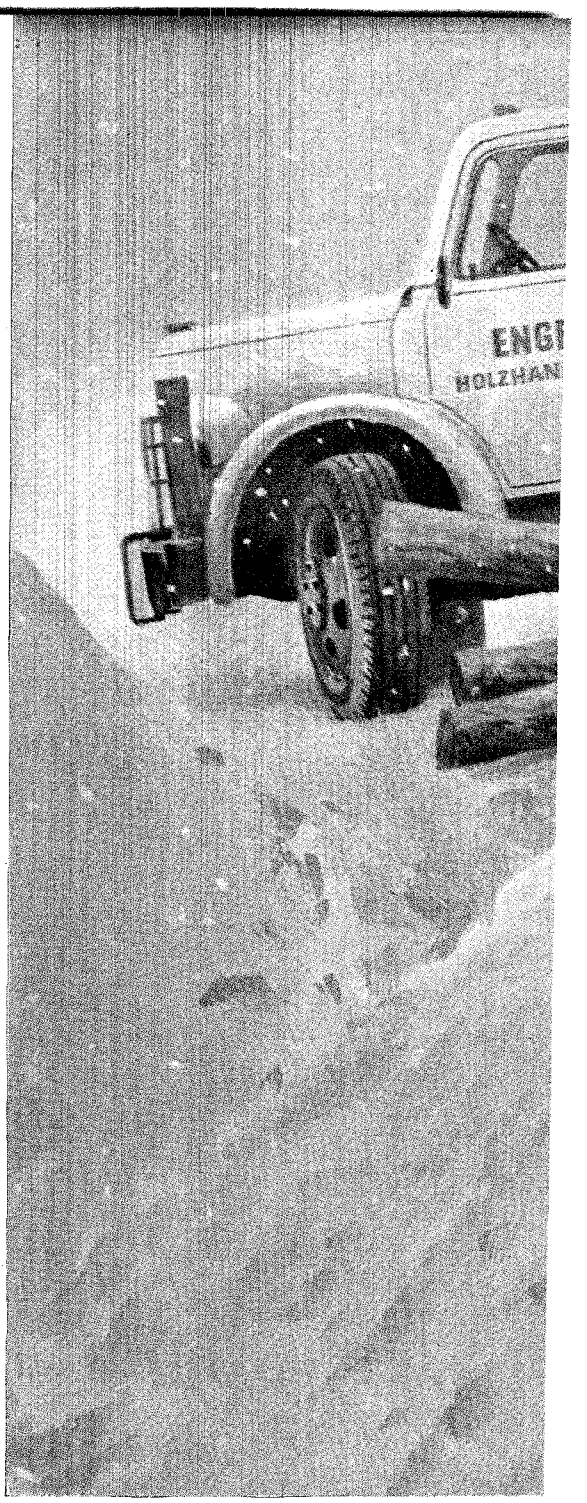
It was almost eleven o'clock when he stopped his car on a side road, a couple of yards away from one of the many signs erected all along the border, warning native and tourist alike that they were only fifty meters from the Iron Curtain. He walked out onto the highway, passed a parked truck loaded with timber, apparently destined for the mill, and knocked at the door of a rather stately two-story building in which the German border guards were quartered.

The room he entered was large, well heated, smoke-filled, the windows shuttered against the cold. Four men wearing green uniforms with dark green collars and ties were sitting around, two playing cards, one lolling half asleep on a bench, one reading an old magazine. They knew him from many occasions. With one he had fished for trout, with another skied on the man's day off; with all of them he had sat around drinking. But they knew him only in his official capacity, as Martin, the crazy newspaperman from the city.

Now they looked up, a little surprised, but greeting him good-naturedly. Ward looked straight at them. "What's up for tonight?"

"What should be up?" Sepp Tanner, an elderly man with an old-fashioned, droopy mustache, asked slyly.

"I heard," said Ward, "that the barrier might go up tonight." He nodded in the direc-



Illustrated by Robert Moore

"Papa," Lisa said, looking at him unsuspectingly, "now we've got only each other."

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Ward pulled Lisa to him, turning her head away from the scene of the accident.

tion of the door near which a red-and-white wooden beam barred the road.

"Boy!" Sepp whacked his thigh. "Where you come from they hear the grass grow, don't they?"

"Only that a group of prisoners is coming through here."

Sepp's face clammed up and Ward watching him sharply, knew they had orders to keep it as quiet as possible, certainly as far as the press was concerned.

"Got to make a living," he said, grinning. "Who's to stop me from sitting outside watching for them?"

He paused, letting it sink in that they could turn him out of the room, but they could not chase him away more than a few steps from the barrier. But when the truck arrived he had to be well within the little stretch of no man's land between the German and Czech border, not outside it, if he was to have a chance to see Krofiw.

He added casually, slowly, "I was told they were due here around midnight."

It annoyed Tanner that he knew the time. He couldn't see any sense in being told to keep the matter of the transport under his hat when down in Munich it seemed to be common knowledge, even to the hour. He shrugged. The shrug told Ward that he wouldn't encounter any difficulties later when he came back. He breathed a sigh of relief.

He sat down for a little while and dutifully asked after the affairs of each man; then he turned to Tanner once more. "Where's the brass hiding out? Or isn't there a reception committee?"

This time the answer came without hesitation, "We're supposed to buzz the Consul as soon as the truck comes in sight."

The Consul was the biggest hotel, and Ward got up, yawning. No matter how great his anxiety about Nemec, he had to play the reporter convincingly.

He went back to his car and drove through the quiet little town until he reached the hotel. Almost a dozen cars stood parked at the entrance and, despite the late hour, lights were bright all over the ground floor. The reception committee, he thought, and shoved his green felt to a jauntier angle.

In no way was he prepared for the picture inside the lobby. About forty people sat or stood around, all of them talking excitedly. It was evident that the closest families of the men to be returned had been notified of their homecoming and had gathered here to await their arrival. Ward saw a white-haired old woman sitting in an armchair near the huge tiled stove, a teddy bear tucked under her arm.

"He played with it," she said, catching his glance, "my son, fifteen years ago."

Next to him another woman was showing a photograph to a young girl. "Our wedding picture," she whispered. "I brought it along, just in case he doesn't recognize me."

The captain of the police came from the bar and stopped short when he recognized Ward. "Why, it's you, of course," he said. "I should have expected you, though how you could have possibly known is beyond me. All press barred, you know. Who told you?"

"No comment." Ward laughed. "But don't worry. Nothing will go to press without an official O.K."

"Better clear it with the guys from Munich." The captain gestured toward the first floor. "They've gone to bed, because word just came through that the truck will be two hours late. But will any of these here go to sleep? They are afraid of missing something. See the guy over there—the one with the stick? He brought along a blind old mutt of a dog his son used to have as a boy. Crazy world, I say. It breaks your heart."

With a reporter's mind, Kenneth Ward took in all of it.

(Continued on Page 104)

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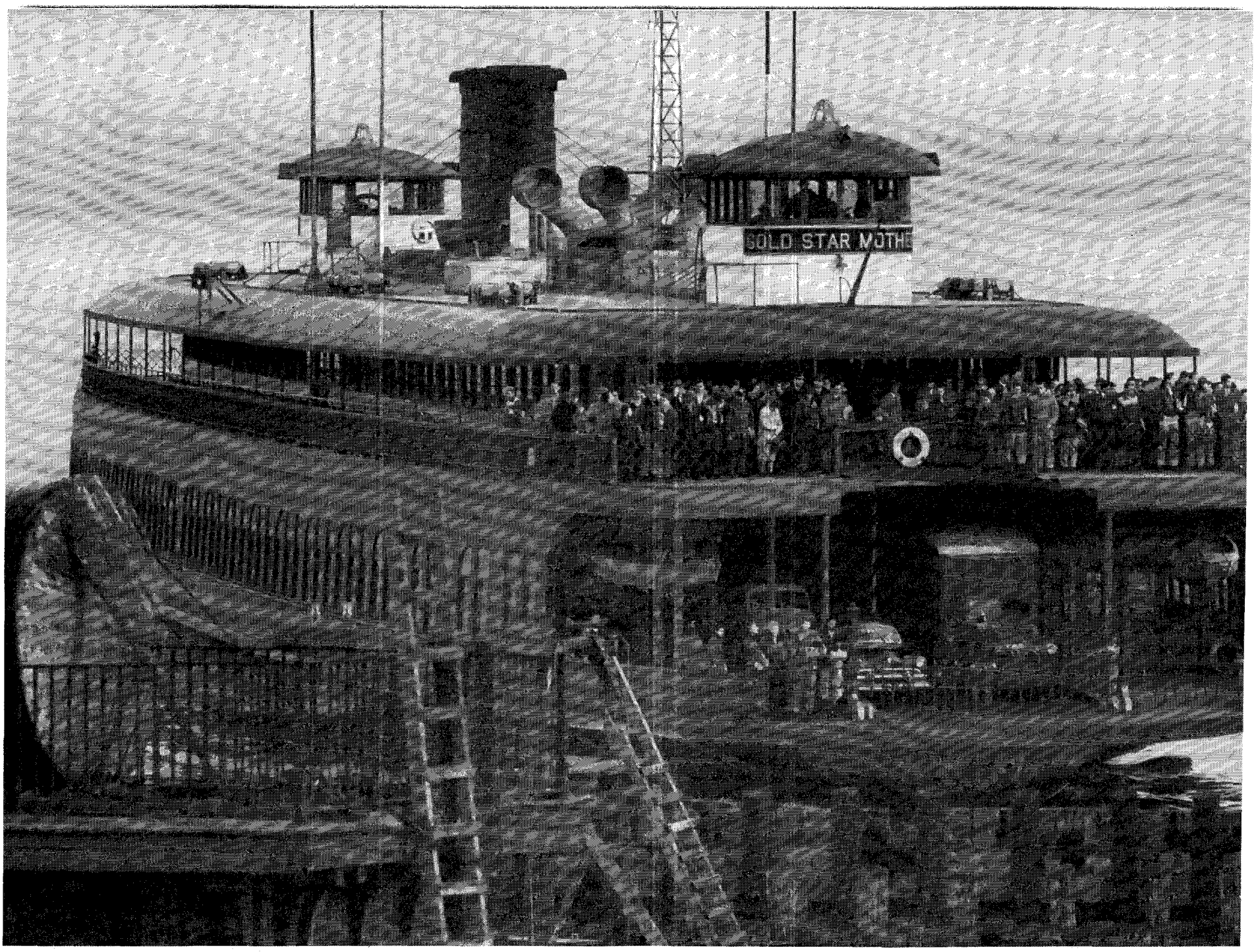

Gold Star Mother, diverted by a shifting current, makes a clumsy approach to the Staten Island slip. Passengers gave the captain a good-natured razzing.

Spectacular Boat Ride

The cheapest sea voyage you can take is a five-cent trip on the Staten Island Ferry, where you may get a taste of adventure for your nickel.

By Leonard A. Stevens

As the beautiful S.S. United States, fastest liner on the seas, makes her way majestically into New York Harbor's Upper Bay, her hull is frequently slapped by the wake of an odd-shaped craft that overtakes her and speeds by. The passing vessel has no sleek lines; it looks like a barge with three dance pavilions stacked on top and painted barn red. The United States moves slowly up to a pier along Manhattan Island where some 2000 passengers debark with grace and ceremony. The other vessel, vibrating and churning water, bumps and wiggles into a U-shaped slip at the southern tip of Manhattan where as many as 3000 passengers jam, push and run off the decks as though the thing were about to sink. In a matter of minutes the strange craft plows back across the bay for another load of humanity.

This red-colored boat has no time for glory. She belongs to the world's busiest passenger line, the Staten Island Ferry, which, with ten boats, annually transports over 23,000,000 passengers and 1,500,000 vehicles, from trailer trucks to baby carriages, across the busiest harbor in the world.

The regular passengers are commuters who live in Staten Island, a New York City borough, and work five miles northeast, over the bay, in Manhattan. Commuters from other regions have bridges and tunnels for entering the city, but Staten Islanders have only one direct means of travel, the ferry. A five-mile tunnel or bridge over the harbor is not feasible because of cost and engineering difficulties.

The clumsy-looking boats, running night and day, afford their passengers one of America's best shows, and the amazing part of it all is the fare: five cents. The nickel passage offers an intimate look at New York Harbor with a close-up view of the Statue of Liberty and scores of different vessels. And as a ferryboat rumbles away from Manhattan, you can look back for a magnificent view of a world wonder, the New York sky line.

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Multitudes of tourists, laced with camera straps, ride the Staten Island Ferry and are dumfounded to think that a nickel bought what many consider the best feature of their New York visit. On Sunday afternoons and hot summer evenings, New Yorkers, rich and poor, board the ferryboats to look at the harbor while the kids play sailor and everyone fills up on fresh air before returning to the city's canyons. And the ferry has always been a meeting place for lovers, a dreamboat for courtships and a cherished memory for honeymooners stopping in New York.

To transport all these people, the Staten Island Ferry has the three largest, fastest passenger-carrying ferryboats in the world, plus seven older boats. The three large boats, bought in 1951, are 269½ feet long and 69 feet wide. Each is powered by superheated steam driving a six-cylinder engine, and normally the boats make the five-mile harbor crossing in about twenty minutes.

The big vessels have three enclosed decks for passengers—the main deck, just above the water line, the saloon deck and the bridge deck, one above the other. The older boats are slightly smaller and the passengers ride only on the main and saloon decks. On all the boats a vehicle companionway runs through the main deck from bow to stern, with a long, narrow passenger cabin on each side. Windows enclose the cabins—"We're just a floating greenhouse," says a deck hand who spends his time washing glass—and the passengers sit on rows of long, pewlike mahogany seats mounted, in most cases, back to back.

Each boat has a propeller and rudder on both ends and travels equally well in either direction. There is also a pilothouse at each end, with the result that the bow looks almost exactly like the stern, but technically there is a difference. For one thing, the boiler—and therefore the smokestack—is nearer the bow, as it is in most other vessels.

The ferryboats never turn around on their eternal shuttle over Upper Bay, and their bows always point toward Manhattan. There's no particular reason for this, but the boats have always run that way, and a change now could spell disaster. Once, for instance, a boat was turned around because of mechanical problems. Commuters, with years of routine under their belts, rushed aboard. Men automatically went into the ladies' room. Screaming women ran from the men's room. And when the boat docked in Staten Island, one newspaper-reading commuter tried to walk off into the water instead of into the terminal.

A boat leaves every ten or fifteen minutes, and in a peak rush hour up to 10,000 commuters board the ferries. Each time a terminal gate is opened a great wave of humanity races onto a ferryboat. The largest proportion head for the main deck, port side, traditionally the men's smoking cabin, causing a slight list to port. And with two toots of the ferryboat whistle away she goes across Upper Bay.

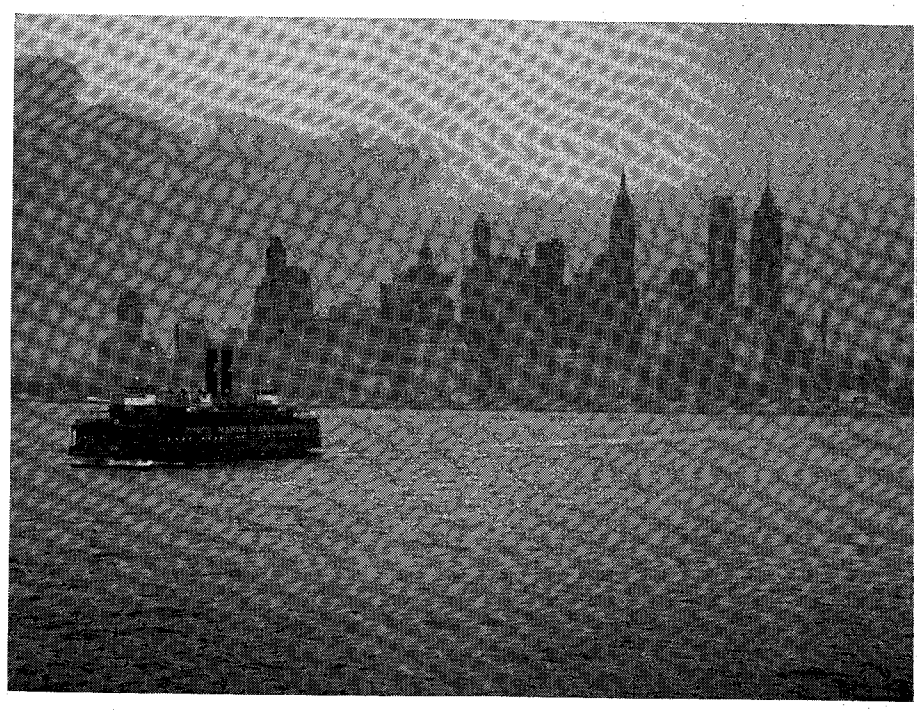
Staten Islanders were riding ferries in the seventeenth century when sailing vessels took three hours or more crossing the bay, and men and beasts rode together. In 1817 the islanders stepped aboard the first steam ferry, the Nautilus, and soon steam ferries were running to Manhattan from many Staten Island ports. By 1905 the ferry system had consolidated to the present single line. That year the boats were taken over by the city of New York, which still operates them under the Department of Marine and Aviation, currently headed by Commissioner Vincent A. G. O'Connor.

On many trips today, the nickel fares don't even pay for the 290 gallons of bunker fuel burned when a boat crosses the bay, and the city loses some $3,000,000 a year running the ferry. But Staten Island's citizens have a strong argument against increasing the fare. All New York boroughs except Staten Island, they point out, have free access to Manhattan. Because of this fact, Staten Islanders are quick to scream "unfair" if there is an inkling that the price of the ferry ride may go up.

All the same, the average Staten Islander knows that, compared with most New York commuters, he has a good deal. In the New York subways—fare fifteen cents—a man is packed in the crowd like a fiber in a bale of hay, while on a ferryboat there's air, a fine view and room to move around.

The seven older boats have an open promenade encircling (Continued on Page 48)

The Joseph Einbinders with their daughter, Sandra, born in a taxi on the ferry. Below: Sandra, age six, makes a repeat crossing under Capt. Levi Brodhead (center), skipper of her birthplace.



Seagoing commuters sail for the city aboard the 8:10. Right: Homeward bound, the Tompkinsville churns across the bay. The five-mile voyage takes about 20 minutes.

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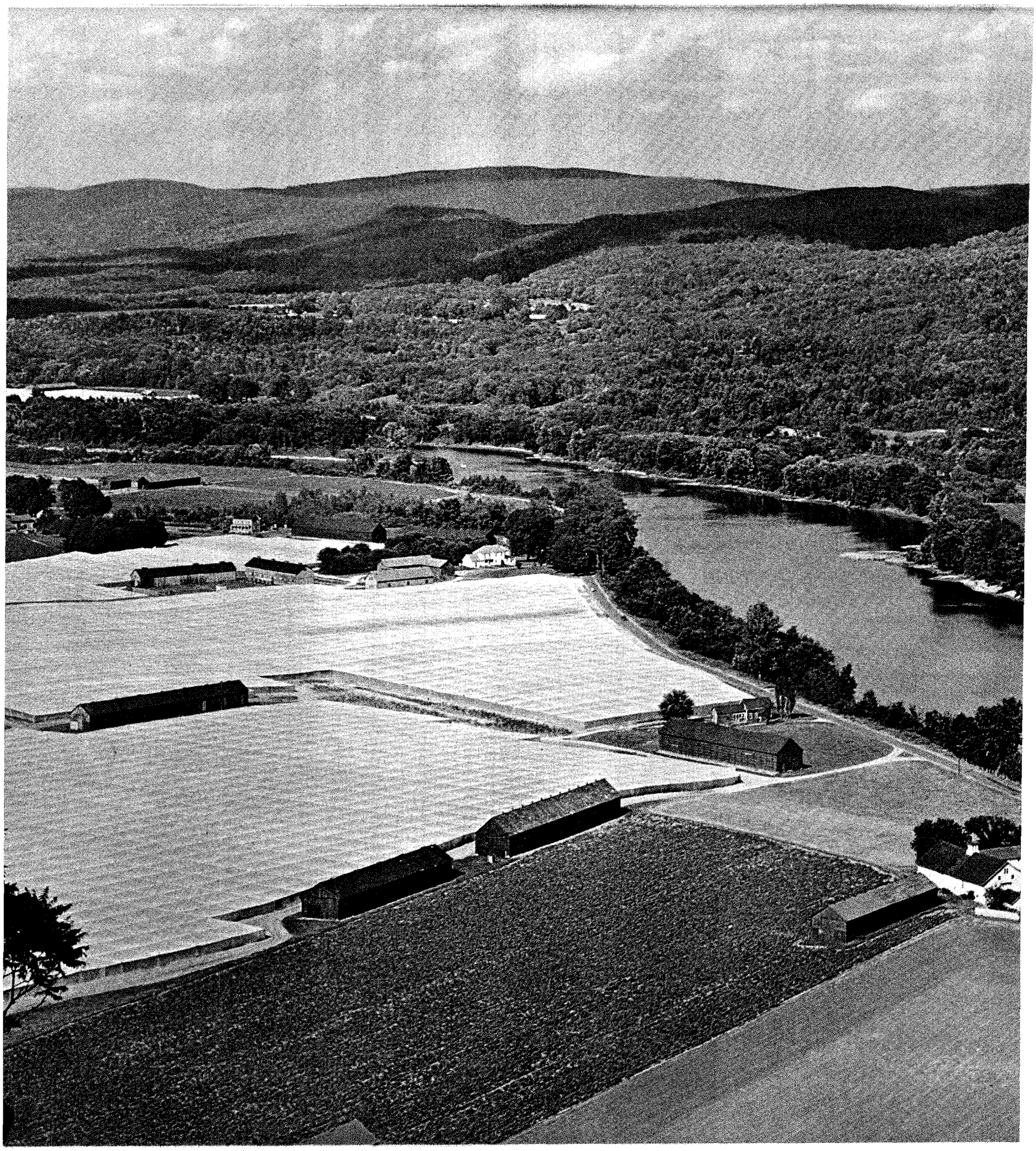

The Face of AMERICA

Favored Valley

In ages past, many men have gazed over the Connecticut River Valley's rich earth, dreaming of peace and plenty. First, as we know it, were the copper-skinned Pocumtucs, who grew their corn, pumpkins and tobacco and called their land Quinatucquet, meaning "upon the long river." To this particular scene, looking toward Mount Toby in

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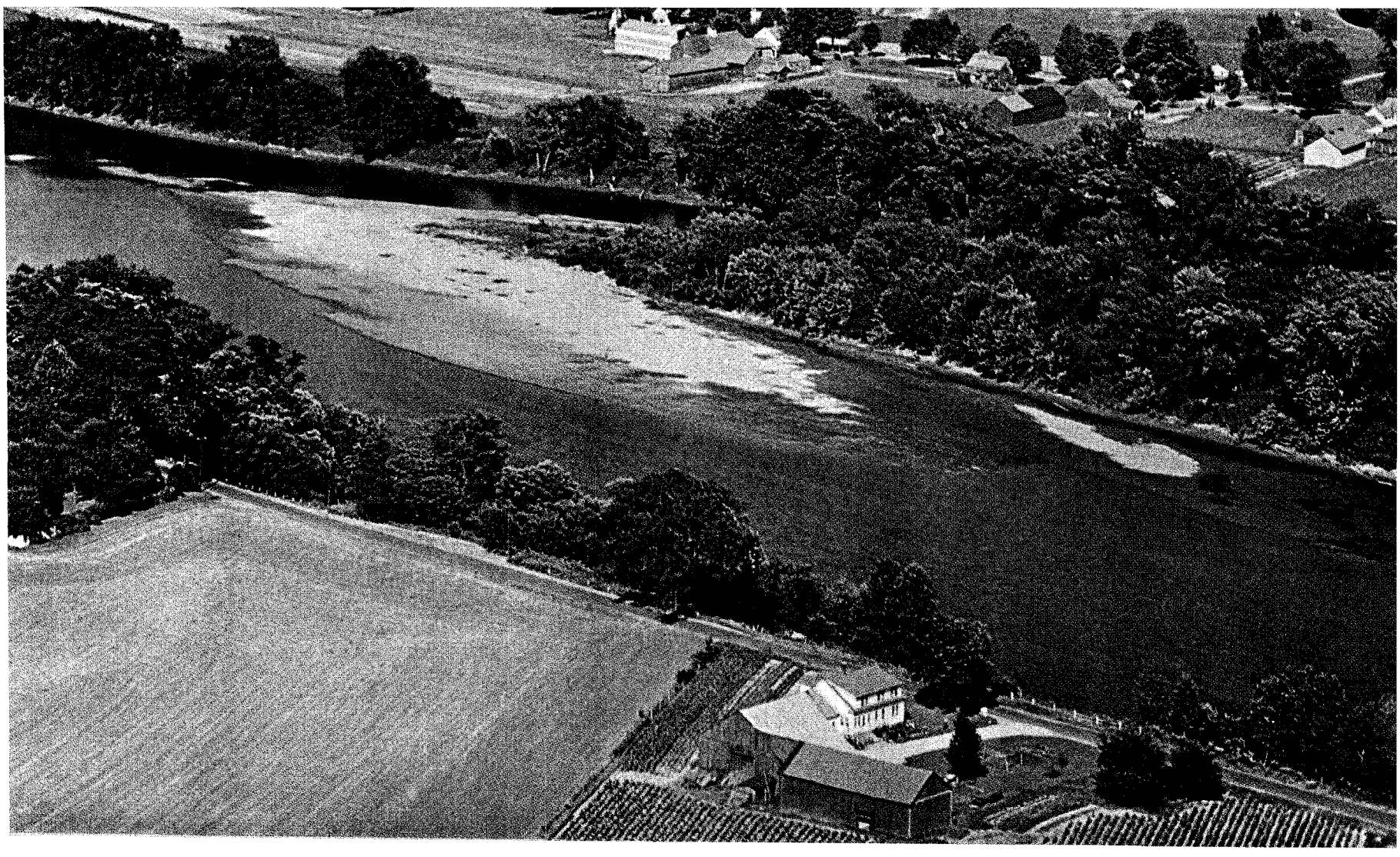

Western Massachusetts, came English settlers in 1672 to establish farms and villages. But they had to fight to hold their prize and, before long, this frontier became a battleground—in thirty years of war with the Indians and the French. Near here occurred the Bloody Brook Massacre of 1675 and the great Deerfield Raid of 1704.

Since then it has been a quiet land, mainly notable for fine tobacco. The first American "seegars" originated in the valley when farm wives rolled tobacco leaves into "Long Nines" and peddled them for pin money. Today this soil produces the world's costliest tobacco, pampered and protected from sun, wind, and insects by vast cloth "shades," like those at lower left, which cover entire fields. It costs about $700 an acre to furnish this tentage. But shaded leaf is tender, smooth and light, and is worth $5 a pound as cigar wrappers. Such is the aristocratic descendant of the stringy, acrid weed that used to fill Pocumtuc peace pipes. Photograph by A. H. Scott

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For ten years her husband deceived her. Should she forgive him, no matter what the cost?

THAT OTHER WOMAN

By JEROME WEIDMAN

No, there is nothing more to be done for the time being," Doctor Bernini said in his precise English. "Until the sedatives wear off, Mrs. McNeil, at least there is nothing that you can do."

"How long ——" Martha began, and paused. She still could not quite believe the shocking phone call that had reached her at the hotel an hour ago. "—— before he wakes up?"

Doctor Bernini glanced at his wrist watch. "Not everybody reacts to sedatives in the same way, especially after the sort of shock your husband's body and nervous system have just sustained. I can do nothing but make a guess. It is now almost seven o'clock. I think Mr. McNeil will probably wake up by midnight."

"Thank you, doctor." Five hours was a long time to live with panic, even with the help of a sympathetic doctor who had treated her not as a tourist, but as a human being. "Do you think, doctor ——"

"Please, Mrs. McNeil, do not ask me to think any more," Doctor Bernini said. "The taxi in which your husband was riding struck the other automobile head on. Both drivers were killed instantly. The fact that your husband was not also killed can be attributed to the grace of God. How good his chances are, we will know better at midnight. That is all I can tell you now. Except for one more thing." The change in his voice surprised Martha. "I studied neurology at Columbia," he said. "In America I learned the American attitude toward foreign doctors. I assure you that if this accident had happened on Fifth Avenue instead of the Viale Manzoni, no more could have been done for him, Mrs. McNeil, than we have done here."

Martha waited until the words came. "Thank you, doctor."

"Nothing," Doctor Bernini said. "Now it is my turn. I think you should eat."

"I don't feel hungry."

"Even so," Doctor Bernini said, "I count on you to keep up your strength. When your husband wakes up, it is important that you should not be exhausted. May I suggest that you remain here at the hospital? You will have a room in which you can have your dinner, and then rest until Mr. McNeil comes out of the sedatives, by which time I will have returned. Will you allow me to make such arrangements for you, Mrs. McNeil?"

"Yes, thanks," Martha said. "You are very kind."

"When I was in America people were kind to me."

Ten minutes later, alone in the small room with the high bed, waiting for the dinner Doctor Bernini had ordered for her, Martha suddenly began to shake. It was as though, in the midst of reading a newspaper account of a disaster, she had suddenly realized the story was about herself.

Martha went to the window, holding one hand tightly in the other to still the shaking, forcing her mind away from the thoughts of what life would be without Roger.

Looking out across the city in which, ten days ago, she had arrived with so many high hopes, Martha suddenly heard words sounding in her ears: *I'm going to cry. I can't help it. I'm going to cry.*

They were the words she had used a month ago in New York, on the night Roger had come home with his exciting news.

"No, you're not," he had said with a grin. "I detest girls who make emotional displays in public."

"But there's nothing public about this," Martha said. "We're alone in our apartment."

"If you cry," Roger said as he kissed her, "the whole thing is off."

"If you tell it to me again," Martha said. "If you say it slowly, maybe I won't cry."

"We've got a twelfth wedding anniversary coming up in three weeks," Roger said. "I understand this is a cause for celebration, and I've chosen one that I think is appropriate. Is that saying it slowly enough?"

"It is, but I still want to cry because you're so sweet to have dreamed it up," Martha said. "There will be no tears, but you can't duck this substitute." She threw her arms around Roger, held him tight and laughed happily as she asked, "How long can we be away?"

"A month."

(Continued on Page 76)

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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Square dancers swirl around the Tallyho Room at Eastover, where bare feet are fashionable and jackets and ties practically taboo.

Working Girls on a Frolic

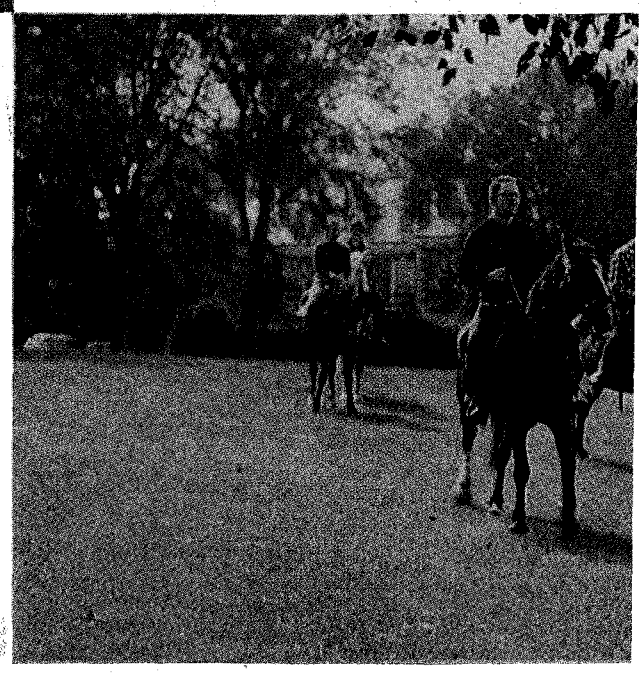
At this once private and still fabulous mansion, stenographers can live like heiresses for $75 a week, with plenty of everything but men.

By ASHLEY HALSEY, JR.

Take a map of Massachusetts and with your left index fingernail, which should be well manicured for this, draw a line directly west from Boston for about 120 miles. Your finger will have arrived at what was once the most fabulous summer haven of high-society millionaires, the Berkshire Mountains around Lenox.

During the golden prime of this exclusive resort colony, around 1900, its combined private wealth was enough to pay off our turn-of-the-century national debt—about one and a quarter billions—and bail out a few European countries to boot. A costly summer mansion, big enough for guests to get lost in, was termed a "cottage." Weekend parties for 200 were routine. Replicas of European castles sprang up on the New England hillsides, and a Vanderbilt gave one to his daughter as a wedding present. Andrew Carnegie, Mark Hanna, the Mellons, the Whitneys and a hundred other multimillionaires lived high. One yardstick in purchasing estates was the "private view"—the number of miles the master could gaze out over his own land.

William C. Whitney, wealthy Secretary o the Navy under Cleveland, bought an entire mountain. What to do with a mountain o your own? It was Whitney's whim to turn October Mountain into an enormous zoo. He



Guests have their choice of cottage rooms, like the one shown here, or dormitory accommodations. In the summer, all-inclusive rates range from $71.75 to $99.75 a week. The place is usually booked solid.

A custom-made artificial stream for canoeing. If a gues prefers dim lights, there's dancing every evening until three

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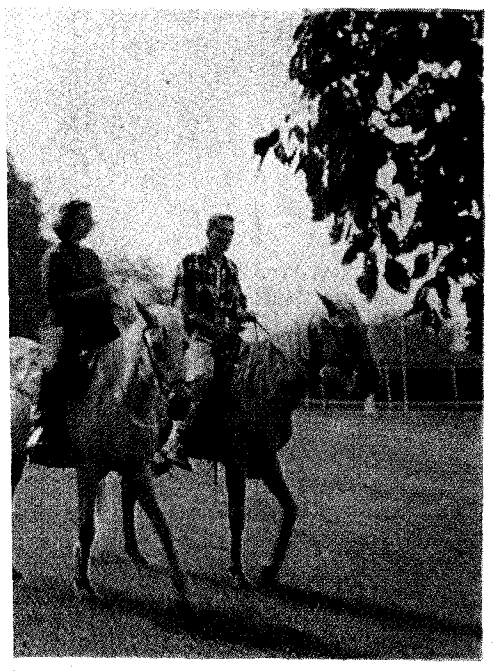
put a fence around its 15,000 acres, imported nearly every kind of four-legged animal, and topped it off with a herd of moose. He had to hire cowboys to control the moose. In this private Wild West in Massachusetts, Whitney built a million-dollar honeymoon lodge for one of his sons. The son occupied the lodge, so the story goes, for exactly one night.

The gilt-edged era when luxurious private railway cars from New York and Pittsburgh were met at Lenox by carriages with liveried footmen is now past. The Federal income tax—denounced by an early millionaire as "the iniquitous brain child of the devil" back when it nicked him one per cent—gradually sapped the wealth of the Berkshire financial nobility. The 1929 stock crash dealt the colony a death blow. Andrew Carnegie's 100-room mansion, an architectural cross between a medieval castle and an Elizabethan village, served as a Jesuit novitiate until destroyed by fire last March. Tanglewood, near Lenox, was deeded to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which made it the summer music center of the East. The remaining animals on Whitney's private peak were shipped off to the Bronx Zoo, and the mountain is now open to the public as a state park.

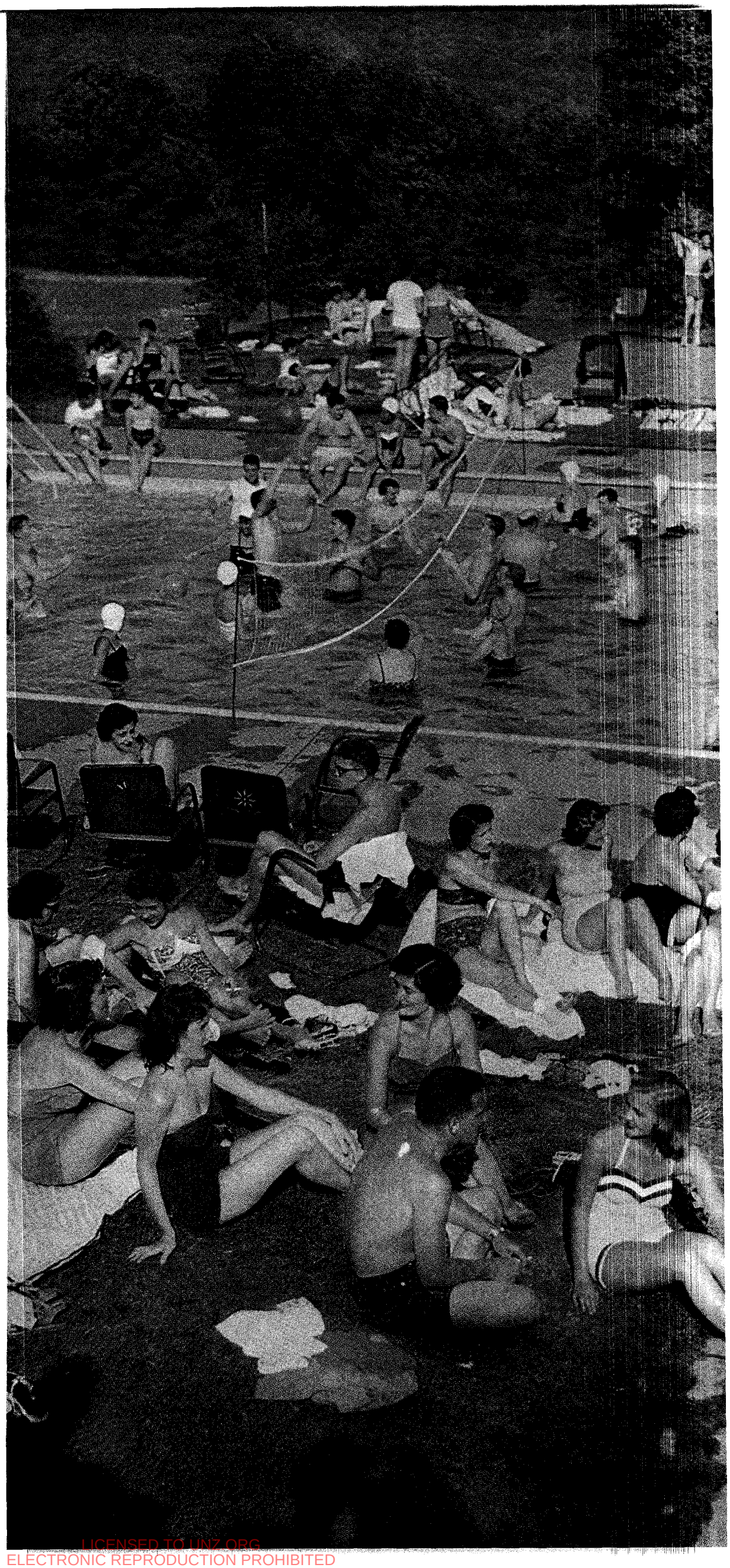
The march of democracy into the once-exclusive Berkshires (Continued on Page 92)



Riders have plenty of room to roam on Eastover's 500 acres. Originally, the estate was the summer retreat of a New York multimillionaire.

The girls at Eastover rarely complain of a lack of things to do, but they often bewail the scarcity of eligible males. Except on weekends, the women greatly outnumber the men.

Photographs by Larry Fried



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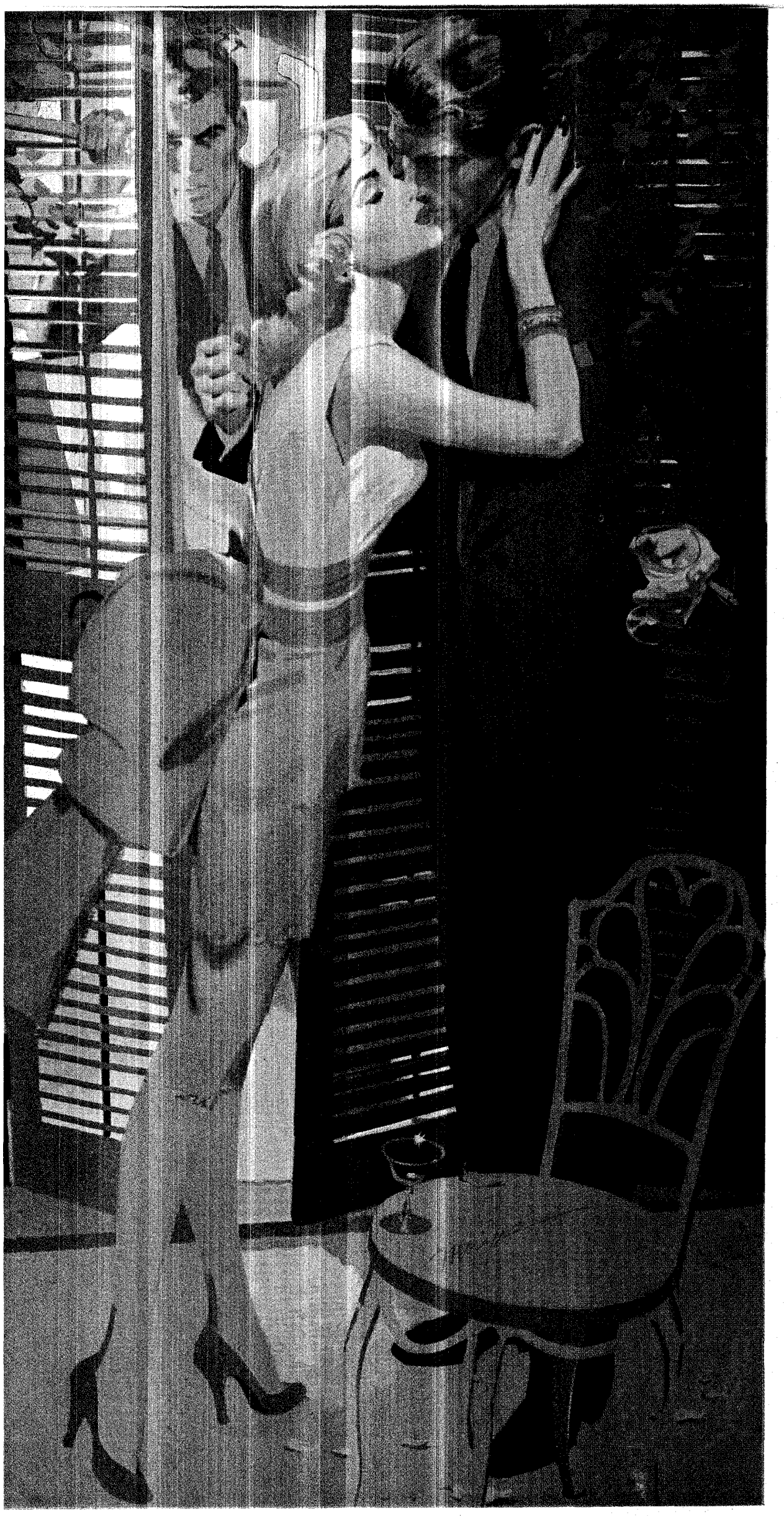

Jerry came out on the porch in time to catch his bride-to-be in another man's arms.

Just Before the Wedding

By STEVE McNEIL

It never pays to take a girl's love for granted . .

Mr. David Abbott stood in the study of his colon home in Willamette Heights, looked out over t city and tapped the letter against his teeth. *Mayl should eat the letter*, he thought. *Such things happen course, Abbott. You move along through your well-ordered istence, insured against poor health, automobile accide fire, flood and theft. But your past follows you, as ines ably as a spare tire, and there's nothing you can do abou*

David Abbott had climbed along to his for sixth year with only a few minor scars. There v the receding hairline, the slightly expanding wa line, the tendency to consider a dance an ord instead of an exhilarating experience, and a p disposition to think of anyone under twenty as young idiot."

Beyond those slight shortcomings was his panding bank balance, his home—the mortga now being reduced to the price of a good secor hand car—and his standing in the community father, husband and director of the Willame Heights Country Club. His son, Harry, was well his way to getting his wings in the Air Force, daughter, Sally, was well on her way to acquir a husband, and his wife, Edith, would be well her way to a set of jangled nerves if the engagem wasn't announced soon.

Edith and Sally came fluttering into the ho with department-store loot. Edith gave him a p on the cheek and said, "Whew! The crowds dov town. It's like pulling teeth to buy anything."

"I see you managed," David said.

"Who's the letter from?" Edith asked. She p down her plunder and pulled at her gloves. "Le see."

Wordlessly David handed it to her. There v nothing else to do. Her expression changed fr mild curiosity to (Continued on Page

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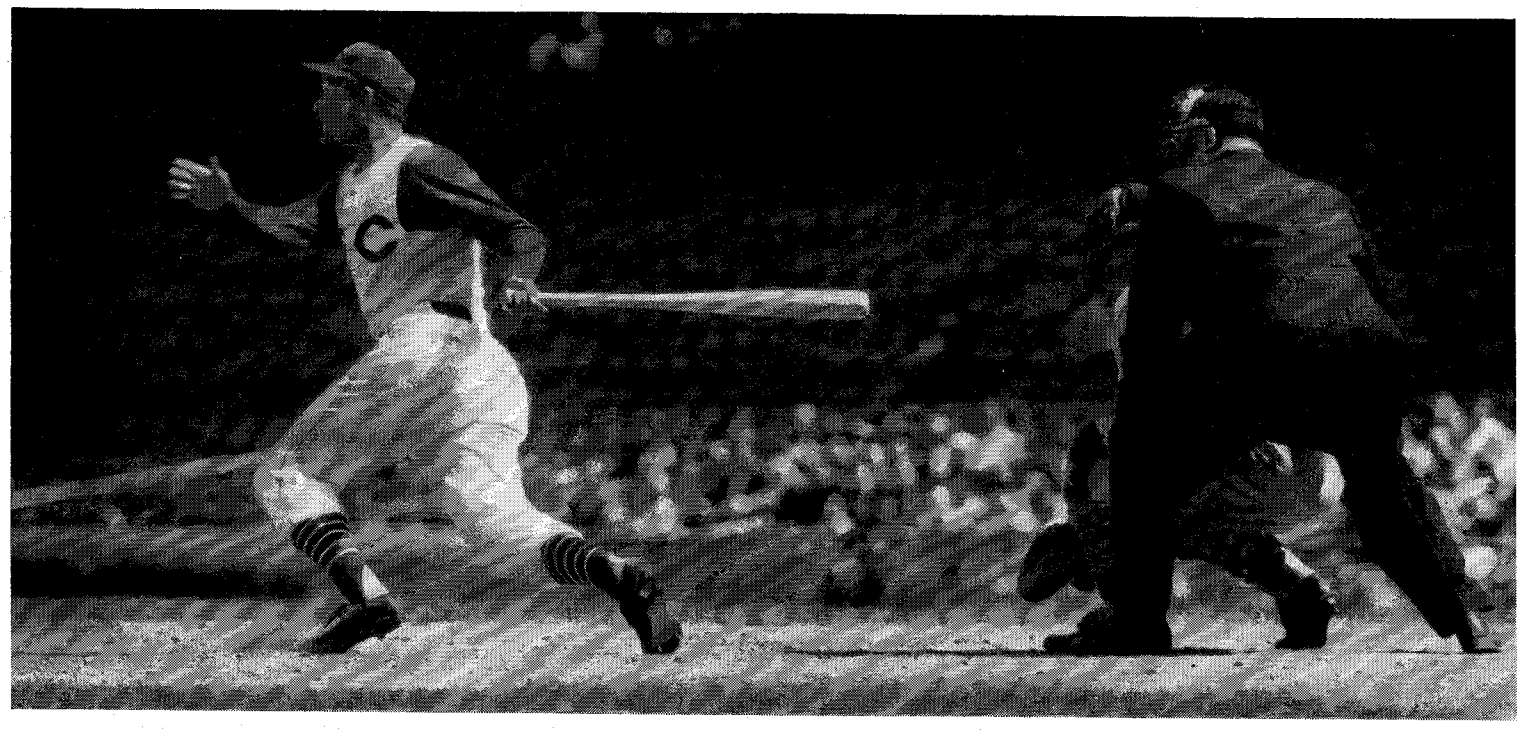

Wally Post wallops one in an early-season game this year. "Whenever I see that ball start to rise, I always know it's gone," says Manager Birdie Tebbetts.

Wally Post became a star by the simple technique of lambasting the daylights out of the ball. He often misses, but when he hits them, they stay hit.

The Redlegs' Hardest Hitter

By Harry T. Paxton

Of all the enthusiastic swingers on the Cincinnati Redlegs, who may set a new team record for home runs this season, nobody hits the ball so far out of sight as Wally Post, the big guy in right field. Post is all slugger. He doesn't swing from the heels because it's become the baseball fashion. With Wally, this is the natural thing to do.

Post won't necessarily be the No. 1 home-run man at Cincinnati this year. By June, with nearly three quarters of the season still to be played, five members of the Redleg wrecking crew already were in double figures—perennial leader Ted Kluszewski, twenty-year-old Frank Robinson, Gus Bell and Ray Jablonski, in addition to Post. However, if home-run statistics were kept on the basis of total footage, Post probably would win by several times the length of the left-field foul line at Crosley Field.

Wally Post is considerably more than just a bruiser who hits marathon home runs and fans a lot. As a matter of fact, he did lead the league in strike-outs last year and has been leading again this season. However, he is also a standout in such other departments as running and fielding and throwing. As for his work with the bat—well, few men ever hit as many as forty home runs in a single season. Not many drive in 100 runs, either, or bat .300. Post last year made it straight across the board. He had forty homers and 109 RBI's and hit .309.

Until 1955, Post was something of a paper tiger with the Redlegs. Year after year, this broad-framed Ohio farm boy—a very husky six-one, weighing 200-plus (Continued on Page 109)

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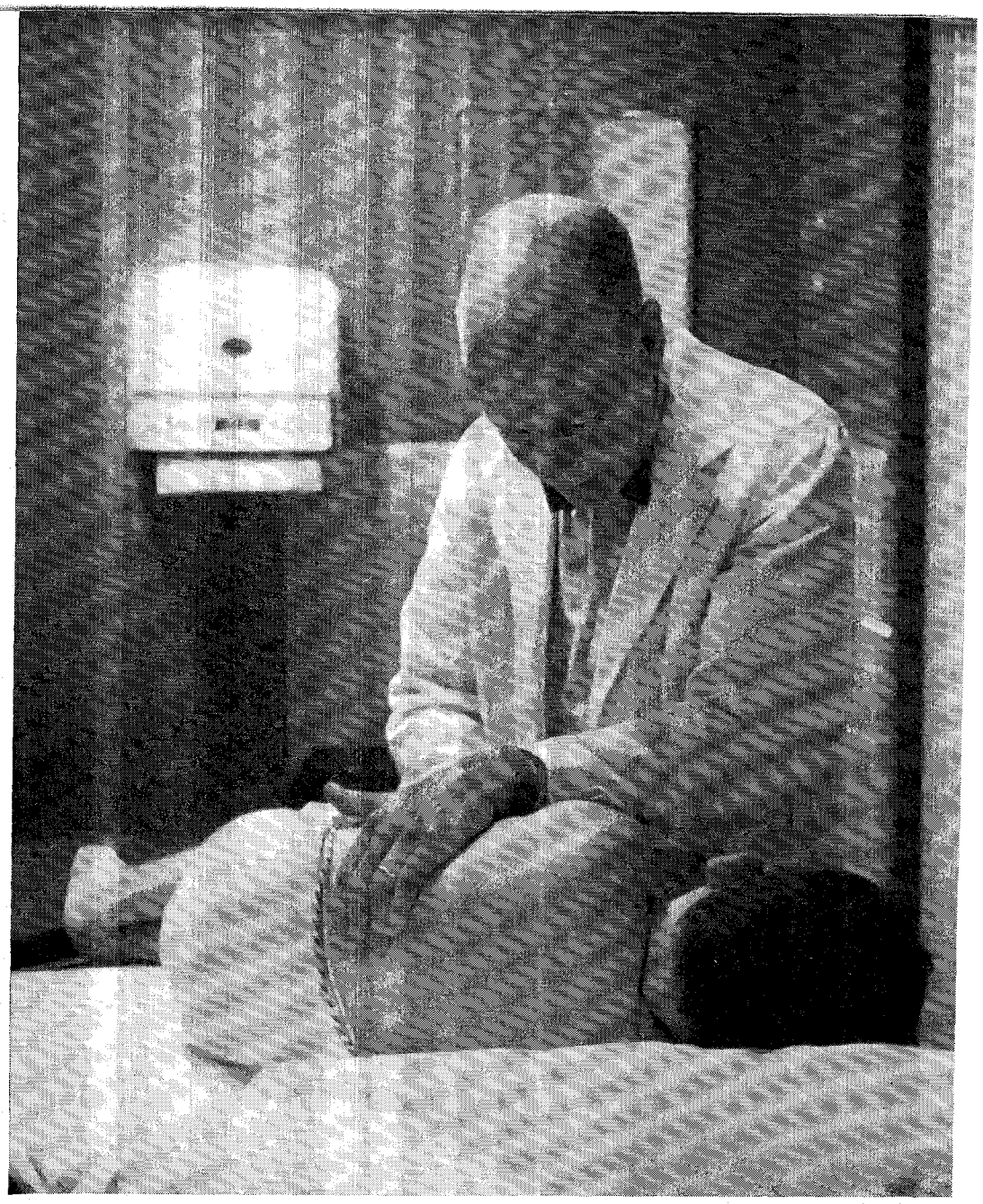

At New York's Memorial Hospital, Dr. Joseph Burchenal examines a youngster suspected of having leukemia, an increasingly common form of cancer. Before the discovery of new chemical treatments, this disease used to defy all forms of therapy.

Can Chemicals Conquer Cancer?

New treatments for this dread disease help prevent suffering, enable patients to live without too much fear, and could possibly lead to a complete cure. The Post's medical editor reports.

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

One might assume that medicine's frequently voiced claims of progress against cancer would sound hollow to John William Hennings and to thousands of others whose loved ones have been killed by this disease while still in their youth. But such an assumption would be incorrect.

John's wife, who had shared so eagerly in the joys and the work of their farm home at Cygnet, in Western Ohio, died last September. A victim of leukemia, she was one of 245,000 Americans who succumb each year to various forms of cancer. Dorothy Hennings was only twenty-nine and she and John had been married just ten years. Yet, far from being embittered, John Hennings has seen more clearly than most of us the power of modern medicine, including the newer chemical treatments, to soften and retard cancer's blow.

He was close enough to the medical struggle to witness the real gains the doctors made against the malignant tide in his wife's bloodstream before it finally overwhelmed her. And he readily acknowledges his gratitude. "It was their fine care," he says, "that gave Dorothy and me eight wonderful years together which we might not otherwise have had."

Nor were these years of invalidism and pain. They were active years, full of accomplishment and fun, years in which the young couple worked together to make their farm flourish, took vacations in Florida and New England and Canada, and—best of all—watched their family grow. Sharon, now nine, was less than a year old when her mother became sick. Their physicians advised against more children because of Mrs. Hennings' short life expectancy, but she and her husband wanted a larger family. So Betty Jane, Mary Lou and Jo Ann came along at intervals of three years or less. And no little girls ever had more devoted or attentive parents.

"We were happy in spite of leukemia," their father said. "The doctors not only kept Dorothy alive, they kept her in fairly good health. She had a near normal blood count and felt very well during those three last pregnancies. People who didn't know she had leukemia couldn't tell anything was wrong with her.

"Between her trips to the Ohio State University hospital, in Columbus, for treatments, she did as much as any two other women, and she didn't worry about anything. She knew what she had and that she probably wouldn't get over it. But she went right ahead with things, keeping house, gardening, preserving, making dresses for the girls, winning blue ribbons in baking contests. She was active in the Grange and P.T.A. and church. And she enjoyed it all. Dorothy's life was short in years, but it was a well-spent life as a good wife, mother and leader in the community, and she set a good example for the community."

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She set an example, too, for everyone concerned with the problems of cancer. In fact, the story of John and Dorothy Hennings is cited here for two reasons:

First, as a reminder of the tremendous good to be accomplished by treating even the incurable cases, a point often overlooked in the appraisal of our advances against this disease; second, as an illustration of the increasing effectiveness of chemicals in the war upon the whole range of malignant conditions. Important break-throughs have made this the most active and promising area in the entire field of cancer research.

Concerning the first point, we have been too inclined in the past to measure all progress in terms of absolute cures. It was an all-or-none type of scorekeeping. Anything that produced less than a "five-year result" was considered a failure or at best a "palliative." And many doctors would have little to do with palliatives in cancer, feeling that they "merely prolonged the agony." They forgot, or were unaware, that "palliative" treatment could bring precious years of comfort and joy to families like the Henningses.

Dr. Charles A. Doan, eminent blood specialist and dean and director of medical research at the Ohio State University College of Medicine, who was in charge of Mrs. Hennings' treatment throughout her illness, says this positive viewpoint needs to be repeatedly stressed. (Continued on Page 81)

Dorothy Hennings died of leukemia a month after the picture above was taken. Her husband, shown at right with their children, says "doctors gave Dorothy and me eight wonderful years together which we might not otherwise have had."

Ohio State researchers Dr. John Egan, Dr. Charles Doan and Dr. Bertha Bouroncle. So far, the new drugs have only temporarily inhibited cancer. However, says Dr. Doan, "there is always the chance that one of them will be the final answer."

Catherine King has cancer, but chemotherapy holds it in check and lets her live in a nearly normal way.

Seventeen-year-old Barbara Anthony takes her medicine—pills that help a leukemia victim to lead a full life.

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They blasted him from a jet screaming down the runway at 175 mph. In eight seconds he would hit the ground.

TEST JUMP

By FRANK HARVEY

He came suddenly wide awake—without the usual reluctant limbo of yawning and stretching—and the fear that had festered in his mind all night, even while he slept, surged through his nerves like a spurt of sickish fire. The window beside the bed was gray. The hands of the luminous clock stood at five A.M. Lt. Jim Mitchell shut off the button that would have triggered the alarm, and shook a cigarette out of a pack on the bedside table. His fingers trembled a little when he lit it. He took four deep drags and stubbed the cigarette. Then he mashed it to a pulp.

"Two hours," he said softly. "Two lousy hours."

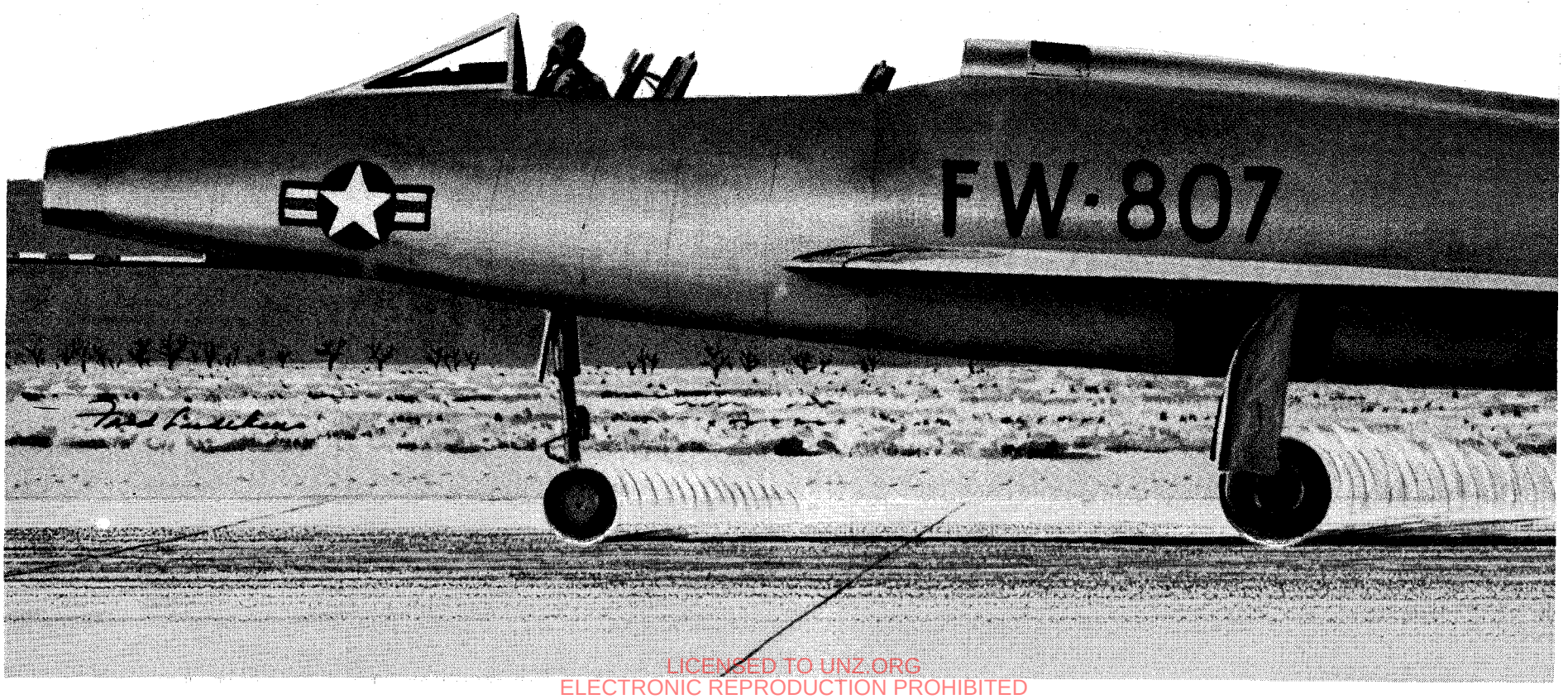
He sat up on the edge of the bed. There was no point in worrying about the test now. He'd worried about it continually for the last ten days—ever since he'd volunteered. He'd gone over it in his mind, time after time, like some kind of endless horror movie—up to the point where he pulled the red handle. At that point his mind quivered and stopped. He did not want to imagine what might happen after he pulled the handle. The only consolation was that whatever happened, it would be quick; eight seconds after Jim Mitchell pulled the red handle, he'd either be safe on the ground or he'd be dead. At 0700—a little less than two hours from now—he was going to make an ejection from the back seat of a two-place Super Sabre, at 170 miles an hour, while the airplane was still racing along on the runway.

"This is no county-fair stunt," General Hall had told them at the briefing. "You men all fly Super Sabres. You know what an engine failure on take-off can mean. It can mess you up pretty bad. Let's face it! It can kill you!"

General Hall was a big bulldog of a man with tough, red-veined eyes in pouchy eye sockets and many ribbons on his left chest. He was not an armchair general. He was an ex-fighter pilot: six Me-109's, two Focke-Wulf 190's.

He wiped his chin with his hand. "This new rig has been thoroughly tested," he said. "The Cunningham Parachute Company has made thousands of dummy ejects, but all the dummy ejects in the world won't prove a new chute. For that you need a human being."

General Hall looked deliberately around the room. "I'm not here to throw a lot of bull. I'm just here to tell you men that the Air Force needs a good foolproof quick-eject rig. A parachute a man can use while he's still very low, or even on the ground, at high speed. Engine failure on take-off is about the last really hopeless spot a jet-fighter pilot can get into. We hope the Cunningham chute will plug it. I'd like to hear, now, from a volunteer."



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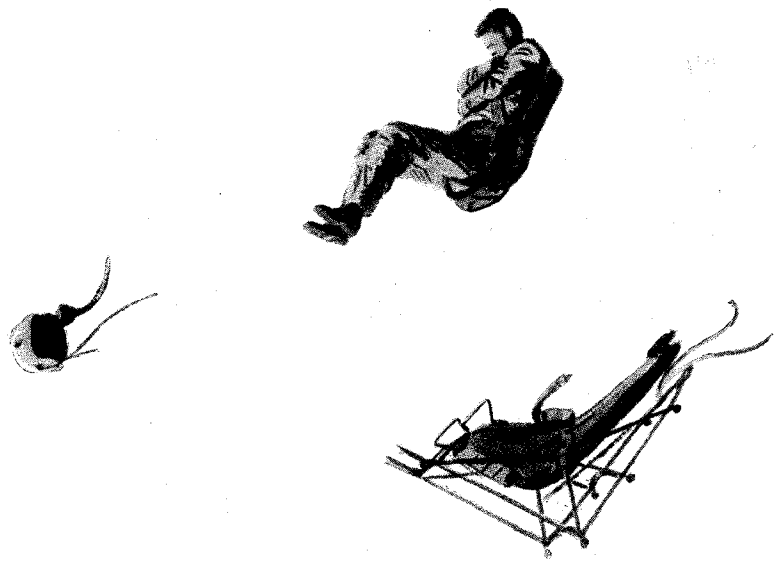


Jim felt the seat drop away.
Then he was falling and
the chute had not opened.
He tried to grab the hand release.

A voice directly behind Jim Mitchell said instantly, "I'd like to volunteer, General Hall. Major Hernandez, here."

Jim looked back over his shoulder. Maj. Vic Hernandez was hunched forward, a stocky man with bright black eyes, a domed forehead and short black hair. Hernandez was presently the No. 2 jet ace in the United States Air Force—fourteen MIG's—and he had been brought here to George Air Force Base, in the Mojave Desert of California, to pass along his experience to young pilots. Hernandez was Jim Mitchell's squadron commander. He was more than that. He was Jim's idol, even though Mitchell would not have mentioned this, or even admitted it, if someone had asked him. But ever since he had been in Hernandez's squadron, Mitchell had been trying to be like him: fly like him, shoot like him, fight like him.

After Hernandez volunteered, General Hall said, "Thanks, Vic, but maybe I'd better say a little more. A great deal of the value of this test is going to be psychological. We want to make movies of it and show it to the cadets." General Hall smiled a little and continued. "Maybe we're wrong, but we think a cadet will have more confidence in this Cunningham parachute if he sees it being used by a green young lieutenant, instead of a grizzled old combat type like you, Vic."

Vic Hernandez smiled a little. He was twenty-eight years old and there was not a gray hair on his black head. Lt. Jim Mitchell felt his body grow suddenly tense, the way it used to do when he was a kid, walking out on the high board with everybody watching. He licked his lips, and swallowed quickly.

Then he said, "General Hall—I'd like to volunteer."

"Name?"

"Mitchell, sir. Lieutenant James Mitchell."

"Had any combat, Mitchell?"

"No, sir."

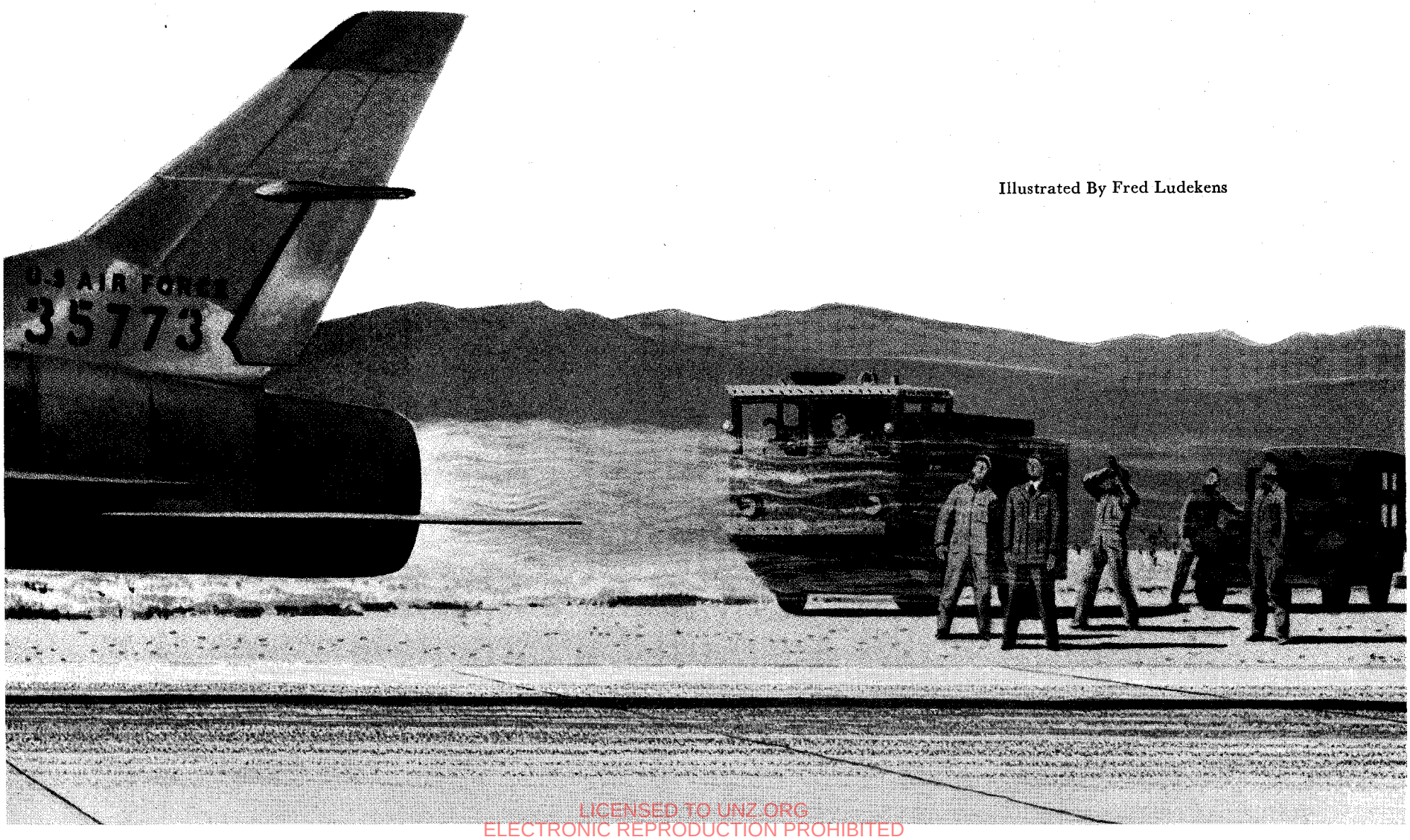
"Ever made a parachute jump?"

"No, sir."

"Good," General Hall said. "I want to talk to you, Mitchell." He glanced around the room. "The rest of you men are free to go."

When the room cleared, General Hall outlined the details. He spoke bluntly. There wasn't any real danger if everything went the way they were sure it would. There had been only one failure in all the tests Cunningham had made: The chute had streamed, and Fearless Fred, the dummy, had hit the ground at 170 mph. "There wasn't much left of old Fearless," General Hall said. "But it won't happen again. We've completely redesigned the quick-eject springs." (Continued on Page 100)

Illustrated By Fred Ludekens



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Swindlers on the Turnpikes

Dishonest travelers, truckers and collectors cheat the tolls of millions of dollars each year.

By JOE ALEX MORRIS

Busy night at an Albany, N.Y., interchange. "Over the years," says one maker of toll-booth machinery, "we have come upon 139 methods used to cheat the system."

Some time ago a highway patrolman on one of the longest turnpikes in the East flagged down a trailer truck, and asked the driver to show the pasteboard toll ticket that had been issued to him when he entered the superhighway. The driver fumbled in his pockets and then poked a sorrowful face through the window of his cab.

"Sorry, officer," he said in a pained voice. "I guess I lost it."

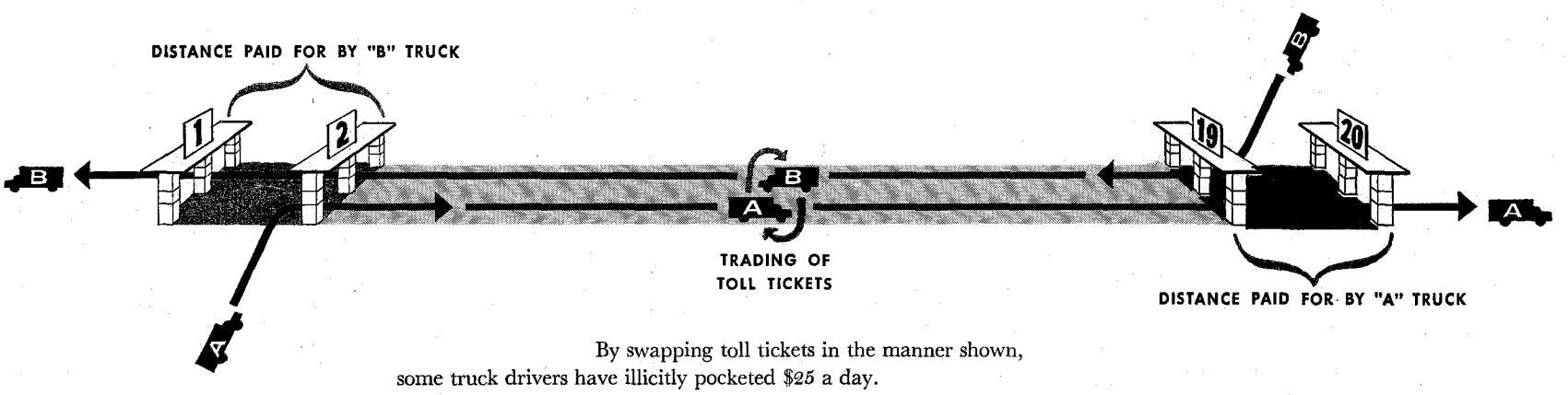
The patrolman was skeptical. Pulling open the cab door, he made a quick search and found the ticket on the floor under a newspaper. He examined it and said, "Mister, you're going in the wrong direction. This ticket says you entered at Interchange Number Two, which is five miles straight ahead. Maybe you better turn around."

The driver mumbled that he was going in the right direction. He wanted to go past No. 2 and get off at Interchange No. 1, which was the end of the turnpike.

"O.K. Go ahead. I'll radio the tollgate to watch for you and, of course, you'll pay the highest toll—for the full length of the turnpike. And, listen, don't try this trick again. We'll be watching for you, and for your pal too."

The red-faced driver was one of many thousands of travelers, truckers and collectors who for years have been cheating or trying to cheat toll systems in all (Continued on Page 84)

The exit-validating machine shown here is hard to trick: It computes the toll due and prints it on the ticket.



By swapping toll tickets in the manner shown, some truck drivers have illicitly pocketed $25 a day.

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Doctor Sullivan's large hands moved quickly and deftly as he tried to stop the flow of blood from the patient's wrist.

SUICIDE CASE

What makes a woman with everything to live for want to kill herself?

By RONALD SERCOMBE

The grapes on the vine at Jacksonville Medical Hospital had been popping periodically over the cold war between Doctor Sullivan, Resident in Surgery of Mathers Unit, and Doctor Skinner, Resident in Psychiatry.

Hospital politics was involved. The last thing Doctor Sullivan wanted was any part of politics. But the hospital board had under consideration a plan to combine all units under one director. The grapevine had it that the selection had been narrowed down to Doctors Sullivan, Skinner and Kirk.

Doctor Sullivan, constitutionally broad-minded, considered Doctor Skinner a pompous and inept popinjay. Doctor Skinner had once expressed the thought that Doctor Sullivan was a meddling quack. Doctor Kirk, through it all, managed to keep his nose clean and his fingers crossed.

Right now, busily scrubbing, Doctor Sullivan whistled tunefully from Strauss. He had just removed from a mother of four young children a perinephritic abscess. He had been delighted to discover it was not a gangrenous kidney.

The doctor splashed some water on his brown hair and combed it carelessly. Then he lit a cigarette. After a brief, relaxing inhale he studied, curiously, the filter tip.

They brag about you, he thought. *But the little filters I just saw—the glomeruli—were about two hundred miles long. Compressed into twenty cubic inches of kidney.*

He whistled some more. This time from Gershwin.

In about twenty minutes, his bride, Bette, who was night supervisor of nurses, would be knocking off. Tomorrow would be their first wedding anniversary. They were going to drive to Daytona and take a refresher course in relaxation at a beach-front motel.

The doctor heard a sharp rap on the door and said, "Come." The giraffe-proportioned face of the ubiquitous but unpredictable chief of orderlies in Mathers Unit appeared. Termite was chewing gum vigorously.

"Yes," Doctor Sullivan said, a sinking feeling replacing Strauss, kidneys and Gershwin.

"You better come," the orderly said, between chomps. (Continued on Page 95)

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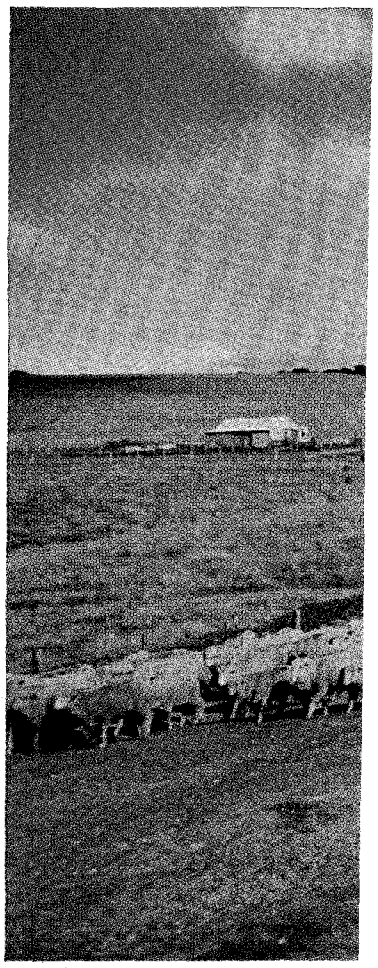
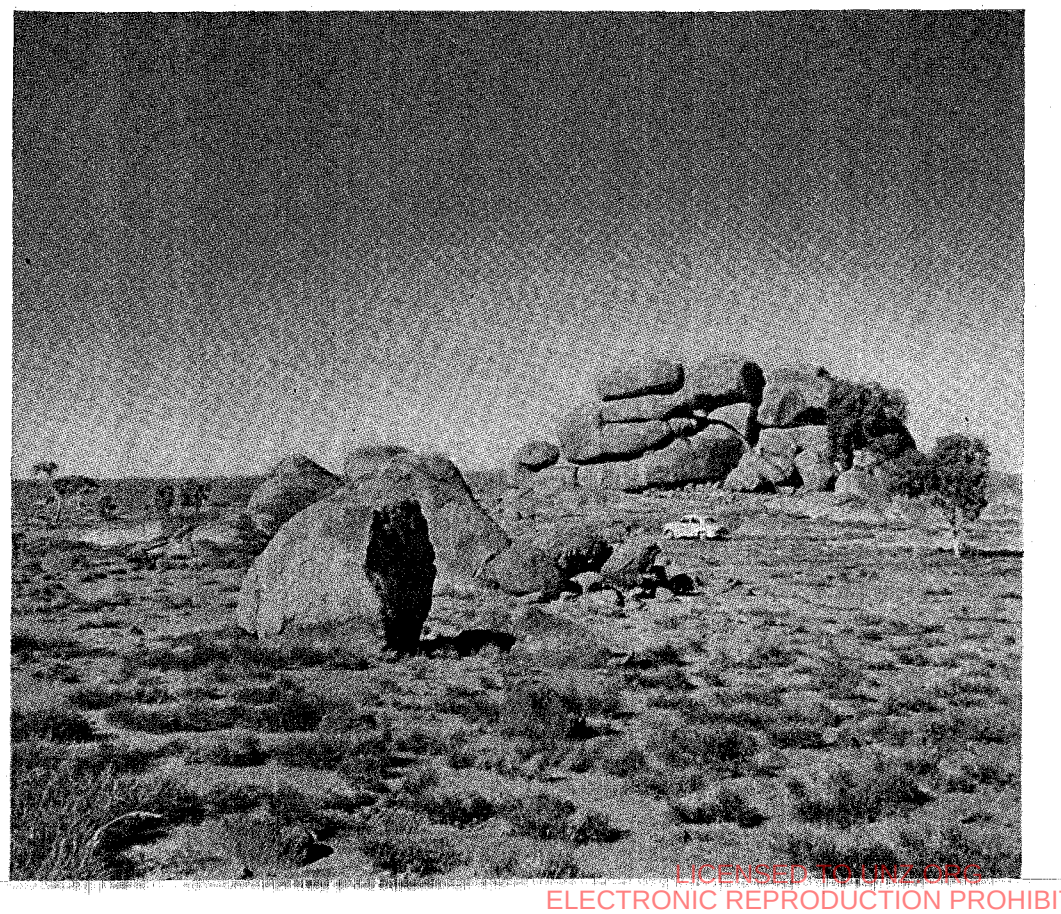


Cattle drovers Tom Watson, Dick Winters and Scotty Watson make a dry camp along the Barkly Trail, not far from Newcastle Waters. Nearby, their cattle graze, gathering strength for the five-hundred-mile drive east across the semidesert to Queensland.

I Prowled the Outback

A Post correspondent takes you to one of the world's last great frontiers—Australia's forbidding Outback, a strange land of prehistoric aborigines, blistering heat and very odd critters.

The Stuart Highway winds among the Devil's Marbles in the heart of the desolate Outback. The huge round rocks are found only in this one small valley. How did they come to be here? No one knows.



By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

Part I

ON THE BARKLY STOCK TRACK, NORTHERN TERRITORY, AUSTRALIA.

In the campfire, a coolibah log is a glowing shell, its center all in flames. A blackened billy sits in the coals, and the harsh scent of strong tea mingles with the campfire smoke. When the flames rise, the eyes of a thousand cattle in a close semicircle shine briefly, and the sound of their bedding is a great sigh, shot with an occasional frightened bawl.

Out beyond the nervous cattle, two men ride night horses, sharp-eyed and sure of foot. The horses continually circle the steers to keep them bunched, and as they walk, their riders sing. On one side, Tom Watson, once a newsboy on the streets of Sydney, croons bits of old songs—Sweet Adeline, Waltzing Matilda, Bless 'Em All. When a bullock panics and runs away from the mob, his songs change to curses. Ridden with loose reins—"a (Continued on Page 89)

Photographs by Larry Keighley

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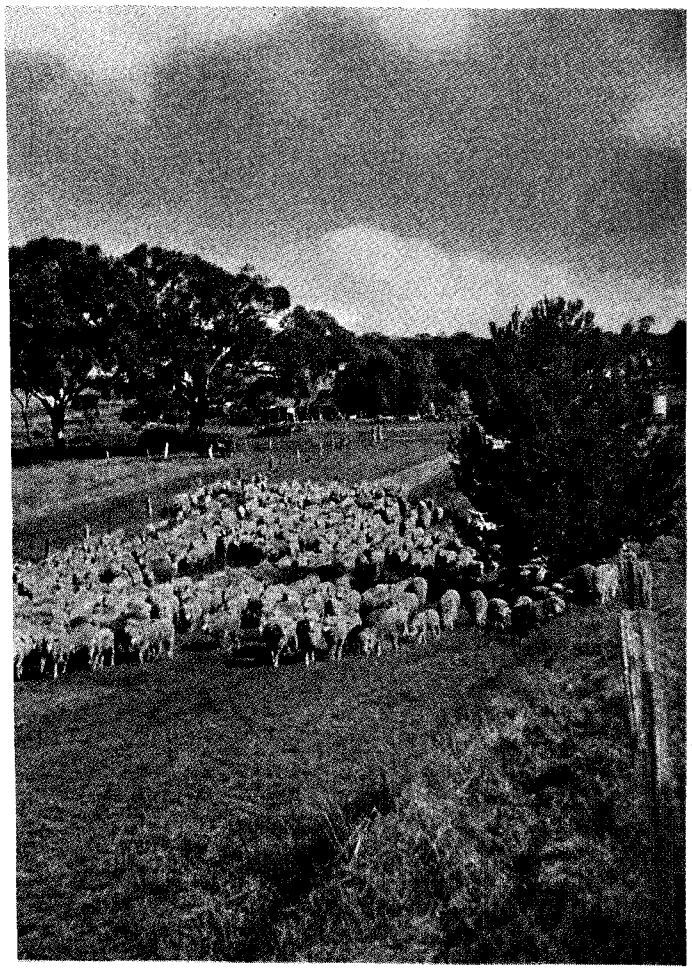
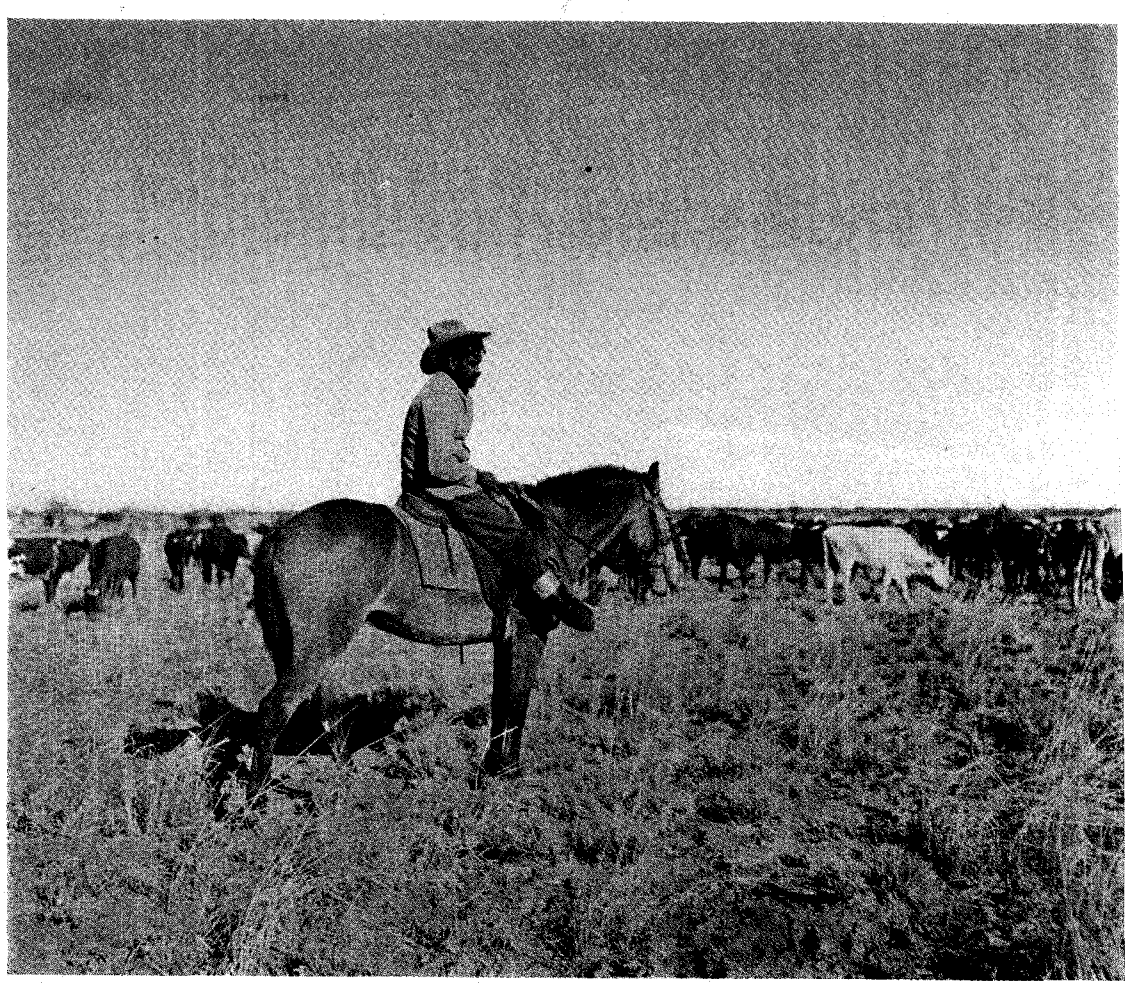
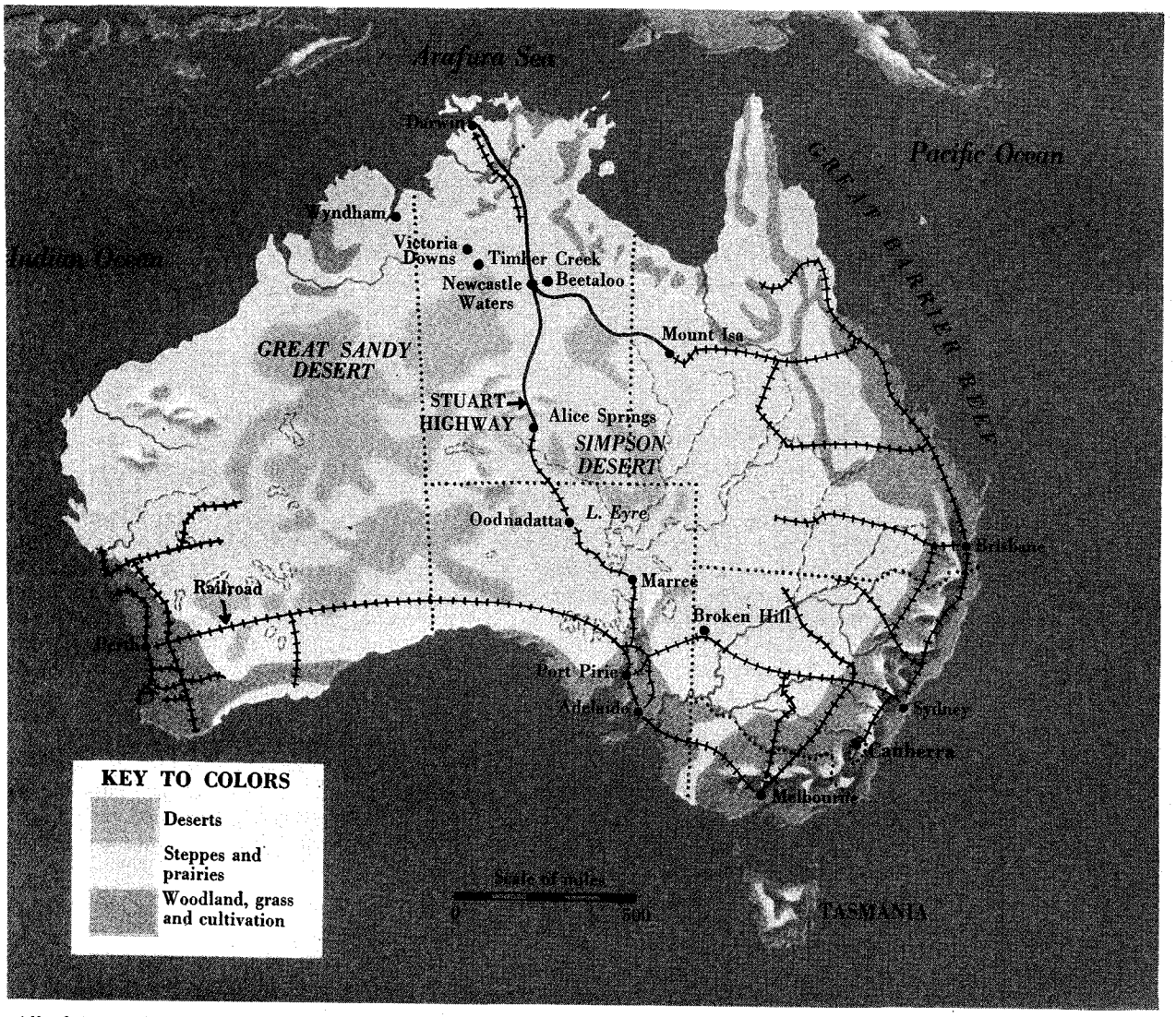


Wool from Australia's 127,000,000 sheep clothes much of the world. Most of that wool comes from sheep raised in the Outback.



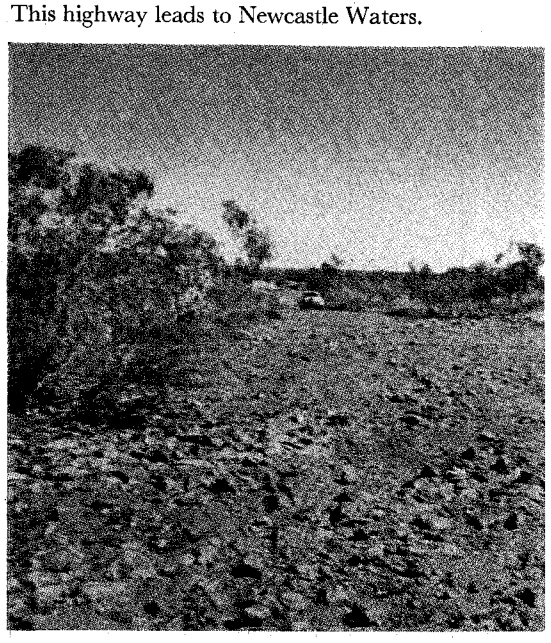
Left-Hand Tommy, an aborigine cattle drover, guards the Watson "mob." The Outback is home to 47,000 full-blooded aborigines, who can cope with the brutal country far better than any white man.



All of Australia outside the heavily populated coastal green belts is Outback. It's one of the world's last great frontiers, a country no more developed than parts of the United States were 100 years ago, and with almost as many potentialities.

Flying doctors and nurses provide medical care in isolated towns and stations.

Outback roads are nothing to brag about. This highway leads to Newcastle Waters.



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Post Scripts

Tales Mein Grossfader Told: Das Lion Und Der Mousen

Ein grosser lion ben sleepen mit snoren, und der smallisch micers ist runnen und skippen und oberjumpen der feeten. Suddenisch, das lion ben upwoken und catchen ein mousen! Ach, der mousen ist beggen und pleaden mit weepen und wailen. Das lion ben upfullen, mitout needen der eaten, und ist loosen-geturnen der smallischer.

Later das lion ben upcaughten mit ein strongisch netten der huntentrappers ist outsetten. Ach, du lieber! Der roaren und snarlen ben awfulisch! Finaller, der mousen ist hearen der noisers und uprunnen mit breaknecken speeden.

"Mein gooten friend!" das lion ben exclaimen. "Outcutten meinself mit gnawen der netten. Ich ben upcaughten in der mornen, und nightfallen ist sooner arriven."

Ist der mousen ein dummkopf mit releasen ein grosser lion upshutten since der mornen mitout eaten? Himmel, nein!

DAVE MORRAH

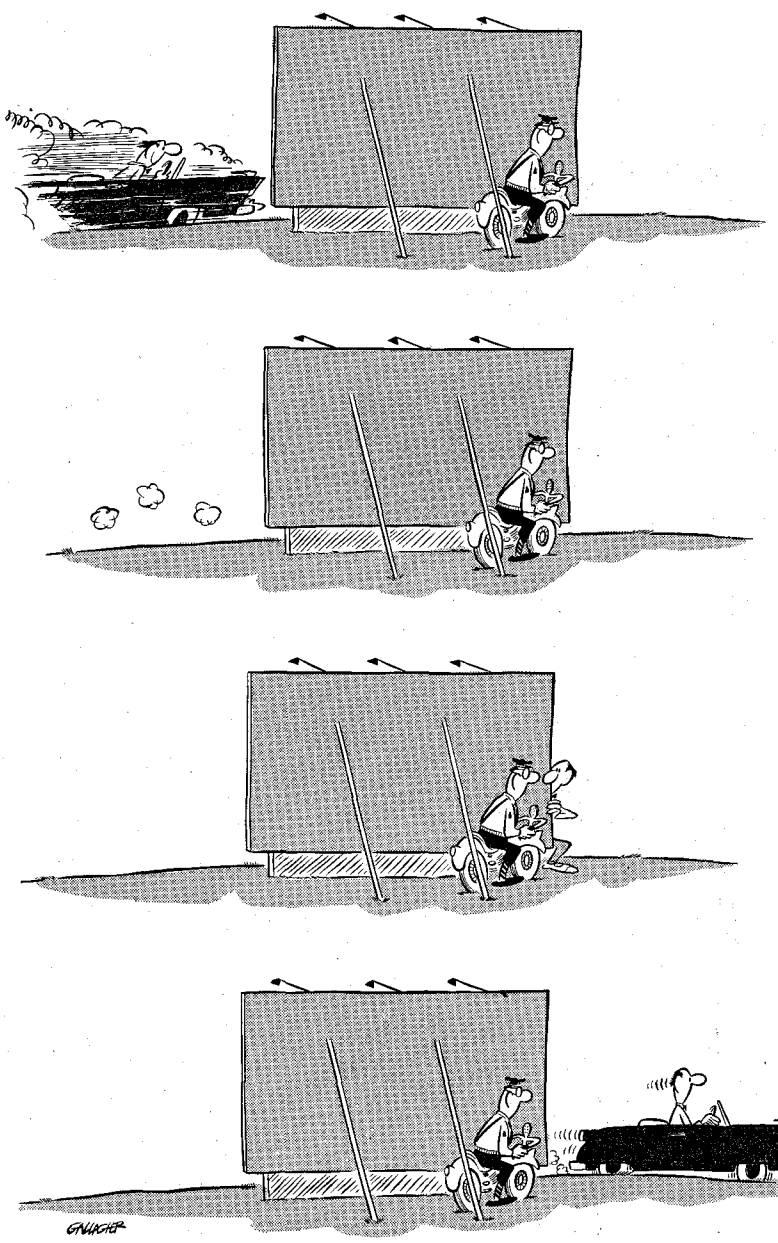
Speech Breach

The grammar I employ is not,
I honestly admit, so hot;
When I say "her," quite frequently
I'm told the proper word is "she";
And should I drop a "who," the room
Falls silent till I make it "whom";
The same is true of "lie" and "lay"
And "sit" and "set"; my only ray
Of hope is that the other guy
Is just as ignorant as I.

As me?

RICHARD HOLLOWAY

Careful Driver



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What was the idea of that long pause between 'I' and 'do'?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Plenty of Room in the Rear!

Every once in a while an issue arises in America that seems to assume an importance above petty bickering about foreign policy and the farm problem. The one current is the problem of getting people to move to the back of buses.

A few drivers had managed, temporarily, to get their passengers to move toward the rear by using underhanded tactics that I, for one, deplore. A New England driver, for example, found that, for a brief time, half his passengers would actually rush to the back end of the bus if he called out politely, "All attractive women under thirty kindly move to the rear." This seems to me lacking in the spirit of fair play to which we Americans are accustomed.

Precisely why people clutter up the front of the bus while there is plenty of room at the rear still baffles the experts. I suggest that in most buses where the rear door is controlled by the driver, that rear door is opened only one out of every four stops. Frankly my studies show it opens only after the passenger has gained ten yards straight through the line, and has managed to get to the front door. Then the front door frequently sticks. The seasoned bus rider like myself usually plans to go out an open window.

Furthermore, when the rear door does open, the driver's view in his mirror is so blocked that he shuts the door just in time to catch your coattail or the seat of your trousers. Several times I have raced three blocks alongside a bus in order to keep my clothes intact.

A more subtle factor enters, however. The most interesting people seem to prefer the front of the bus near the driver because they delight in listening to the driver try to collect five cents more from a little boy who insists he won't be twelve until next week, although he obviously shaves regularly; or watching a thrilling battle between an elderly but agile lady who, having spent an hour shopping, insists her transfer is still good.

The only solution I can think of, and it is rather a drastic one, is to put the front of the bus in the rear and drive the buses backward. Either that or, better still, put enough seats in for everybody.*

*This is obviously a joke. The franchises of most bus companies provide that the bus will be either two thirds empty or contain sixteen standing passengers at all times. Most franchises also insist the double seats be half a passenger short in width, so that people moving down the aisles can kick them more easily, I guess.

ROBERT FONTAINE

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The Pepper Problem

or what happened when Campbell found that the best on the market wasn't good enough

If you've ever had to choose between taking home some discouraged-looking vegetables from the market or going without, you ought to enjoy this story.

The peppers we wanted at Campbell's were too scarce and expensive. So we looked into the situation. We found the best peppers grew on a plant which was susceptible to a certain plant disease and the affected plants didn't bear very well. Other varieties which were resistant bore scads of peppers but the peppers themselves were far from prizes.

Campbell's plant geneticists took over. They encouraged the two kinds of peppers to intermarry. The objective was a sturdy, heavy-bearing plant that produced thick-walled peppers of good color.

After Campbell's plant matrimonial bureau had arranged a long series of marriages, a particularly happy one clicked. Now seed for an entirely new family of superior peppers has been released to growers.

From this seed will come healthy plants that bear heavy crops of thick-walled peppers.

This is just one of countless examples that explain why so many good cooks let Campbell make their soup. Campbell believes in giving their skilled chefs the best of everything to work with. So when the best ingredients obtainable aren't good enough to suit, Campbell actually guides nature for many patient years to get exactly what the chefs want.

For at Campbell, we are all very much in earnest when we say:

"*To make the best, begin with the best, then cook with extra care.*"

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."

Campbell's

Soups • Tomato Juice • Pork & Beans
V-8 *Cocktail Vegetable Juices*
Franco-American *Products*
Swanson *Products, including* **"TV"** *Brand Dinners*

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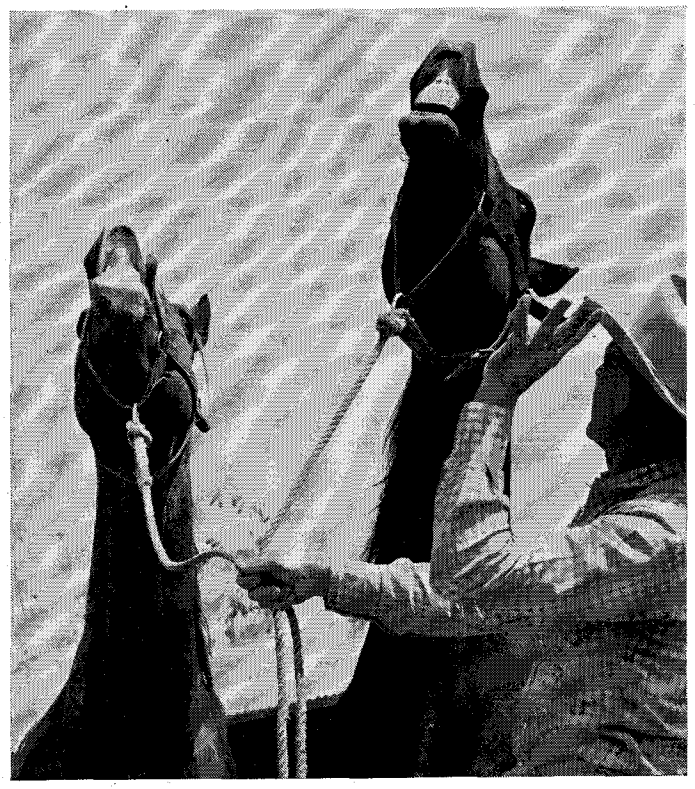
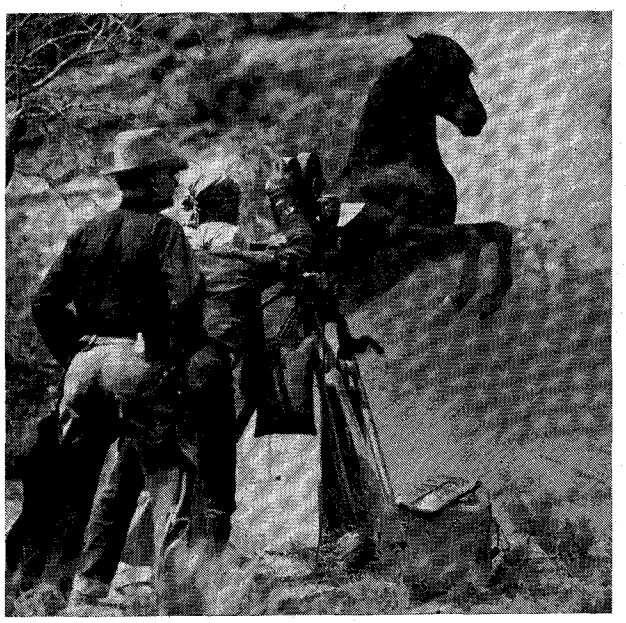


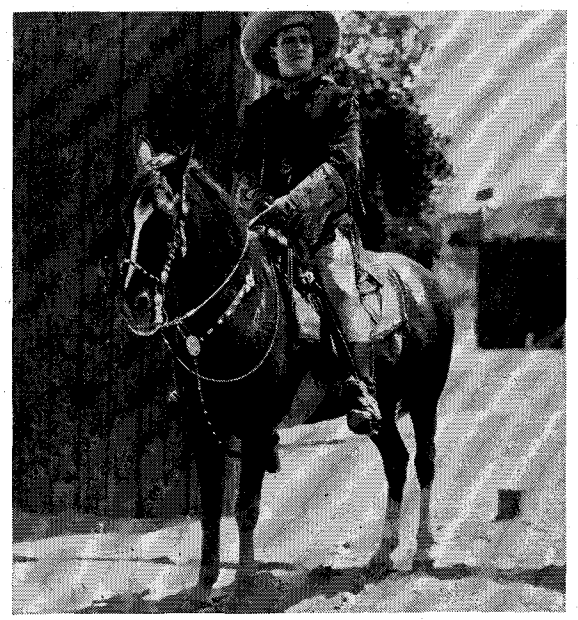
Horse stars Steel and Black Diamond, with Trainer Les Hilton.

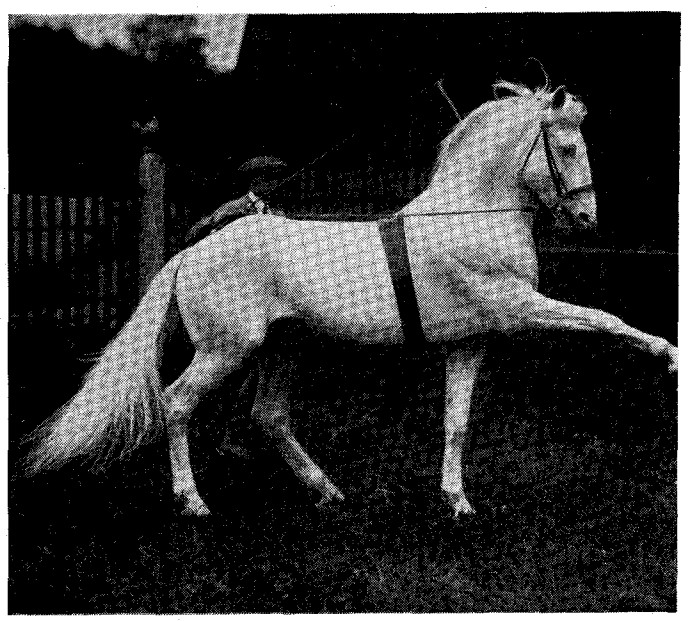
Movie Horses are Real Hams!

From the days of Tom Mix to John Wayne and Gary Cooper, there never has been a human actor who could steal a scene from a smart horse.

By John Reese

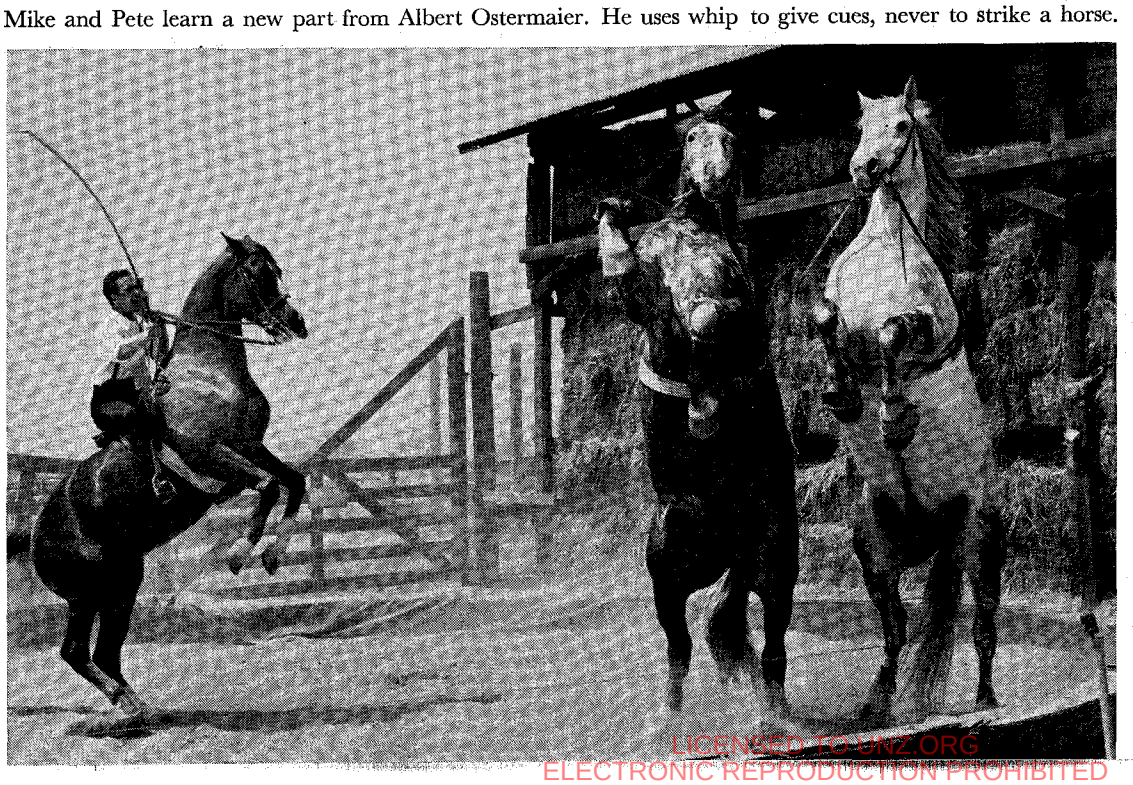






Three famous horse actors of yesteryear: Rex, King of the Wild Horses; Tom Mix's beloved Tony; and Doheos, who earned $500,000 in his thirty-year career.

Mike and Pete learn a new part from Albert Ostermaier. He uses whip to give cues, never to strike a horse.



When Marilyn Monroe was offered the lead in the picture, River of No Return, a friend warned her about her co-star, Robert Mitchum. "Watch him, Marilyn," she said. "Bob knows this business better than you do. He's all right if he likes you, but he's a scene-stealer if he doesn't."

"Oh, I'm not scared of Bob stealing scenes," Marilyn replied. "It's those darned hammy horses that worry me."

Every actor hates to work with kids, dogs or horses. Even when they're not trying, they're scene-stealers—and most of them are in there trying. Of the three, horses are probably the worst. A human being hasn't a chance against a big, beautiful horse that fills two thirds of a wide screen.

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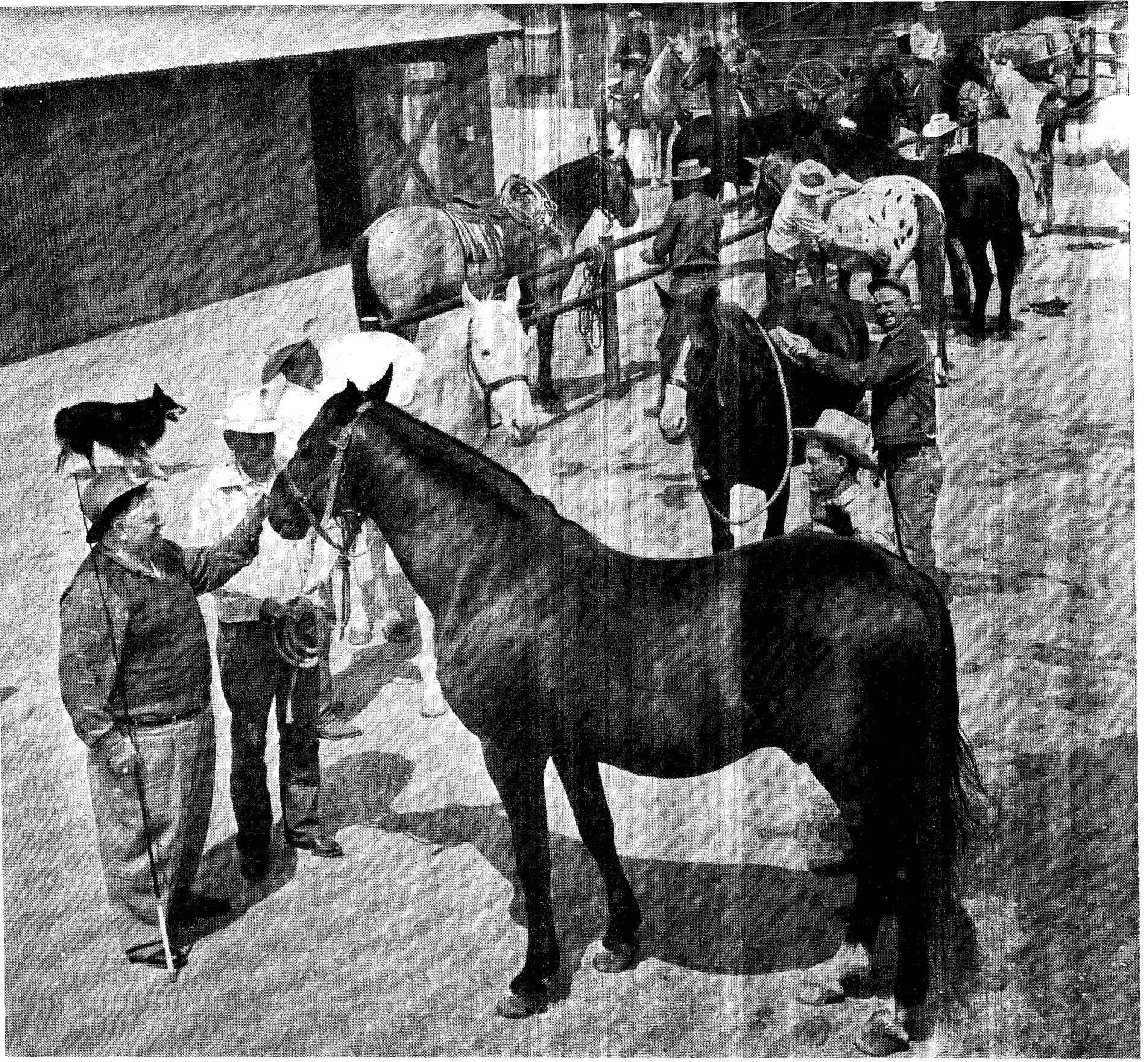

Fat Jones (left) owns the largest stable of Hollywood horses. Fat's mounts also star in such TV series as Gunsmoke and the Wild Bill Hickok show.

Besides being big and beautiful, movie horses are also exceedingly vain, and are probably the hardest-working and most reliable performers in pictures. They may not be the smartest animals in the world—you can get an argument on that on any set in Hollywood—but once they learn a thing, they've got it, and no dumb human being is going to push them around.

Ray Parker, now a writer for Art Linkletter, tells about when he went out with a CBS-TV unit to film the fight at the O.K. corral for the show, You Are There. This is probably the most famous gunfight in frontier history, and an ABC-TV company had been at the same movie ranch a few days earlier, using the same sets to shoot the same historic scene for its series, The Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp.

By coincidence, one of the horses that had worked in the ABC version was again brought from Fat Jones' ranch in the San Fernando Valley to work in this one. "To him," said Parker, "all networks looked alike. He had learned his part once for this gunfight, and he wasn't about to learn it again. It was easier to change the script than the horse. Once they let him do his part his way, he worked very well."

Westerns have been the most consistent earners in the movie business for fifty years, and they now may well be the difference between profit and loss for television. It is impossible to calculate how many horses have worked in pictures since the first humble cow pony cantered jerkily through the first two-reeler, but Fat Jones has owned and trained a good share of them. He still owns and rents more horses to movie and TV producers than all of his competitors combined.

When 250-pound Fat, whose real name is Clarence, bought his Encino ranch, it was 'way out in the sticks. The bawling of calves and the crowing of roosters were heard oftener than auto horns, and there were miles of unpaved streets on which to school colts. Now Los Angeles has grown up around him, a Lockheed Aircraft Corp. branch bought part of his original tract, and his eleven remaining acres have become some of the most valuable "agricultural" property in the world.

Yet it still pays off handsomely, thanks to the television boom. The demand for horse actors is as great (Continued on Page 60)

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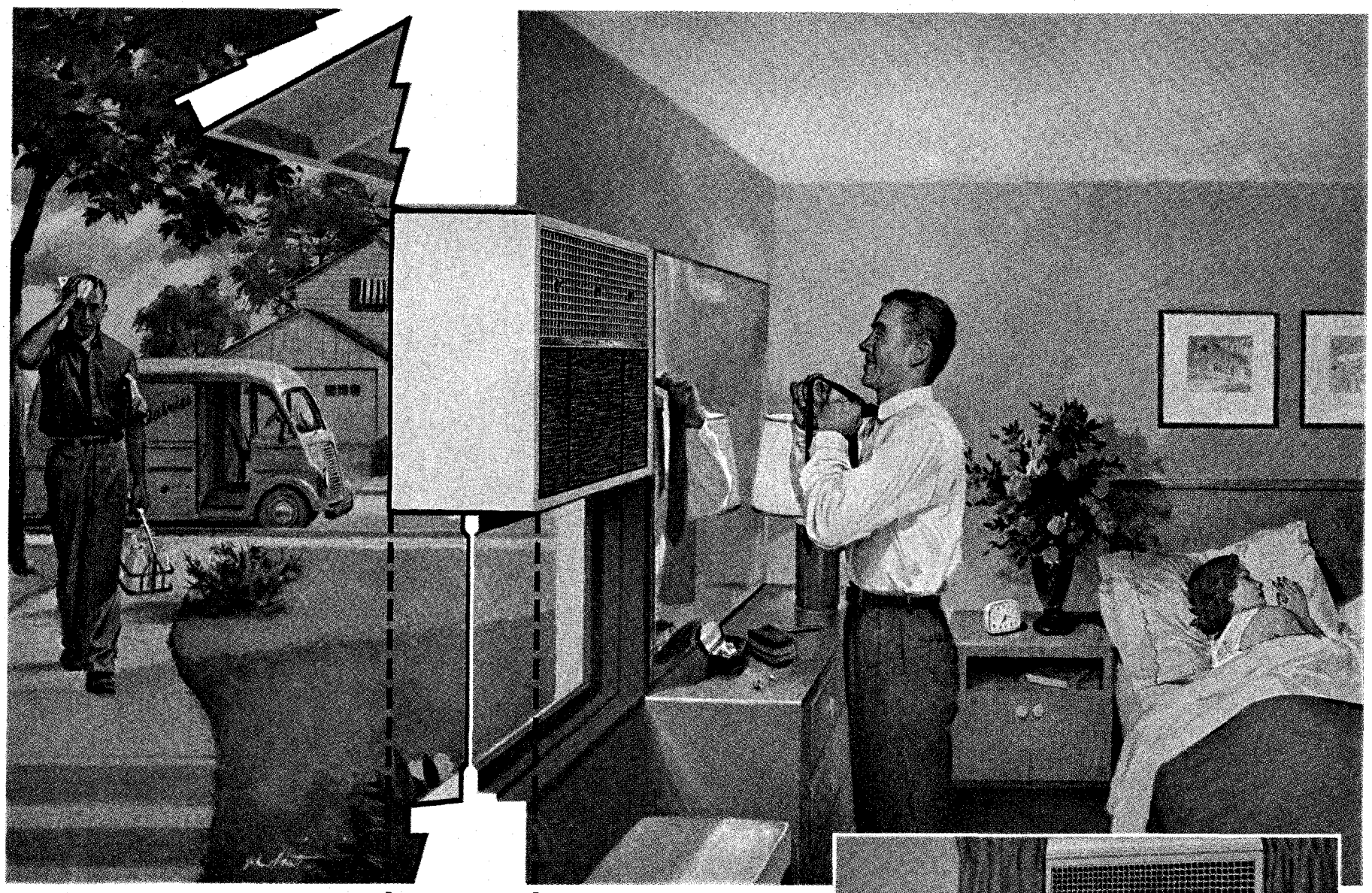
All new G-E Thinline Air Conditioner takes up ⅓ less space!



G-E Thinline is 16½ inches "thin"... no unsightly overhang!

Why swelter when you can switch from hot, humid misery to cool, cool comfort with a G-E Room Air Conditioner!

HERE is a completely new concept in room air conditioners that offers top performance, yet actually takes up one-third less space than previous corresponding models.

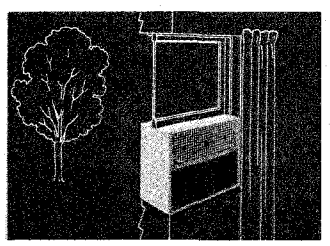
It fits flush with your inside wall, yet has no unsightly overhang outside. And not only does it offer you amazing cooling capacity and dehumidification—its High Power Factor Design *assures economy of operation!*

You have a choice of many different comfort-conditions just at the flick of a finger. Delightfully cooled, filtered air pours quietly into your room, makes your days and nights comfortable all summer long! See your G-E dealer today for a demonstration—he's listed in your classified phone book.

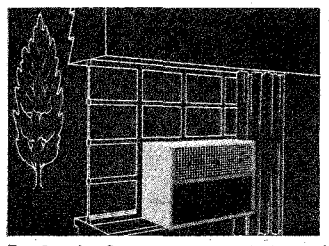
General Electric Company, Room Air Conditioner Department. Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Most models available in Canada.

With a G-E Room Air Conditioner you choose your own weather with the flick of a finger. Knobs on top grille control 3 air directors, send cool, twice-filtered air to all parts of your room. Jet Air Freshener freshens your room in seconds.



Fits anywhere—in upper or lower sash. Can be mounted flush with inside wall as shown here or all-outside to allow windows to be closed. All inside installation is ideal for use in offices.



Look—it fits casement windows, too. The G-E *Thinline* can be installed in casement windows, without altering or defacing the windows. It can even be installed through any outside wall.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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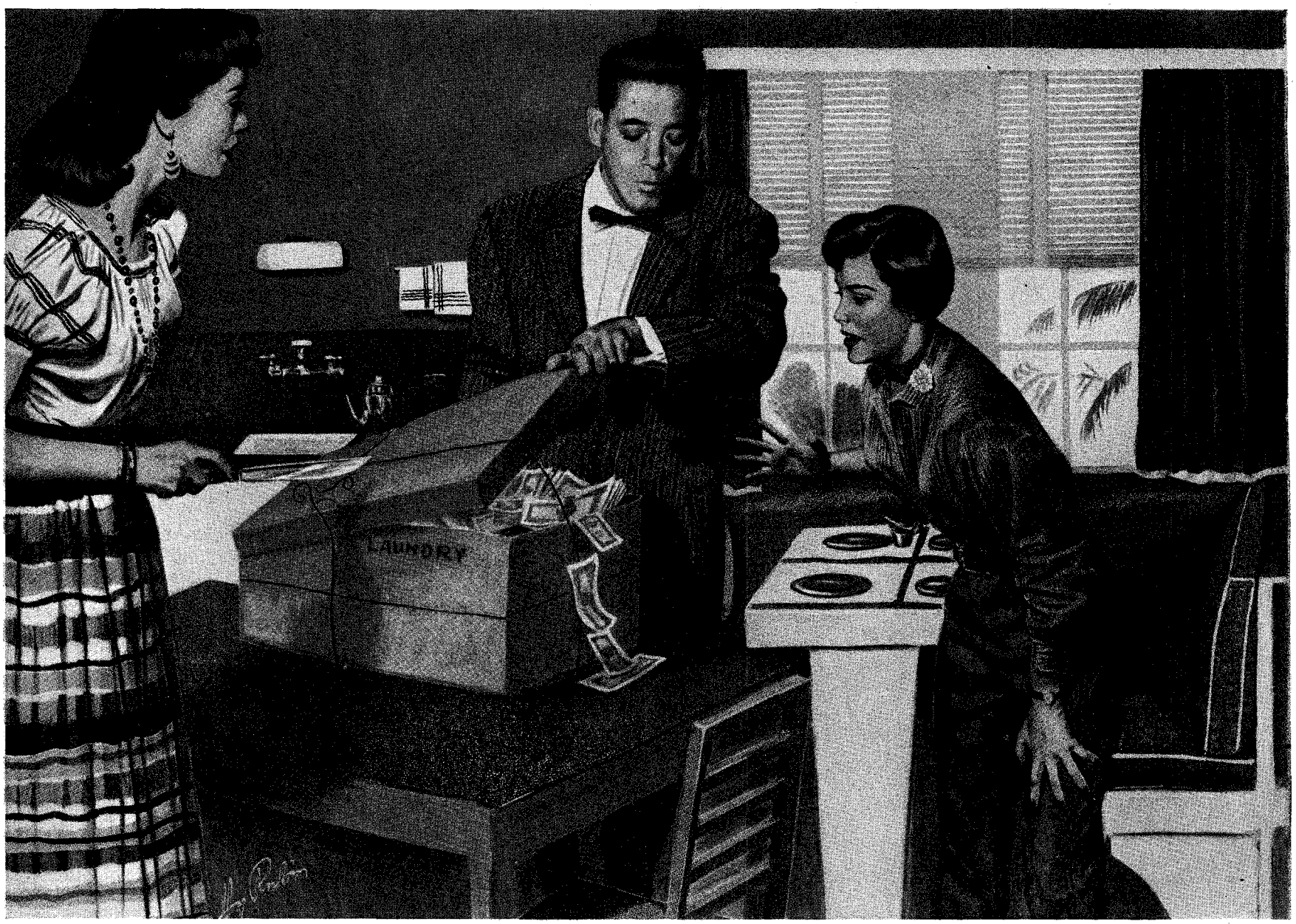

Artemus slipped off the cover and gazed with astonishment. The box was full of new currency.

Counterfeit Cavalier

Now he knew the counterfeiters' game. But he still had to find out who was playing it.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Artemus Baldwin entered the phone booth of a dingy cigar store, dialed the Phoenix police station and asked for Lieutenant Dutra. "Baldwin here," he identified himself. "Yaqui killing. Pick me up. Be rough," he added curtly.

Baldwin, a Secret Service undercover agent, had come to Arizona to track down a gang of counterfeiters. Marvin Leeds, front man for a Phoenix gang, believed Artemus was a fugitive Chicago gunman. Leeds recruited Baldwin and assigned him to work the Yaqui gold swindle on a rich Southern gentleman called Col. Semmes Beauregard.

Artemus already was on friendly terms with the colonel and his daughter, Jennifer. The swindle attempt came to a grim pass when one of Artemus' Indian stooges was found dead in Baldwin's shower.

The killing made Baldwin decide that he had played the lone hand long enough. From his informant, Porque the Egg, Baldwin learned that the top cop on the Phoenix force was a Lieutenant Dutra. Baldwin had Dutra haul him in so he could explain his job. Now Baldwin knew he could holler for help if things got too hot for him.

Jick Roche and her family also knew that Baldwin was a Secret Service agent. Jick had been with Baldwin when he discovered the body of Sweet Lips Chavez, a small-time racketeer who apparently had been working for the counterfeiters. Chavez had been the boy friend of the Roches' cook.

One evening, at a party at the Roches', Baldwin met the two huge Baffin brothers, leaders of a competing Phoenix mob. Baldwin refused the Baffins' offer to join their gang. "I wish we could persuade you to a more reasonable point of view," one of the brothers told Artemus. Artemus still declined the offer. As he drove away from the Roches', Baldwin was dry-gulched by a gunman who fired three times at the agent's car.

VI

In the morning, before Artemus Baldwin was out of bed, there sounded a peremptory pounding on his door. Instinctively he reached for the holstered pistol on his bedside table and snuggled it under the covers. "Who's there?" he called.

"Open up," said a voice that could belong to no one but a policeman. "Lieutenant wants to see you. Make it snappy."

Artemus kicked off the sheet, darted across to his bathroom, (Continued on Page 65)

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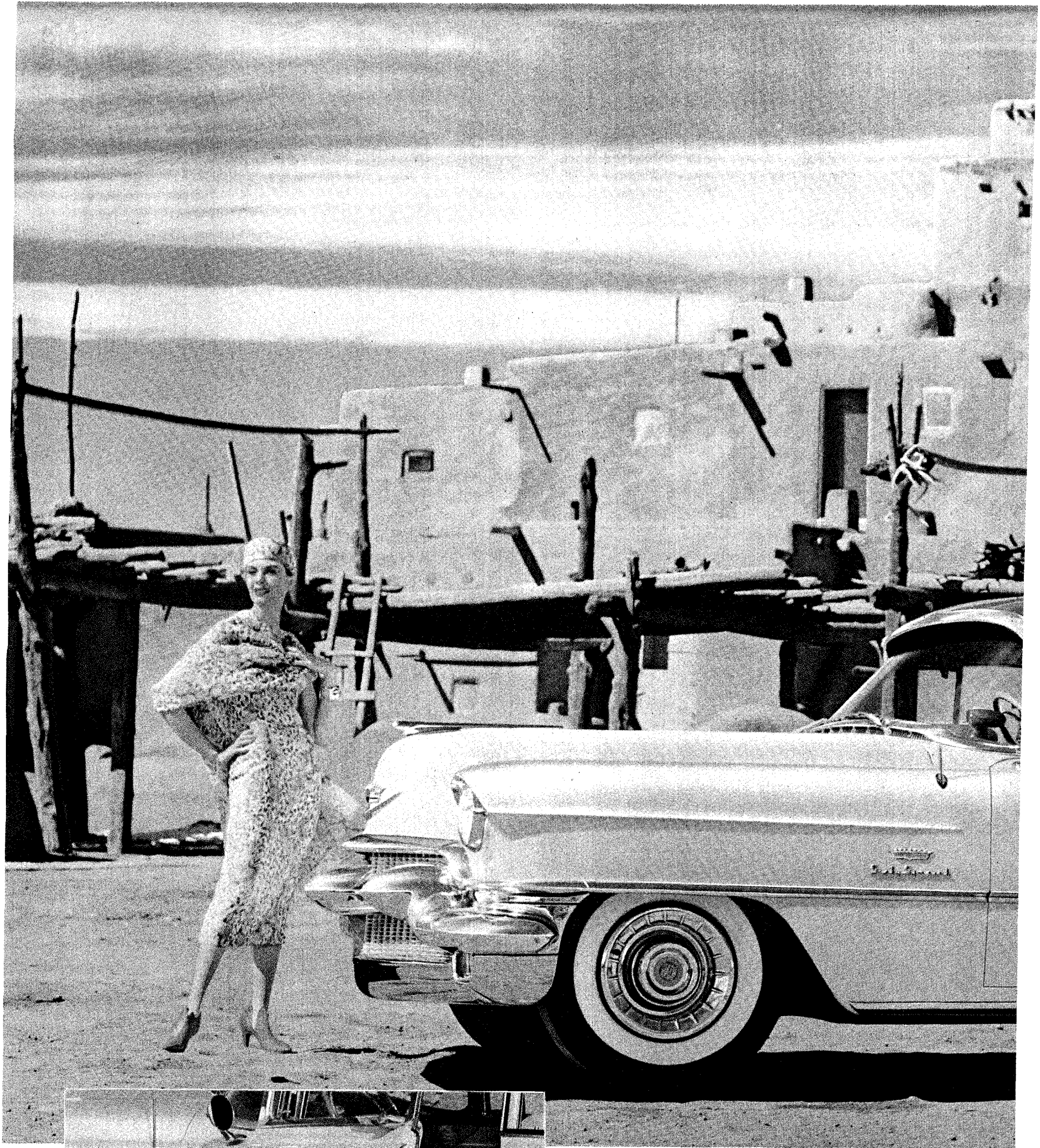

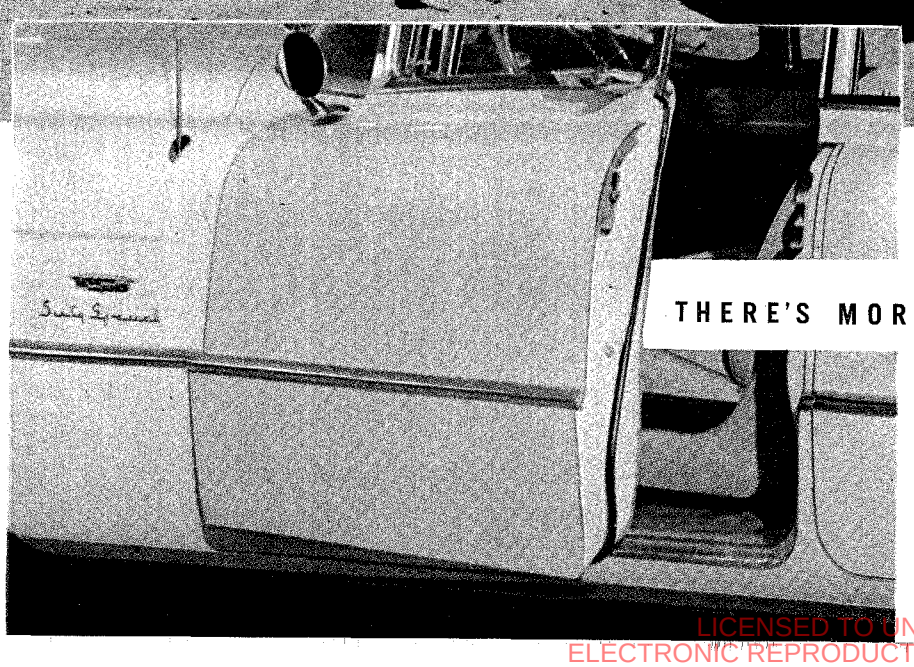

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Spectacular Boat Ride (Continued from Page 23)

the saloon deck, and a few commuters strut around it for exercise while riding to Manhattan. Some commuters feed the sea gulls that hover above the blue-and-white wake. There's a snack bar for coffee and doughnuts, and a man can take a shoeshine from one of the elderly Italian bootblacks who walk the decks chanting what sounds like "Shin! Shin! Shin!" One commuter, Charles Bang, of Staten Island, arrives almost every morning from March to December with a huge bunch of flowers and presents bouquets to all the ladies.

Most passengers leave ferryboat operations to the crews. A few, however, after years of commuting, fancy themselves as amateur pilots and insist on offering gratuitous advice to the ferryboat's captain. In a heavy fog, commuting "pilots" used to stand on the bow of the saloon deck, below the pilothouse, where the captain could see them. They would peer into the fog and yell, "Watch out on the port side!" or "There's something coming up to starboard!" But busy captains, straining their ears for bells, horns and echoes, don't have much time for amateur advice—which is one reason why the bow is now roped off in a fog.

A Staten Island ferryboat captain has one of the toughest commands afloat. On an ocean-going ship, the captain's roughest moments usually occur when he is near shore, among other vessels and making a landing. These are the conditions a ferryboat captain labors under every moment.

Most of the captains are old-timers; twenty-five to thirty years' service isn't unusual. The senior of them all is seventy-two-year-old Capt. Peter Merli, who began as a deck hand in 1906 and worked his way up. That's how most of the captains came by their present rank—from deck hand, to mate, to assistant captain, to captain—top salary: $6590 a year. But the promotions are not easily earned. They depend on passing difficult United States Coast Guard and competitive civil-service examinations. At one point, a prospective captain must be able to draw to scale from memory a usable chart of New York Harbor, showing all buoys and their characteristics, lights, fog signals, anchorages, minimum water depths, rocks, reefs and shoals.

Heavy harbor traffic, the tricks of changing tides, fog, snow, hurricanes and the responsibility for some 3000 passengers prevent a captain from relaxing in the pilothouse. Any one of these factors is a potential disaster maker, but on the ferryboat run a captain often bucks three or four of them at once.

On a windy day, for example, the experienced Staten Island commuters favor a ferryboat's lee side as the more comfortable. Their weight, plus the force of the wind against the other side causes a decided list to leeward. In addition, at certain times a tidal current coming from the same direction as the wind will often tip the boat even more.

Still, though the mass movement of passengers to port or starboard can considerably unnerve a captain, what he really dreads is having them all suddenly surge toward the bow. Staten Islanders know exactly when their boat is arriving home. They catch sight of Robbins Reef Lighthouse, close to Staten Island, and they rush forward, hundreds of men and women scrambling to be first off the boat to grab seats on waiting buses and trains. The quick shift of weight naturally pitches the boat forward, sometimes making a captain feel that he is at the helm of a diving submarine.

One evening a few years ago, indeed, the ferryboat Bronx did dive. She had just passed the lighthouse and was heading into a tidal current when the crowd rushed forward. The bow dipped, and before the Bronx righted herself, a wave swept over her main deck. It ripped through the cabins and carried away twelve feet of partition. Water poured down into the engine room and people were swept halfway back through the boat. Five passengers were washed overboard and three of them were drowned.

Such dives are not likely to recur. The forward decks are now roped off during rush hours.

The Bronx's freak accident resulted in the only loss of life caused by the Staten Island Ferry during its fifty years under city management. The United States Coast Guard helps maintain this excellent record by stringent regulations and stiff inspections. Equally anxious to guard the record are Capt. William M. McGuire, director of ferry operation, and his assistant, Capt. Harry E. Parker.

At the Manhattan end of the ferry line, a ferryboat captain must really know his stuff to land a 2285-ton boat. At ebb tide, currents flow down the Hudson River on the west side of Manhattan and down the East River on the island's opposite side. Part of the Hudson current swerves eastward around Manhattan's tip and meets the East River current in front of the ferry slips. As a result, the current flows east in close to the slips, but a few yards out it flows west. A ferryboat captain must bring his boat across this double-actioned current. If he flounders and loses steerageway, the two currents—one striking his stern, the other his bow—will twist the boat like a huge merry-go-round.

The dread of all ferryboat captains is fog—or, even worse, a snowstorm. Snow, in addition to cutting off vision, also deadens the harbor's sounds. Although there's radar aboard to scan the harbor and show it on a circular screen in the pilothouse, the problems of murky weather are still not completely solved. Before the days of radar, most vessels stayed at anchor or alongside a dock until conditions improved. Now, however, the harbor remains busy regardless of the weather because radar-equipped boats are common. The area is fraught with the potential for collisions.

On foggy and snowy days commuters fill the cabins as usual. Sometimes a boat's captain can't see the deck a few feet below his pilothouse. He moves his vessel slowly, following the magnetic compass, while his assistant watches for danger on the radar screen. Also, an old-time captain depends on his ears as a double check. He listens for buoy bells and horns. He blows his whistle and waits for the echoes. Sometimes they return fast and sharp; at other times the interval is longer and the returning sound is mushy. Governors Island, in the harbor east of the ferryboat course, has its familiar echoes, and the great city ahead, with its stone and concrete buildings, reflects echo patterns that help an experienced man spot his position. To an old captain's ears the echoes are like friendly voices that lead him across the harbor in the gloomiest weather.

Fog nearly caused a major catastrophe a couple of years ago. Capt. Robert T. Lathrop was taking the ferryboat Gold Star Mother to Manhattan with a morning rush-hour crowd. In the pilothouse a big ship was seen on the radar screen, but then there was a moment of confusion about the ship's course. Captain Lathrop decided he was running into trouble, and he telegraphed the engine room for full power astern. The Gold Star Mother shuddered as the propellers, suddenly whirling in reverse, dragged the boat to a stop and began backing her up. But it was too late.

Down forward on the main deck, John Finsten, the mate, saw the bow of a great vessel slither out of the fog. It was the 8000-ton American Victory, her bow towering over the ferryboat. Finsten pushed back the crowd of commuters. The American Victory tore into the deck and cut an eight-foot notch through steel and wood before stopping. Thirteen people were injured slightly, but no one dares think of what might have happened if Captain Lathrop hadn't backed up his boat when he did. The freighter would have smashed, head on, through the crowded passenger cabins.

The Staten Island ferryboats, for their size, are among the most maneuverable vessels afloat. They are designed especially for New York Harbor's heavy traffic. From a normal speed of seventeen or eighteen miles per hour, a captain can bring one of the newest ferryboats to a stop in a length and two thirds of the boat—three lengths is good for most large vessels. From a stop, a ferryboat can then back up instantly, using its full 7500 horsepower.

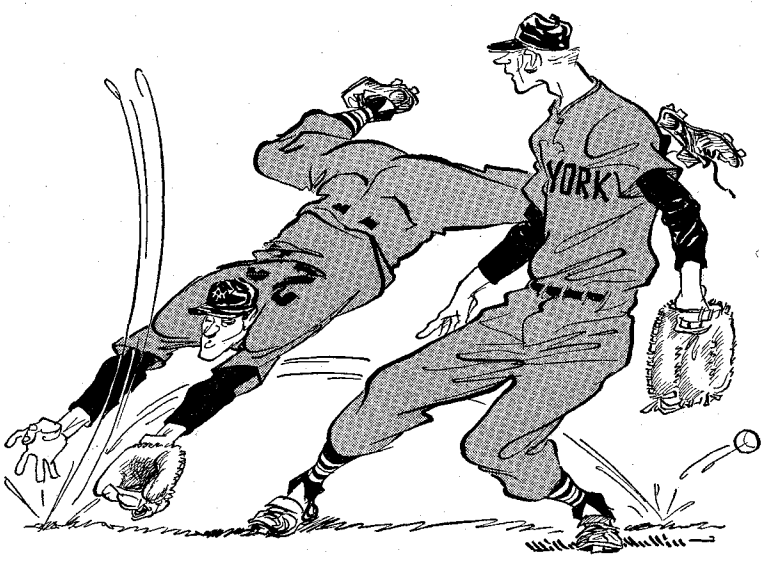
The ferryboat's agility depends on a propeller arrangement found on very few vessels. Boat propellers work about three times more efficiently when pushing than when pulling. On a Staten Island ferryboat, the two propellers are connected by a long shaft running through the hull from bow to stern, and whether the boat is going forward or backward, there is always one propeller pushing.

When a captain wants to stop suddenly, he telegraphs the engine room to reverse the engines. The forward propeller, which has been pulling slightly in one direction, suddenly pushes, with high efficiency, in the other. This acts like a huge brake.

A captain needs brakes not only because of congested boat traffic but also because he makes head-on landings. He must nose a heavy ferryboat into a U-shaped slip and connect the bow with a bridge at the narrow end. The bow of the boat is convex and the end of the bridge concave. The two fit together, and automobiles and trucks board and depart from the ferry over this bridge. As his boat glides into a slip, a captain keeps calling the engine room for bursts of reverse power to slow his vessel down. By deft handling, he'll bring the floating tonnage up to the bridge and gently nudge the bow into place.

That is, he usually will. One night not long ago, however, a ferryboat wasn't slowed down enough when it connected with a bridge in the Manhattan terminal. The impact threw the fifty-ton, wood-and-steel bridge from its cradle and skidded it through the terminal into Whitehall Street beyond. Luckily, no one happened to be in the way.

Up in his pilothouse, the ferryboat captain is the unquestioned master of his vessel and all the souls aboard, much as he would be as captain of a ship at sea. But since he must spend his time at the wheel, he (*Continued on Page 50*)



So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

A wind-blown fly ball can make clowns of both outfielder and umpire. Take this hypothetical major-league situation:

Philadelphia, say, trails New York, 4–2, as the Phils bat in the last of the sixth. With one out, Richie Ashburn spanks a single to left. He moves to second when Willie Jones is hit by a pitched ball. Del Ennis now lifts a high one into right field.

A strong gust of wind sweeps the ball back to the infield as the Giant outfielder moves to get under it. It comes down just beyond the base path. The fielder waves off the Giant first baseman, who might have made an easy catch, and dives desperately for the ball. He misses. The ball skirts into the outfield. Ashburn and Jones score. Ennis does also when the ball, finally recovered, is thrown wildly past the Giant catcher.

The Phils now have a 5–4 lead. Or do they? How would you call it?

See page 50 for answer

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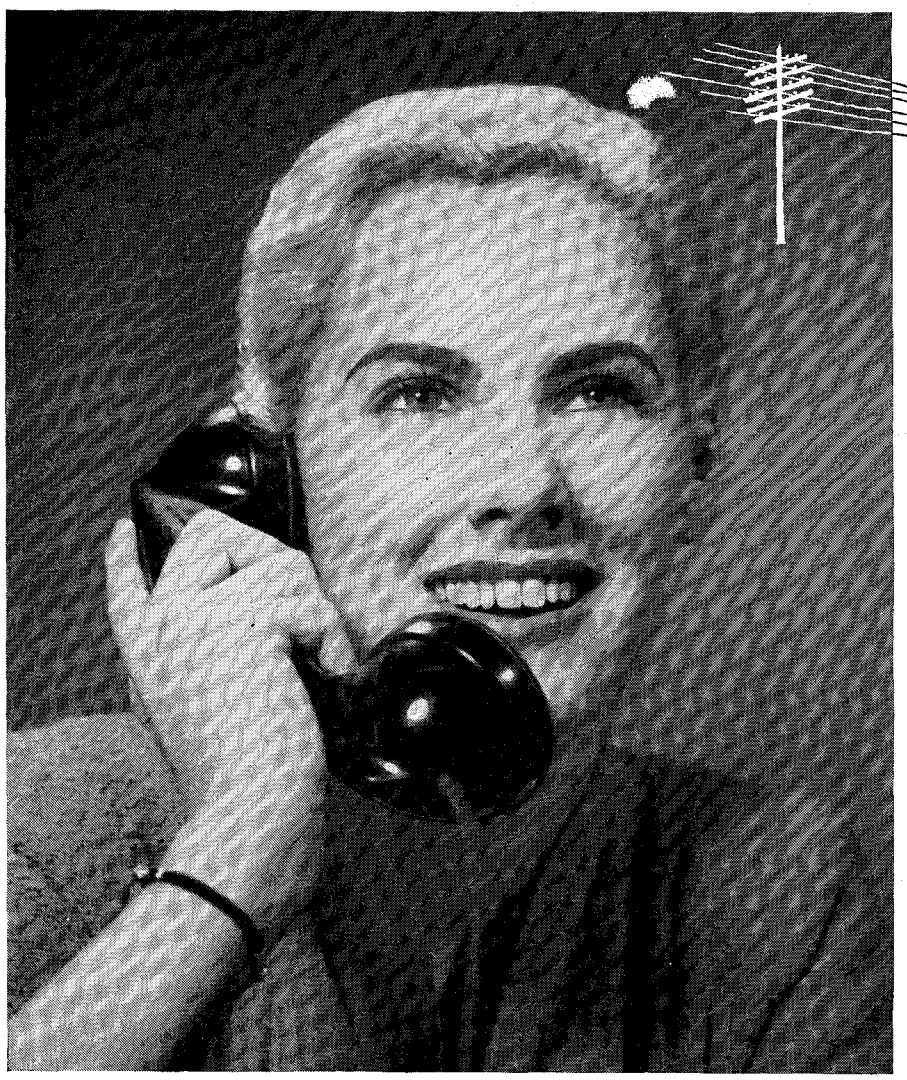
HEADACHE? BACKACHE? NEURALGIA? MINOR PAINS OF BURSITIS, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM?



HEADACHE OR MINOR PAINS OF BURSITIS, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM? FEEL BETTER FAST—This carefree girl is telling grandma she'll be able to attend the family get-together after all—because her headache is *gone* . . . thanks to fast-acting Bayer Aspirin. But wise grandma isn't the least bit surprised. She knows all about Bayer Aspirin . . . knows that it also brings temporary relief from minor pains of bursitis, sciatica and rheumatism—and does it with amazing speed! And in addition, she knows that Bayer Aspirin is wonderfully gentle—*so* gentle, in fact, that doctors prescribe it even for small children!

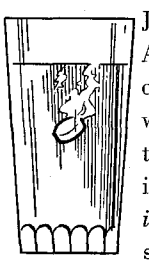
BAYER ASPIRIN MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER FAST!

And it's one thing most people can take any time—WITHOUT STOMACH UPSET!

NEURALGIA? FEEL BETTER FAST—People everywhere are discovering that neuritic or neuralgic pain need never interfere with the day's work or play. They're finding that Bayer Aspirin relieves this distress—*quickly!* And besides giving you the *fast* relief you *want*, Bayer Aspirin also gives you the *safe* relief you *need!*

BAYER®

why Bayer Aspirin makes you Feel Better Fast!



Just drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water and watch what it does there. You'll see that it starts disintegrating *instantly!* And the same thing happens in your stomach. That's one reason why Bayer Aspirin brings you *fast* relief!

BACKACHE? FEEL BETTER FAST—If sometimes your back aches so that you can hardly bend over, you'll find that Bayer Aspirin works wonders for you. As millions know from experience, Bayer Aspirin relieves backache—or aching muscles—*fast.* It has you feeling like yourself almost before you know it!

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EVEN AFTER SWIMMING!
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• Smart, plastic container (no dangerous glass to break)
*Trademark–active ingredient developed by Shulton Pharmaceutical Division
At leading department and drug stores 1.25 plus tax
SHULTON New York • Toronto

(*Continued from Page 48*) needs a good man on the decks below. This man is the mate. With the help of from four to six deck hands, he is in charge of the loading of passengers and as many as forty vehicles per trip.

Many of these vehicles are trucks carrying fabulous cargoes. Ships from all over the world unload at Staten Island, which, along with regular piers, has the country's largest free port—where goods can be landed and held without paying duty. Much of this cargo is then carried to Manhattan in trucks aboard the ferry. A mate will see shipments of mahogany and balsa logs, raw rubber, bags of talc, tanks of lard and truckloads of expensive silk or dangerous narcotics escorted by armed guards.

On windy days the mate puts heavy trucks on the windward side, in an attempt to counteract the weight of commuters riding the leeward. On foggy days especially, he must be sure that a load of iron or steel does not park under the pilothouse; the metal would affect the magnetic compass and the ferryboat might bump the Statue of Liberty.

Mates and crews are bothered frequently by a type of passenger with a vague, out-of-this-world look in his eyes. The Staten Island Ferry is noted for suicides and suicide attempts. Sometimes they occur as often as once a week. When a man goes overboard, the crew rings a special alarm in the pilothouse, and the captain stops the boat and cautiously backs her up. Lifeboats are lowered and the crew rows out in search of the suicide. Most are recovered alive, but some are never found.

The Staten Island Ferry is so popular for suicides, in fact, that people pass up other equally good opportunities just to jump in New York Harbor. One man who went overboard not long ago gave his home address as Hoboken, New Jersey, after the crew fished him out.

"How did you get over here?" a deck hand asked him.

"By the Hoboken Ferry."

"Why didn't you jump off that?"

"Why, I never thought of it!" said the man.

Successful suicides cause ferryboats to arrive with one passenger lost, but other boats help balance the books by landing with a passenger gained. Many prospective mothers ride the ferries, and some are closer to parenthood than they suspect. If labor pains begin, a deck hand rushes to inform the captain, who promptly calls for full speed. The New York police are radioed and an ambulance is dispatched to meet the ferryboat. But the boat doesn't always win the race.

One morning six years ago, Mrs. Joseph Z. Einbinder, of New York City, arrived aboard a ferryboat in a taxi. She was already in labor, and as the vessel plowed past the Statue of Liberty, heading for Staten Island, a baby girl was delivered by a doctor who happened to be on board. There was some question as to exactly where the child was born, but the birth certificate was finally issued from Staten Island.

"All I could think of," says Mrs. Einbinder, "was to name my baby girl after the boat. I was so disappointed to find they called it the Tompkinsville." The mother settled for "Sandra Sharon."

The ferry's crew members are constantly answering questions for curious tourists and the some 50,000 school children who ride the boats free every year. There are always plenty of things to ask questions about; the sights to be seen during a crossing invariably provoke a flood of inquiries.

As a ferryboat leaves its Manhattan slip, the vessel heads toward the Statue of Liberty. On the left is Governors Island with historic Castle Williams, completed in 1811 to guard the waters near Manhattan. During the Civil War the castle was a prison for Confederate soldiers, and several Southern spies were executed there.

Out in the bay, below the Hudson River's mouth, the boat turns left into the harbor's main ship channel. To the right is New Jersey, to the left the shores of Brooklyn. Toward New Jersey lies Ellis Island, site of the former detention station for immigrants—now located in Manhattan. Farther south is the Bayonne Naval Supply Depot, with the world's largest dry dock, visible from the ferry. Two huge aircraft carriers and a dozen or so other naval vessels are tied up near the dry dock. They make up one of the Navy's mothball fleets. The carrier nearer the ferry is the famous Enterprise, which took part in eighteen Pacific battles of World War II and bagged 911 Jap planes and 71 Jap ships.

All the way to Staten Island, the ferryboat meets or passes dozens of other craft, from small police launches to large freighters. About 10,000 vessels a year arrive in the port of New York, and with a little luck, passengers may see some of the largest ones, like the R.M.S. Queen Mary or Queen Elizabeth. Tugboats, the harbor's muscles, are always to be seen hauling strings of barges carrying everything from refuse to boxcars. And close to Staten Island, there's a chance of encountering a heavily loaded tanker, riding low in the water, as it leaves a New Jersey oil refinery for some distant port.

Old hands on the ferry will offer tourists one valuable tip: Arrange to ride a ferryboat from Staten Island to Manhattan at sunset. As the sun goes down, New York Harbor's waters grow dark, but Manhattan's buildings and skyscrapers remain in the sunlight. Little by little, the setting sun changes their color from gray to gold. Then, within a few minutes, Nature's part in the spectacle is finished: the sun is gone and man takes over. New York's overtime workers and janitors turn on the buildings' lights, and the walls and spires ahead seem to be studded with a million sparkling diamonds.

And all for a nickel. THE END

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 48

Ashburn and Jones score, but Ennis is out under the infield-fly rule.

(Section 2.00: "An infield fly is an out called by the umpire on the batter—If, before two are out, while first and second or first, second and third bases are occupied, he hits a fair fly ball, other than a line drive, that in the judgment of the umpire can reasonably be caught by an infielder.")

Since the Giant first baseman was in position to make the catch, Ennis should be called out.

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Just Before the Wedding (Continued from Page 30)

shocked unbelief. Edith was not the fainting type, but she turned white. "You mean they're coming here?"

"You read the letter," David said.

Edith sat down. She read the letter again.

"Who's coming?" Sally said. "Anyone I know?"

"No," Edith said. "Someone your father knew—years ago."

Sally peered at her father with something more than genealogical interest. "Dad!" she said, as pleased as if she had caught him raiding the icebox when he was on a diet. "Skeletons in the closet?"

"Goldie Porter," David said, "is not exactly a skeleton."

"Who?" Sally said.

"Never mind," Edith said. "Sally, go out and put three potatoes in the oven. And scrub them."

Sally reluctantly went into the kitchen.

"Imagine that," David said, "Jack being twenty-four. Why, last time I saw him he was this high." He measured with his hand. "Time ——"

"—— marches on," Edith said. "You realize, of course, that we're having a cocktail party tomorrow night."

"I know," David said. "And I realize that the elite of Willamette Heights will be here, including the Beverly Winstons, and I realize that I should have known this would happen, approximately twenty-six years ago. I'm admitting all that. Still ——"

"You've sent her Christmas cards every year," Edith said accusingly. "You even wrote little notes, like 'It's been a long time between drinks.'"

"A man gets sentimental at Christmas," David said. *I don't care what you say*, he thought, *I'll still like seeing Goldie and Jack*. Without Goldie Porter, David would not have eaten well, if at all, back in those barren years after the stock market took its historic dive. In those days you could run yourself bowlegged in search of a quarter for a meal, and when David walked up the road to the Porter Mill Company, a bit more than a quarter of a century ago, he didn't quite stagger when the cookhouse smells hit him, but almost. That year he pulled lumber on the green chain, stacked lumber, built roads, learned to be a fair edgerman and setter. The next year, when the sawyer went to town for the weekend and didn't come back, David took over.

Looking back, he had to admit that in the beginning, Goldie had needed him the way she needed another hole in the head. She had enough troubles. The month before David showed up, her husband, Charley Porter, weary of responsibility, of running a sawmill on a busted shoestring, took off down the road and didn't come back for three years. Goldie ran the mill, and if a man got the idea that he didn't have to put out a day's work because he was working for a woman, he changed his mind in a hurry or went down the road. She even got so she could outroar Tim Jacobsen, who owned the big retail yard in town, and she had once cracked the skull of a too-ardent trim-saw operator with a peavey handle.

David sighed. He supposed Goldie wasn't a lady, by Willamette Heights standards. But she had a heart as big as a saw log, and, by sawmill standards, if she wasn't a lady you could wear a pair of calked boots down to the uppers looking for one. She had even taken Charley Porter back when he came slinking into the mill office one day. She kept him around long enough to have Jack, and then finally kicked him out and divorced him. "Men all over the country," she raged, "and I had to pick him!"

"You can be sentimental at Christmas," Edith said, "but this is spring, and your daughter is about to become engaged to Gerald Winston."

"I know," David said.

"Sally wants the actual announcement to be a surprise," Edith said, "but there's a quiet understanding."

"Oh, certainly." There would, of course, be a quiet understanding. The Winstons' ancestors had come into Oregon when it was still a territory, and now the Winstons were presumed to own half the state. An exaggeration, of course, but when you added things up, the total was impressive. The Winston Lumber Company, the Winston Building, the Winston Plywood Manufacturing Company, to name a few of their enterprises. About the time that David was walking up the road toward Goldie's mill, Beverly Winston was matriculating at Dartmouth.

"Of course Bev and Judith will want to get together with us before the announcement."

David squinted at his wife. Last year it had been Mr. and Mrs. Winston.

"Gerald is an only child, so naturally they're terribly conscious of the fact that Sally and Gerald's children will be perpetuating the Winston name. So it's only natural of them to move slowly. After all ——"

"Holy Toledo!" David screamed. "You make it sound feudal. Tearing this business down to its essentials, a couple of kids want to get married. Do we have to make a production out of it? We were married in that little church on Elm Street

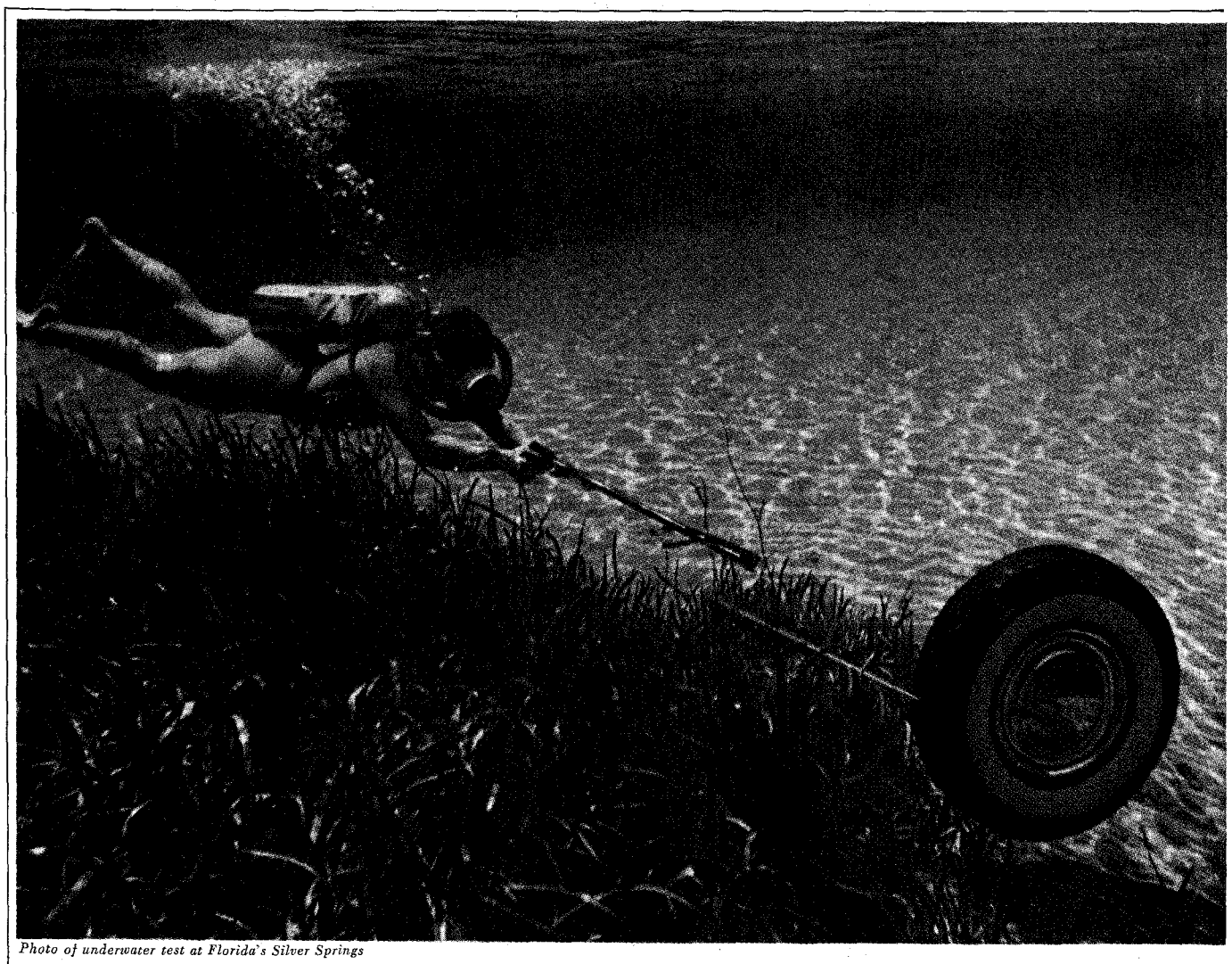

Photo of underwater test at Florida's Silver Springs

Shark Killing Gun

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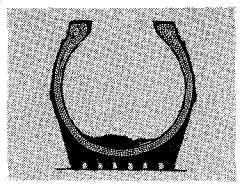
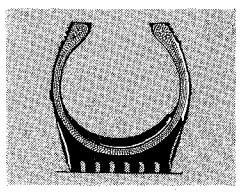


Ordinary puncture-sealing tires can lose puncture protection — Centrifugal force and tire heat can cause the sealing gum to flow out of position losing puncture protection and causing out-of-balance.



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two days after we made up our minds, and it has worked out fine, you'll have to admit."

Edith patted David on the cheek. "Yes, darling, it did. It worked out better than any girl deserves, but you were an orphan and my folks were a thousand miles away and couldn't afford the trip. I realize that, darling, but Sally has been brought up differently."

"I know," David said, "but it still seems ——"

"Isn't there any way," Edith asked pensively, "to sidetrack Goldie and Jack?"

David wanted it known for the record. "There isn't any way, and if there were, I wouldn't consider it for a moment." All right, Abbott. Goldie might clout Beverly Winston between the shoulder blades and call Judith Winston "dearie." She might call Gerald Winston "squirt," for all he knew. And Goldie's son, Jack, might arrive with his calked boots around his neck. Still and all, he had been mighty hungry back in the '30's.

Sally came in from the kitchen. "Potatoes scrubbed and ready. I'm going up and change."

"Are you seeing Gerald tonight?" Edith said.

"Uh-huh. He got a recording of Emil Gilel's concert. He claims our hi-fi system is better in the lower ranges. He's bringing the record over. He says that Tchaikovsky's B-Flat-Minor Piano Concerto is really vigorous the way Gilels does it."

Last year at this time the Abbotts' hi-fi system reverberated to the sounds of Buddy Rich on drums, Buddy De Franco on clarinet, Oscar Peterson on piano, and Sally had been, David remembered, in a four-day trance when she discovered Jelly Roll Morton. He pretended an interest he did not feel. "Emil Gilels, eh? French?"

"No," Sally said loftily, "of course not. He's the leading pianist of the Soviet Union. It's his first concert in America. The record is a collector's item."

"I see," David said. This preoccupation with a Russian pianist was a phase, that he knew. Was this Gerald Winston a phase too? It could be. David remembered with vast nostalgia the ordinary, scrubbed crew-cut kids arriving in droves until the advent of Gerald Winston. The kids most certainly had been noisy, and they had the credit rating of itinerant fruit pickers. Still, David thought, they were as normal as a bottle of milk. If you couldn't see in any of them a possible husband for your daughter, at least you could hope that in a few years she'd pick out someone similar, except for a slight improvement in financial status.

He supposed that it was the Christmas season that did it. Gerald Winston had come home from abroad and Sally glowed like a neon tube. She made the Christmas decorations look like rusty tin cans, and presumably Gerald had seen nothing like Sally in Germany, Italy, Switzerland, England or even France. He was ardent enough to miss half a minute of Brahms' First Symphony while he investigated the color of Sally's eyes.

Edith went out into the kitchen and started dinner. David picked up the evening paper and then felt that a highball was indicated. He went out to the kitchen and mixed a drink. Edith was being grim about dinner preparations. David could see that there was no point in reopening the discussion concerning Goldie's visit, and went back into the front room.

Dinner was eaten in an atmosphere that was something less than hilarious. David, looking at Edith, began to feel like a dog. He knew that women regarded these things differently. They were more social-conscious, for one thing, and who could blame them? Edith, blindly enough, David thought, saw in Gerald Winston a solid, safe and financially solvent marriage for Sally. It was part of the climb onward and upward, leading eventually, David surmised gloomily, to a membership in the Addington Club, where he could spend his declining years playing dominoes. He doubted that Goldie Porter and her son, Jack, no matter how rusticated they might be, would have any lasting impact on the cocktail party, the Abbotts' social standing or on any plans for the marriage of Gerald and Sally.

"Maybe," he said, "they'll just stop in for a few minutes."

"Do you believe that?" Edith said.

"No."

Gerald Winston showed up at eight o'clock in his uniform—gray flannels, striped tie, cashmere jacket. Under one arm he carried a record album. He was, David was forced to admit, a handsome lad—tall and sleek and flawless.

Sally wafted in, dressed for the kill in a swirling, diaphanous skirt and a cashmere sweater. She looked, David conceded, like a slightly indecorous angel. Gerald bowed and said hello, as animated as if he were looking at his shoelaces.

This is young love? David thought.

Gerald and Sally went into the library and turned on the hi-fi system. Presently David could hear Mr. Emil Gilels hammering the piano.

"What about a movie?" he said.

"Heavens," Edith said. "I've a million things to do. You go."

David went. It was a Western. When the last shot was fired, David came home. The house was quiet. Edith was in bed, reading.

"How was the show?"

"Bloody," David said. "Dead-eye Whoo-zit comes into town and ——"

"When do you think they'll be here?"

"Who?"

"You know."

"Beats me," David said.

Edith shuddered. "All those stories you used to tell. Do you suppose she's changed any?"

"Probably not," David said.

"Well, whatever happens, Bev and Judith will understand. They're very sophisticated, you know, David."

And stuffy, David thought. *Very stuffy.*

In the morning the house started trembling like a bowl of jelly in an earthquake. Cleaning women arrived, the polisher started whining, the vacuum cleaner sounded off. David put on his robe and slippers and stumbled downstairs, rubbing his head.

"There's coffee," Edith said, "and you'll have to fix your own breakfast. I'm up to my ears."

David swallowed a cup of coffee, poured another and took it upstairs to sustain him while he dressed. He showered, shaved, drank the other cup of coffee and put on his clothes. Feeling now that he would live, he went downstairs, prepared to accept with a stout heart whatever was offered.

What was offered was the doorbell ringing at eleven o'clock.

"It must be the caterer," Edith said.

It wasn't the caterer. David went to the door, and there was Goldie. She took one look at David and shrieked, "Well, I'll kiss your foot and bark like a fox if it isn't 'Seagull' Abbott!"

She was frilled up like a forty-dollar lamp. A mink cape was draped over her shoulders. She hadn't changed, David was aware, as much as he.

He enfolded Goldie in his arms and said, "Goldie, you're a sight for sore eyes." There was nothing else to do.

Jack was standing behind his mother. He looked as stunned as if he had been hit in the head with a crown block. The kid was big enough to go cougar hunting with a switch, was black-haired, gray-eyed, broken-nosed, dressed like a fugitive from the Ivy League. David turned around. Sally was standing in the entrance to the living room, holding a mop. She was wearing an old pair of pedal pushers, and an old shirt of David's. Still, she looked as radiant as a magnesium flare. She dropped the mop.

"This must be Sally," Goldie said. . . . "Don't think a thing about me calling your father 'Seagull.' We called him that 'cause he ate everything in sight. Come here, you pretty thing, and meet Jack."

"Hi," Sally said.

"Hello, Sally," Jack said.

David looked at the two of them. *Now*, he thought, *that would be a nice touch—Sally and Jack. Edith, though, would probably have a stroke, and anyway, Abbott, stop dreaming.*

"I look a fright," Sally said. "We've been polishing up the house."

"Maybe we came at the wrong time," Goldie said.

"Don't think a thing of it," David said. "It's just for a cocktail party. You're staying, so no arguments. . . . Jack, why don't you and Sally get your bags?"

"Right," Jack said. He and Sally went out to the car.

Edith came downstairs. She had, David saw, been repairing the ravages of house cleaning. Her smile was gentle enough, even if it seemed pasted on by determination to See This Thing Through.

"Goldie," she said, "it's nice to meet you at last."

"Well, Edith, who'd ever think that this character"—she nudged David—"would find anyone half so pretty? When I think of him trudging up that road, his belly as empty as a jug of whisky on Sunday morning, I could ——"

"You must tell me all about it—sometime," Edith said.

David ached. Edith did not know Goldie, had never felt the hunger of those days or the warmth of Goldie's smile when there was nothing to smile about. It wasn't that Edith was insensitive. It was just that she didn't know.

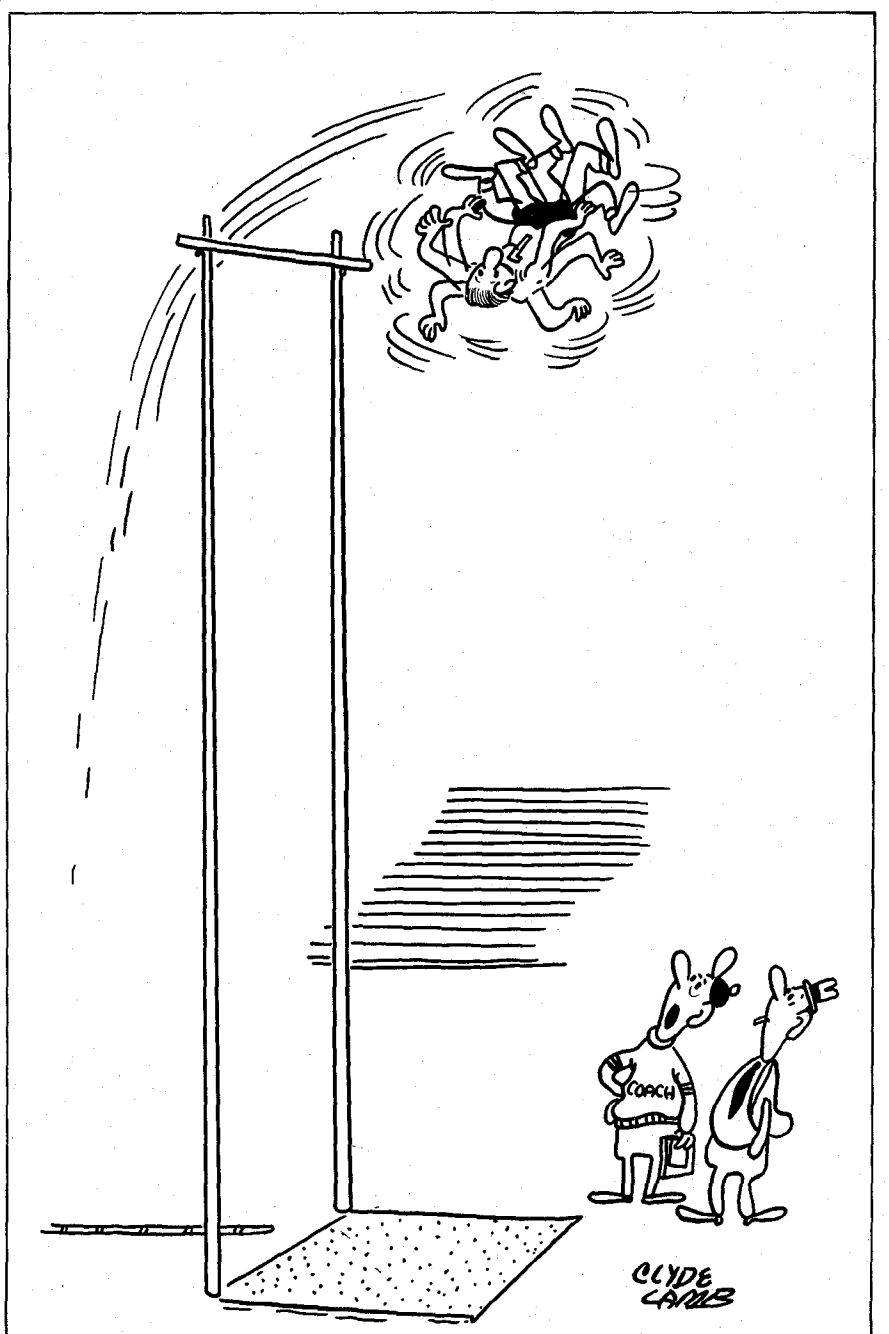
"We shouldn't have stopped on such short notice," Goldie said.

"We're very glad to have you," Edith said. It was the tallest tale of the century.

"We sold a hundred and sixty acres of timber and my big baboon, Jack, has been in a lather to get out of the woods and see Reno. I told him he could get the same kind of action in a crap game behind the tool shed, but he said he'd like to see high heels and nylons for a change, instead of calked boots and wool socks."

"Oh," Edith said. It was not quite a gasp, and not quite a moan.

"I tell you that boy is ripe," Goldie said. "I just hope he finds some nice girl like your Sally (*Continued on Page 57*)



"Not much form—but he's held the record for nine years!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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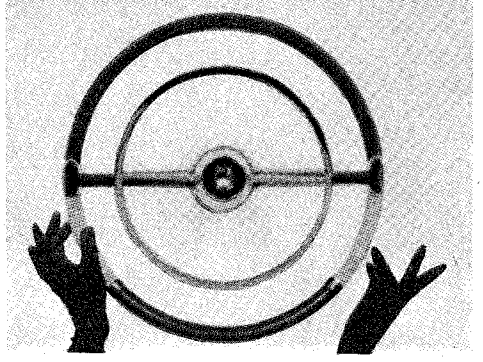

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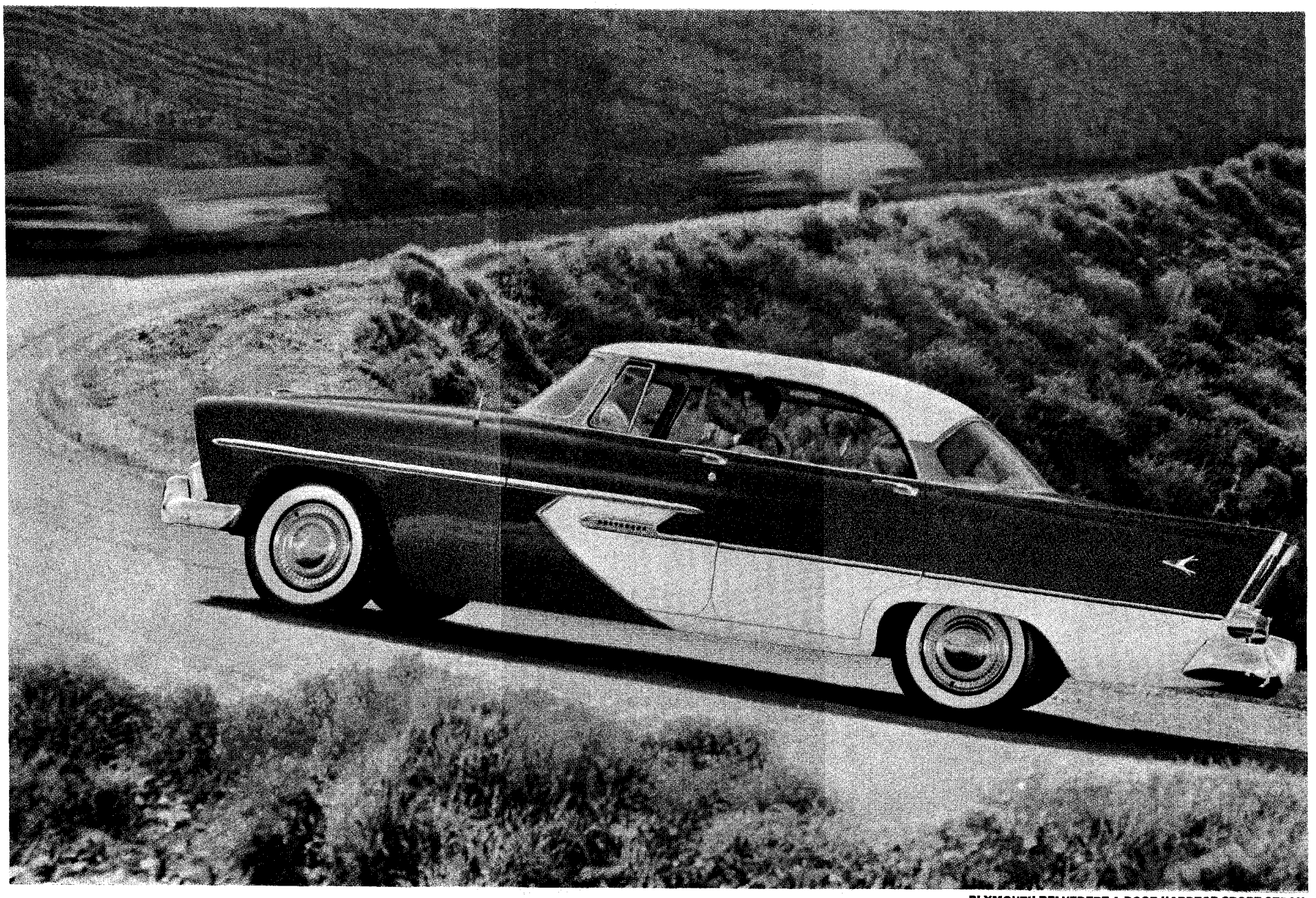

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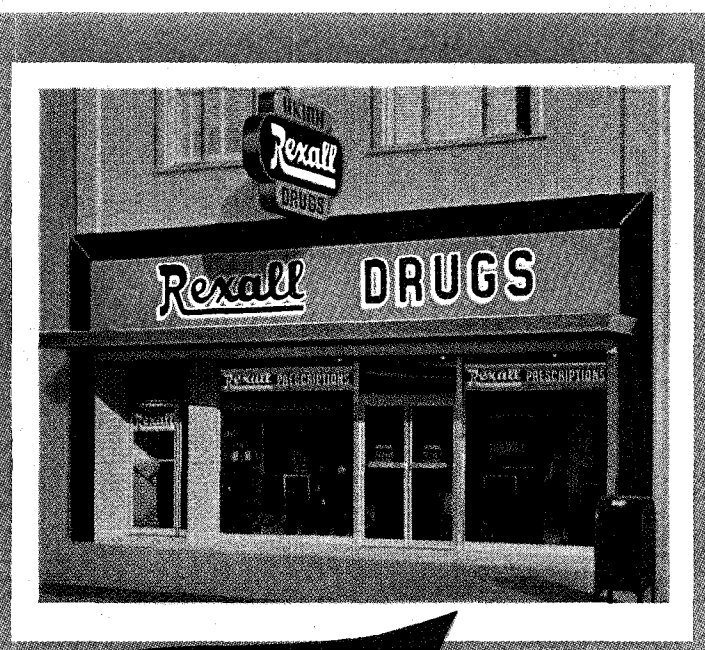

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(*Continued from Page 52*) before some dame finds out how much loot he's packing from that timber sale."

Edith took a deep breath. "Sally," she said, "is engaged."

"Or will be," David amended, "when all the parents come to a meeting of the minds."

Sally and Jack came in, laden with baggage.

"Put Jack in Harry's room," Edith said, "and give Gol—Mrs. Porter the guest room. . . . I'm Mrs. Abbott, Jack."

"C'mon, muscles," Sally said. "Upstairs."

"I'm here five minutes," Jack complained, "and she's ordering me around like some relative."

"And you love it, buster," Goldie said. . . . "Put him to work outside, Sally, so he won't break up the furniture, and if he makes a pass at you, hit him over the head with something. Outside of a couple of siwashes, you're the first female he's seen in six months."

"I know how to act," Jack mumbled.

"Since when?" Goldie asked.

Jack and Sally went upstairs with the ɜage.

The others went into the living room. Goldie took off her mink cape and tossed it over the back of a chair. She looked around. "This is some joint you have here, Edith." She glanced at David. "Glad to see you managed to have a couple of bones to gnaw on, Dave."

"David," Edith said stiffly, "is doing very well."

"Yeah, I can see that," Goldie said.

Jack and Sally came downstairs five minutes later. Jack had changed into slacks and a T shirt. The shirt bulged at the seams. "'Mow the lawn,' she says," Jack grumbled. "I'm supposed to be on vacation."

"If you think you're going down to the corner and have a few beers, you have another think coming," Goldie said. "He'd likely bring the whole beer joint back to the cocktail party."

"That's right," Jack said; "give me an inferiority complex."

"That," Goldie said, "will be the day!"

Gerald Winston appeared in the doorway. He had the inevitable record album under his arm. He was wearing fawn-colored gabardine slacks, a white sport shirt and a cashmere cardigan sweater.

Sally made the introductions.

"Care for Chopin?" Gerald said, holding out the record album.

"Who?" Jack said.

"Never mind," Sally said. "I'll show you where the lawn mower is."

"I'll just go on into the library, then," Gerald said.

The caterer arrived at that moment for preliminary planning. Edith went with him into the kitchen. Sally and Jack took off for the garage. Goldie went upstairs, changed her clothes and started washing windows. The lawn mower sang; Chopin came, gently enough, from the library.

An hour went by. David was in the pantry, polishing glasses. Sally came in and stuck out her lower lip. "You'd think he'd at least find out what we're doing. For all he knows, we're behind the magnolia bush, kissing."

"What?" David said. "Who?"

"Gerald," Sally said. "An hour I've been sitting on the lawn, watching Jack. An hour he's been in the library listening to Chopin."

David looked at his daughter. In spite of her forthcoming journey into being a wife, and, in the future, a mother, she still seemed the young girl who had crumpled a fender and bawled her head off the first day he gave her a driving lesson.

But you couldn't fight Edith's planned campaign; you couldn't fight the obvious advantages of a union with the Winston family, even though it was your private opinion that if Gerald would rather listen to Chopin than sit at Sally's feet and worship, she'd be better off with the kid down the street who ran the service station.

David ruffled his daughter's hair. "You aren't married yet," he said.

"The man isn't made who can be that sure of himself and get away with it," Sally said grimly.

"That's my girl," David said.

At four o'clock everyone disappeared to get dressed. Upstairs, Edith said, "Is my slip showing?"

David, busy with cuff links, said, "No."

"Now don't just concentrate on Goldie. Remember, you're the host."

"Yes, ma'am."

"On the other hand, it might be better if you stayed close to her. No telling what sort of pungent conversation she might begin."

"Relax," David said. "You know how these cocktail things go. Probably no one will even know she's here."

"I hope," Edith said fervently.

They dressed and went downstairs. Outside, Japanese lanterns cast gentle beams over the freshly mowed lawn. Two girls waited to serve drinks and hors d'oeuvres. The house was scrubbed and waiting for the elite of Willamette Heights.

Two bartenders, borrowed from the Willamette Heights Country Club and wearing freshly starched jackets, presided over a vast quantity of glasses and liquid refreshments.

"Doesn't everything look lovely?" Edith said, as she and David descended the stairs. "Now if only ——"

Goldie Porter stood in front of the bar. "To fortify myself, Mac," she said to one of the bartenders, "I'll have a double straight shot with water back."

The bartender didn't bat an eyelash. He poured the drink. Edith watched with growing horror while Goldie tossed it off and chased it with water.

"Another, ma'am?" the bartender asked.

"Not right now, Mac," Goldie said. "I'll just see how this shindig goes and pace myself accordingly."

The first guests arrived at that moment. Edith could only jerk David's sleeve and say, "David, if that woman ——"

"Don't worry," David said.

"George and Muriel," Edith was saying, "how nice to see you."

David marveled how swiftly Edith turned off her valid apprehension and turned on the charm.

The Beverly Winstons, along with Gerald Winston, arrived precisely at five-thirty. With their presence, the party got into high gear. The house throbbed. Edith, attempting to be both hostess, watchdog and mother, throbbed along with the house.

"Over there," she whispered in David's ear. "Goldie is talking to the Winstons."

"What of it?" David asked.

"She's a part of your past, not mine," Edith said. "You ride herd on her. And where is Sally? Gerald is standing there with egg on his face."

"How do I know?" David said. "Look, the Winstons are just people. I haven't heard of Beverly being knighted."

"If Sally is somewhere with that Jack Porter ——" Edith said. That development, apparently, was reprehensible enough to be treated with silence.

David advanced on the Winstons.

"I'll never forget it," Goldie was saying. "Here's that pip-squeak purchasing agent of yours driving up in a convertible—yellow, at that—and then trying to steal the best stand of old-growth fir in the country. Giving me some guff about an access road. I straightened that character out so fast he's still rigid."

"Hello, Beverly," David said.

Beverly Winston grinned at David, the first sign of animation David had seen in three years. "I like this dame, Dave," he said. "Where've you been hiding her?"

David opened his mouth and then closed it.

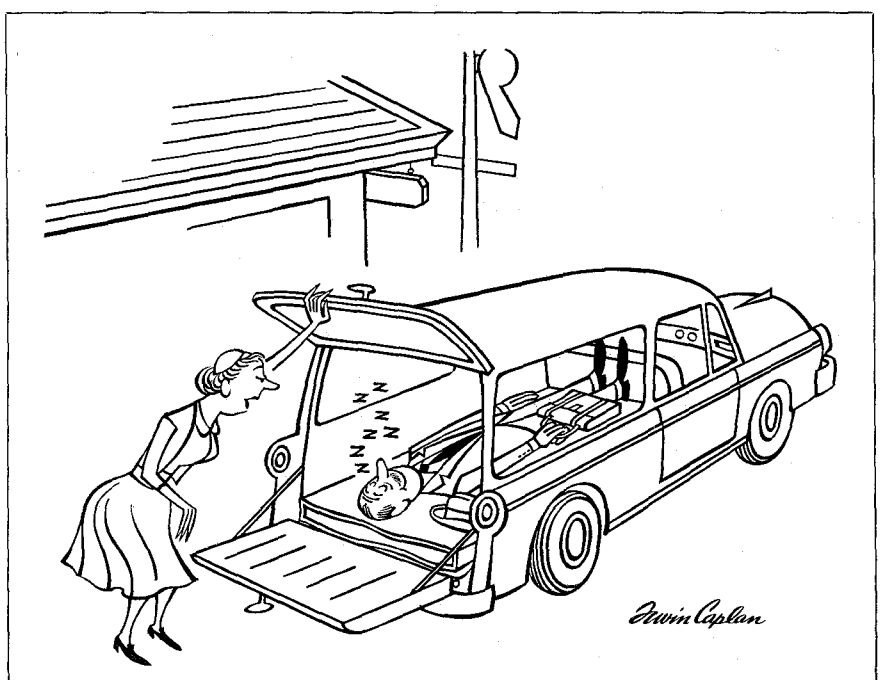
"I practically raised this boy," Goldie said. "Almost made a good sawmill operator out of him until he got lazy and went into lumber brokerage." She shook her head. "I thought sure he'd starve to death, and now look at him—high society."

Beverly Winston held out an empty glass. "Do you mind, Dave? Double straight shot with water back."

"Me, too," Goldie said. She handed a somewhat stunned David her glass. . . . "What're you having, Judith?"

"Small highball, David," Judith Winston said. "I can't drink along with these loggers."

David went to the bar for the drinks. Edith spotted him and tried to hurry through the crowd without bowling over her guests. "I can't find Sally and Jack Porter," she whispered, "and Gerald is positively furious."



"We're at the station, dear."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Do him good," David said.

Edith looked at the drinks. "Is that woman having another ——"

"Uh-huh," David said. "So is Beverly."

At that moment there was a general movement toward the porch. Someone said, "I don't know! He took off like a shot!"

Everyone agreed that it was the most exciting thing that had happened in Willamette Heights society since 1939, when Jill Barker eloped with Fred Abel on the morning before her wedding to Peter Sanderson.

Sally and Jack stood directly under one of the Japanese lanterns, in full view of the assembled guests. Gerald Winston arrived running and jerked Jack around by one shoulder. Jack squared off and then threw a dandy of a left hook at the scion of the Winstons. David braced himself for the shock of the punch landing.

It didn't land. Gerald twisted, grabbed Jack's arm, shifted his hip and threw Jack Porter six feet in the air. Jack landed on his back and stayed there.

Gerald walked over to Sally and said, "Are you all right, darling?"

"I think so, darling," Sally said. "Oh, Jerry, you were marvelous!"

Jack recovered and got to his feet, the light of battle in his eyes.

Goldie reached the scene, holding a bottle by the neck. "Oh, no, you don't, buster!" she yelled. "You stay where you are or I'll crease you with this jug! You're out in polite society now!"

"Polite society!" Jack screamed. "I'm standing here minding my own business and ——"

"Never mind," Goldie said, brandishing the bottle. "Into the house."

Jack left the scene of battle, mumbling to himself. Everyone took a look at Sally in Gerald Winston's arms and went back to the party.

It was an hour later. The Winstons, the David Abbotts and Goldie and Jack Porter were assembled in the living room.

"Now," David said, "to get to the bottom of this disgraceful incident, I ——"

"I'm standing there minding my own business," Jack said, "when Jerry here comes out on the porch. Right away Sally throws her arms around my neck. Next thing I know, I'm flat on my back." He looked at Gerald Winston. "Say, Jerry, show me that Judo toss, will you?"

"Sure," Gerald said. "You see ——"

David eyed his second born. Sally turned red. "It was just an impulsive gesture," she said loftily.

"To prove what?" David said.

"I refuse to discuss it," she said. "Come on, Jerry." She took Jerry's arm and they went into the library. Presently the sound of Brahms came from the hi-fi set.

"It's clear enough to me," Goldie said, "but if you people need a blueprint, then ——"

"I don't think we do, Goldie," Judith Winston said. "It's clear to me, too, that Sally was merely being feminine, as she had every right to be. And she proved her point. But I do think we should determine a date for their engagement. After all ——"

"I'll have them come in," David said. He went to the library door and then came back. "You know something?" he said. "They don't listen to those records at all."

"I've known that for weeks," Edith said.

"Then," Goldie said, "I guess it's time for a drink. . . . What'll you have, Edith? You haven't had one all evening."

Edith looked at Goldie and then at David. She sighed. "I might as well. Double shot with water back." THE END

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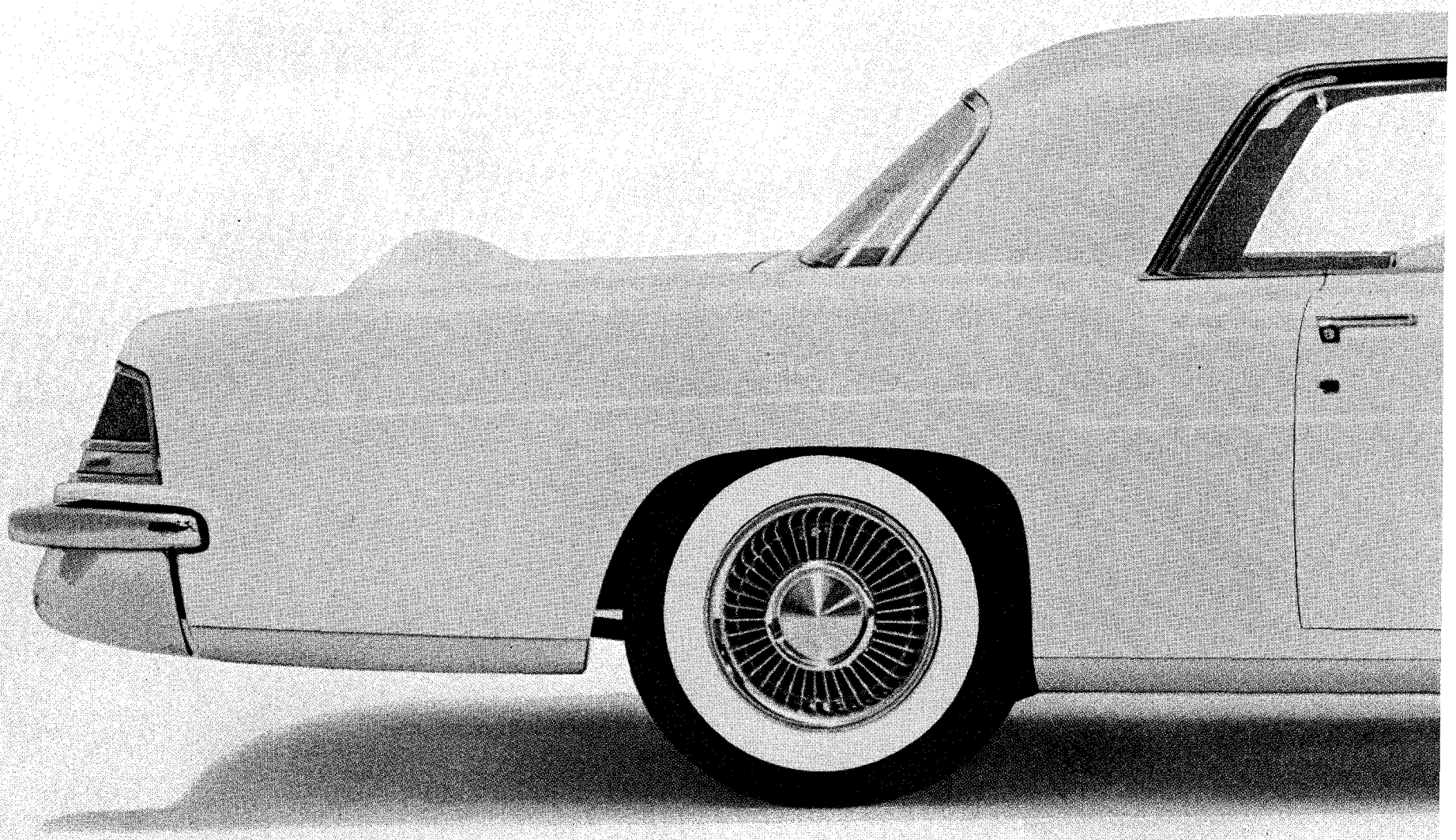

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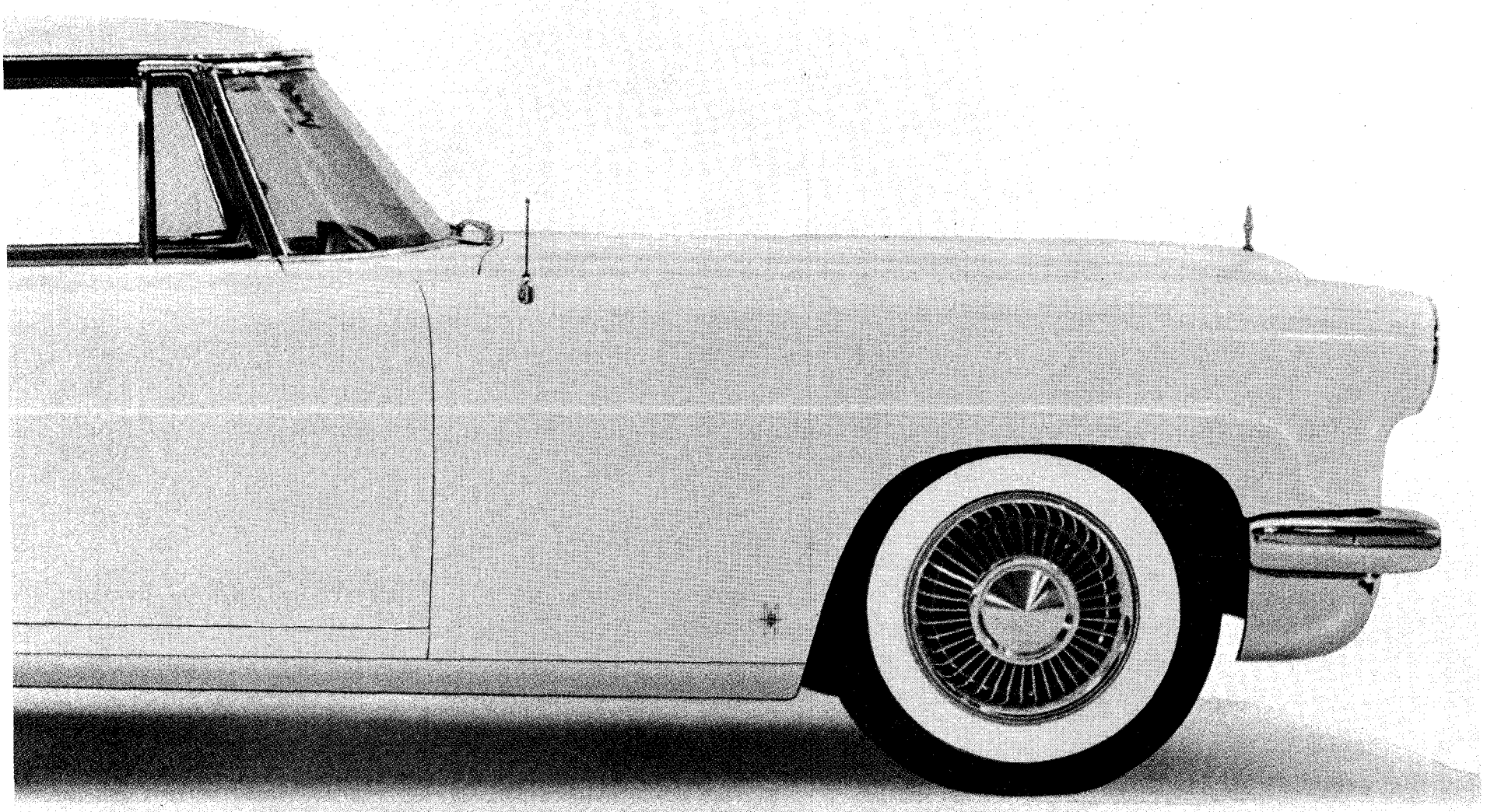

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Movie Horses are Real Hams!

(Continued from Page 43)

as ever, and since TV shows are weekly propositions, it's steadier.

At last count, Fat had 170 horses, 50 oxen, some assorted mules, cows and burros, and 100 horse-drawn vehicles in stock. Fat can supply not only your team but your stagecoach, too; or if it's a buckboard, hayrack, medicine wagon or hearse you want, he has that too. If he hasn't, he'll have it built for you.

For The Conqueror, Twentieth Century-Fox asked Fat for fifty oxen. He had four, and yokes to go with them. There are, Fat says, still a few oxen working on farms around the country, mostly in New England. But to locate all of them and bring them to Hollywood, even if enough could be found, would have been prohibitively expensive.

Fat found a Pennsylvania firm that could make his yokes. He bought 100 Mexican steers, and as fast as a yoke arrived—they were shipped singly, as each was finished—his men broke a new team. A stupid or rebellious student was sent back to pasture and another one roped and yoked to the load.

Fifty docile oxen and the men to work them were delivered to the studio on time. "Oh, that wasn't much of a job," Fat says. "Oxen are pretty easy."

Fat's biggest job, which was also a turning point in his career, was for the land rush in Cimarron. The scene called for 1100 horses and 400 vehicles. Fat took the deal at his usual rates, only to find that there weren't that many horses and horse-drawn rigs in Southern California.

He bought horses everywhere and ransacked the state for anything on wheels. Ancient rigs were dragged out of junk lots and tumble-down barns, and expensively rebuilt by Fat's blacksmiths. He met his delivery date, but he was so far in debt by then that he never expected to get out.

The land rush was filmed at Delano, California, in the hot Central Valley, in September. It never rains in Delano in September, but it did then. For a week the company loafed, Fat drawing half pay for 1100 horses and 400 rigs. By the time the weather cleared, he was not only solvent again but had done the impossible with a nonchalance that taught the studios that they can depend on him.

Of Fat's 170 horses, some two or three dozen are stars and doubles. No producer would start a picture without a horse to fill in for the star, in case he gets sick, or to do the difficult or dangerous stunts. Fat's current star is Black Diamond, who plays the heavy, the vicious, unbreakable killer stallion that the kids love to hate.

Black Diamond gets fifty dollars a day--when he works. Wild-horse pictures run in cycles, though, and sometimes it's a long time between cycles. But somewhere in the environs of Hollywood cowboys are killing Indians, rustlers or each other nearly every working day of the year—with Fat supplying most of their mounts. These humble performers earn only $7.50 a day, complete with saddles and bridles, but they work an average of 200 days a year.

Not every horse can act. "I look at a thousand horses to buy ten, and only four or five of them will ever make it in pictures," says Fat. "I don't care how good a judge of horses you are, you can't tell, until you've tried him, whether he's going to take the training."

The best movie horses are the ones that respond best to petting and attention, which is what makes hams of them after they've been around a camera for a while. They quickly learn what applause means.

"They love it," says Hank Potts, who has been handling Fat Jones' horses for twenty years, "and the better they are, the more they love it."

Horses do not reason, according to their trainers. Everything is memory, repetition, habit. They are rewarded with a carrot for doing a trick right, and punished for doing it wrong. They are never whipped. The trainer's whip is used for giving cues, much as a symphony conductor uses his baton. A dime-store squirt gun is used to teach the horse to watch the whip. A jet of water doesn't hurt him, but it does annoy him, and it tells him when he has been naughty.

Once a horse gets something locked in that faithful memory of his, it's probably there for life. "People forget their parts, but not horses," says Les Hilton, who trained Flicka, star of the current television series. "I've seen horses that haven't worked pictures in months come up from pasture and take their cues perfectly. Show me a man that can remember a part that long!"

Now and then, a horse's memory betrays him. One blistering hot day last summer, a horse got tired of standing around in the sun and wandered up the street of the set until he found an open door. It happened to be a blacksmith shop—a real one, not a bit of staging with a false front. He went in, and there he dozed until they came for him to do a scene.

All movie horses go to work in charge of men who are called wranglers, just as in the days of the Chisholm-trail drives. A few days later this same wrangler brought the same horse back to the same ranch, but this time for a scene in a different picture. And this time the horse temperamentally refused to work.

"I don't know what ails him," said the puzzled wrangler. "He's one of Fat's best workers. . . . Say, wait a minute!"

He looped the reins over the horse's neck and turned him loose. The horse went straight to the blacksmith shop, where he went in and went promptly to sleep. The wrangler gave him a few minutes to snooze, and then brought him back to the set.

He worked perfectly. "He thinks it's part of the hot-weather script for this set," the wrangler explained.

Keith Larsen, star of the Brave Eagle television series, got a lesson in acting from King, the white stallion that plays White Cloud. King was trained by his owner, Glen Randell, to break into a dead run when stroked under the mane on his left side, and to rear up fighting when stroked on the right. Larsen once forgot his cues. King remembered his. He went up on his hind legs when Larsen expected him to run, and a humiliated Indian chief bit the dust.

"King glared at me as though to say, 'Chief, you goofed!' He had no confidence in me for quite a while after that," said Larsen. "I may say that I felt the same way about him."

During rehearsal, a wrangler leads or rides the horse through his part until he knows it. The actor is then put in the saddle and told, "Don't do anything! Just hang on and let the horse do it!" The horse then rehearses the actor, slouching along with his head down, bored stiff.

But at the shout, "This is a take!" he's up on his toes. He'll face the camera if he can, partly out of curiosity, but mostly just to be noticed. His training has schooled him to want people's approval, and it doesn't take him long to learn that the mob around the camera will always cheer if he does something "cute," like stealing a prop man's straw hat.

Such tricks are usually pulled between scenes. The scene itself is hard work, and often must be done a dozen times before the director is satisfied. The old-pro horse actor knows that the sooner it's done right, the sooner he'll be allowed to doze off under a tree somewhere.

Fat Jones says that the first horse star was Tom Mix's Tony, who got more fan mail than his owner. Grover McGaugh, an assistant director on the Flicka pictures, rode with Fat Jones forty years ago and worked in many of the Tom Mix pictures. Some of the scenes were shot on the very stage where the Flicka pictures are now being made for television.

"Tony was an awful ham," says McGaugh. "He started out by being afraid of the camera. He wouldn't turn his back on it—he wanted that thing where he could see it! Then people made such a fool of him by applauding his stunts that he got so he thought he had it coming. Even as an old horse, Tony pranced like a yearling if you pointed a camera at him."

The first horse ever to carry a picture by himself, without sharing billing with a human being, was Rex, King of the Wild Horses. Rex was discovered by Chick Morrison, who was killed in a fall from a horse a few years ago. Fat Jones calls Morrison "the best horse trainer that ever lived."

Rex was a bay stallion, a vicious horse that had been abused as a colt. Morrison bought him in Colorado and asked Fat for a man to help bring him to Hollywood. Fat sent a green but willing boy by the name of Jack Lindell, who today is Hollywood's leading horse trainer. Many wranglers think he is better than Chick was.

Morrison and Lindell roped Rex, put hobbles and a halter on him, and hauled him to Hollywood and fame. Rex starred in dozens of pictures, many of them long serials. His earnings, it is estimated, came to at least $100,000.

"But he never got to where you could trust him," Fat recalls. "Rex was a mean horse to the end."

The John Barrymore of all horse actors was a dark brown Thoroughbred by the name of Missed A Shot, who probably would have earned more than Rex, except that most of his career covered the lean depression years. Misty, as he was called, played the "heavy" in horse pictures for nearly twenty-five years with consummate realism. Even at depression prices, he often earned $2000 to $3000 a year.

When Misty tried to kill the "good" horse, his ears went back, his head snaked out and he bared long, frightening teeth. Yet away from the camera, Misty was easy to handle. Wranglers nicknamed him The Old Man, for his gentleness in the barn and his hard professional sureness on the set.

Blanco, white stallion star of Green Grass of Wyoming, is an extrovert who has scared a lot of people silly without ever hurting anyone. Blanco is a problem whenever Fat hires a new barn man. He comes out of the stall on his hind feet, snorting and pawing the air. The stranger's impulse is to head for the hayloft, but old wranglers insist that there isn't a mean bone in Blanco's body. He just likes to ham it up.

Probably the highest-paid horse actor of all time was Doheos, who made a fortune in shows and circuses in Europe before coming to the United States in 1935 to star in Billy Rose's stage show, Jumbo. Albert Ostermaier, whose father trained Doheos, estimates that the horse earned $500,000 in his thirty-year career, and riders who have been around show business for quite a while say that sounds reasonable.

"He was a beautiful worker if you could handle him, but you could never trust Doheos," says Albert. "He'd still try to bite your arm off or kick your brains out, when he was retired at the age of thirty. After that he deteriorated rapidly. It was a little sad when it got so it was safe to turn your back on him now and then."

Another big money-maker is Steel, who was ridden by Clark Gable in The Tall Men. Steel is also the favorite mount of Gary Cooper, Robert Mitchum, Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott and John Wayne. To get the handsome Steel, with his showy mane and long tail, producers order all of their other horses for a picture from Fat. When Steel gets a job, everybody works.

The most promising starlet is Oklahoma Girl, owned by Margo Epper, the nineteen-year-old daughter of a stunt man. This mare will be a real star someday, if she doesn't break her neck and her owner's first. For the TV show, You Asked for It, Margo and Oklahoma Girl ran a hurdle race against an automobile, the car using a series of ramps. Most of the way they ran neck and bumper.

"Imagine the bangitty-bang when a car drops four feet and comes down beside you," said Margo, "but Oklahoma Girl didn't bat an eye. Put her in front of a camera and she'll do whatever you ask of her."

Oklahoma Girl has the ingredients that make a horse star—confidence in her handler, willingness to work and love of that old applause. All she needs is a good agent, a publicity man and a few good pictures.

The Marilyn Monroe of horse actresses is the pretty little chestnut mare that plays Flicka, and on whom Twentieth Century-Fox carries a $100,000 insurance policy. Flicka is relatively new to the business, but Grover McGaugh, who helps direct her, swears that she can already pick up the rhythm of dialogue with only a few rehearsals.

"That doesn't mean she understands the words, but she does know that something is supposed to happen at a given sound," says (Continued on Page 64)

Little Elegy

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Now she is gone, we guess
how rare,
How excellent she was and
fair,
The constant glow that
warmed our days
Shone from her with the
seeming ease
Of godliness from saints,
withal
So casual and natural
We scarcely knew her gifts
for such.
Her heart achieved so light a
touch,
We took the miracles she
wrought
For commonplace, and no
more thought
To thank that gay and
gracious one
Than we had thought to
thank the sun.

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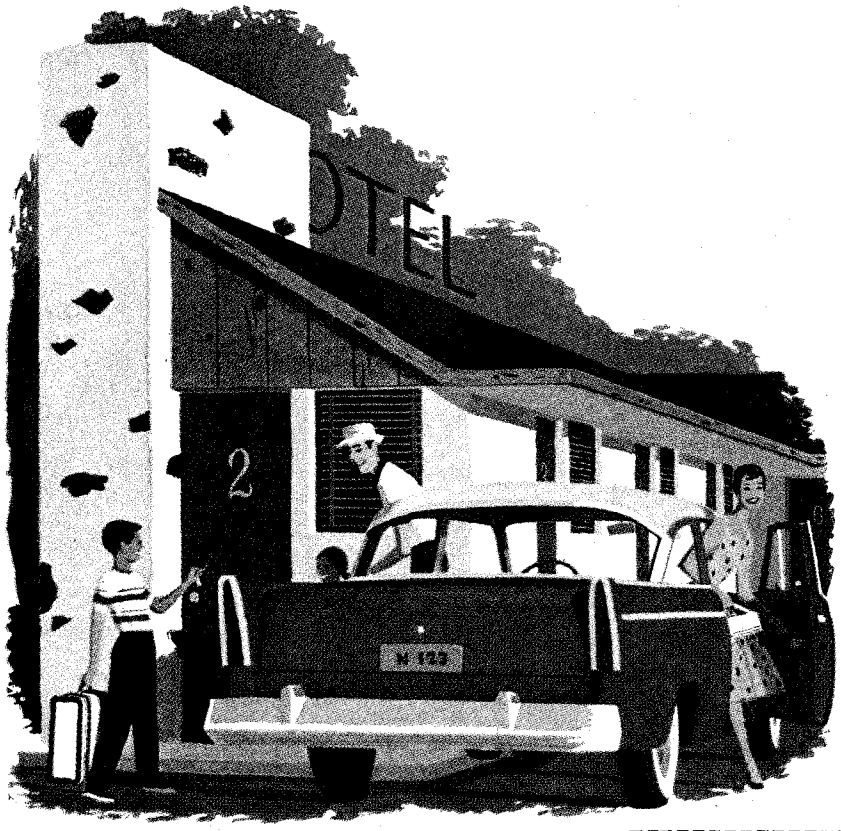

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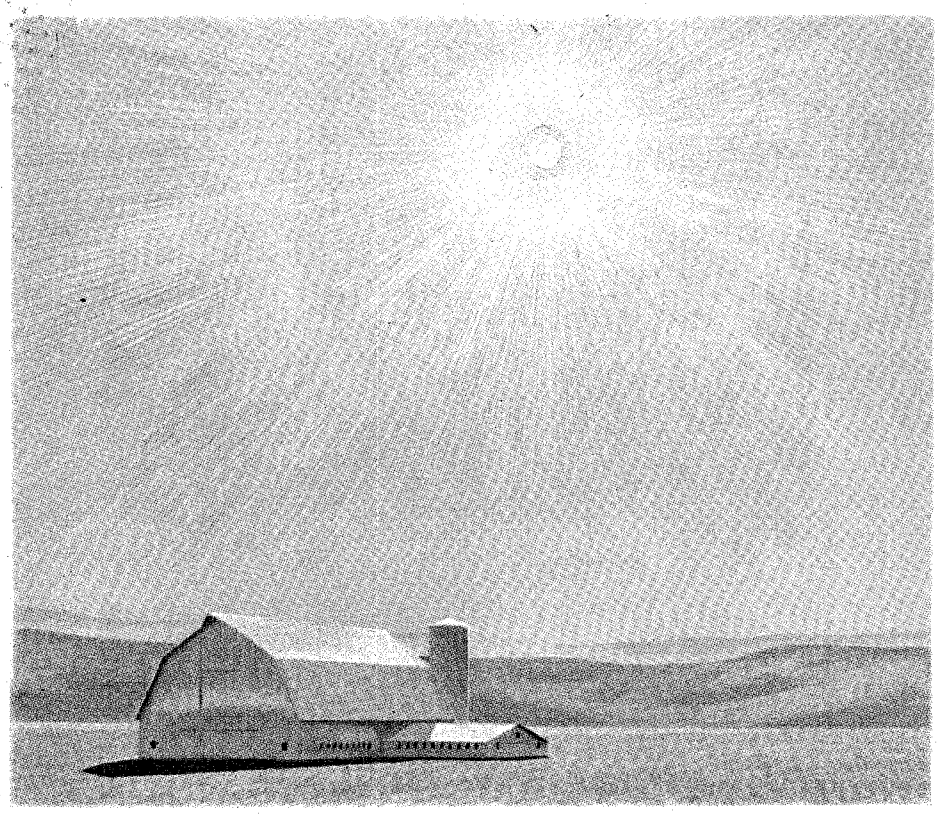

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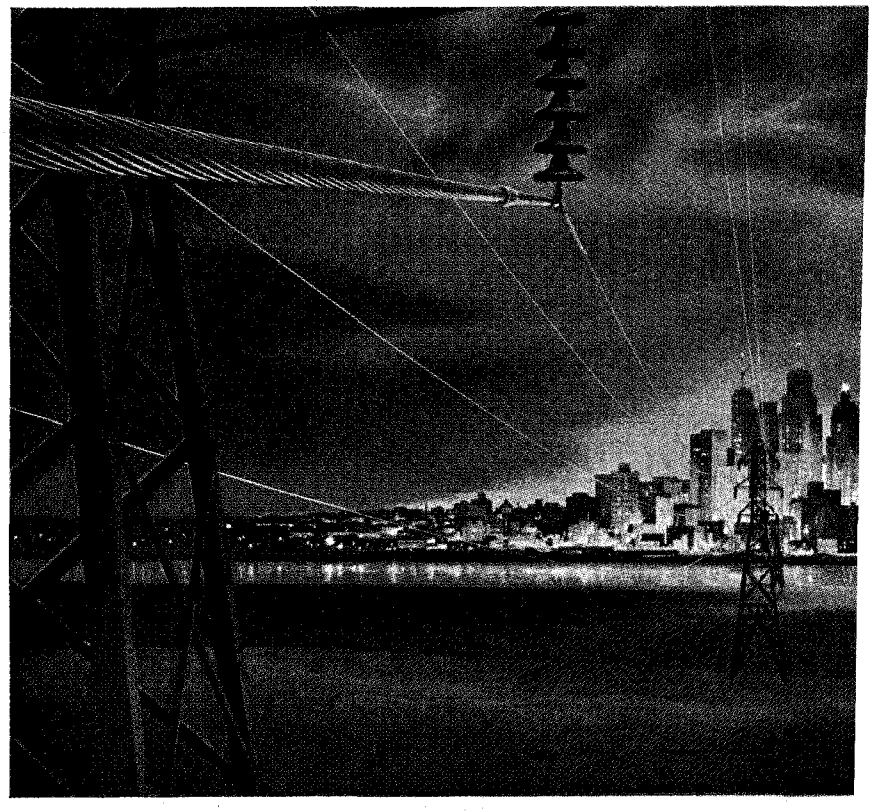

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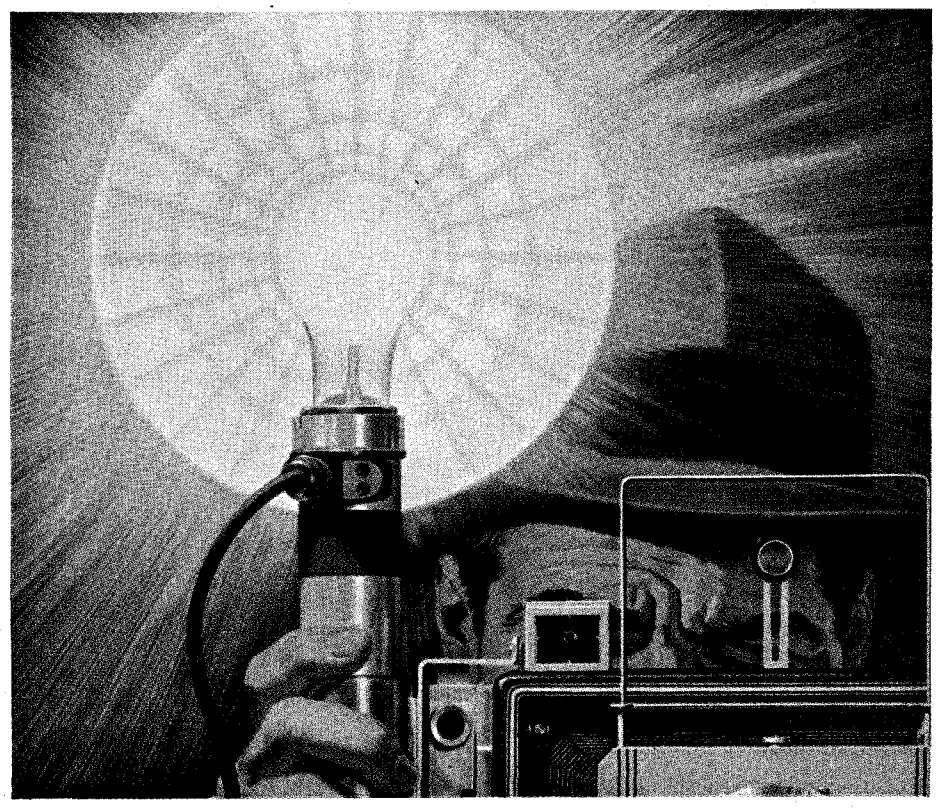
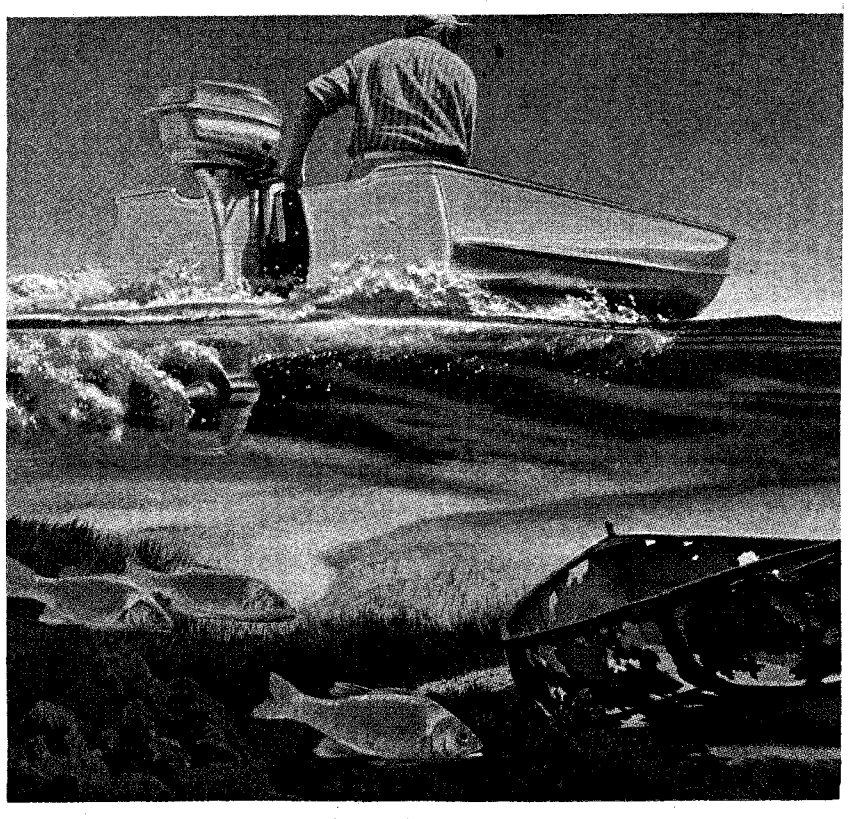
But there's a *ninth* good reason why more and more manufacturers now think particularly of Kaiser Aluminum as a dependable source of supply

Kaiser Aluminum has led the industry in bringing more aluminum tc American manufacturers. We now produce close to 30% of all the primary aluminum made in this country ... and we are continuing to expand.



Reflects light Highly polished Kaiser Aluminum reflects over 80% of the light that strikes it. Ideal as reflector for lamps, high-powered lights, movie screens.



Resists corrosion A thin, tough film of aluminum oxide forms *naturally* on aluminum, protects against corrosive attack. Even if damaged, this film immediately re-forms.

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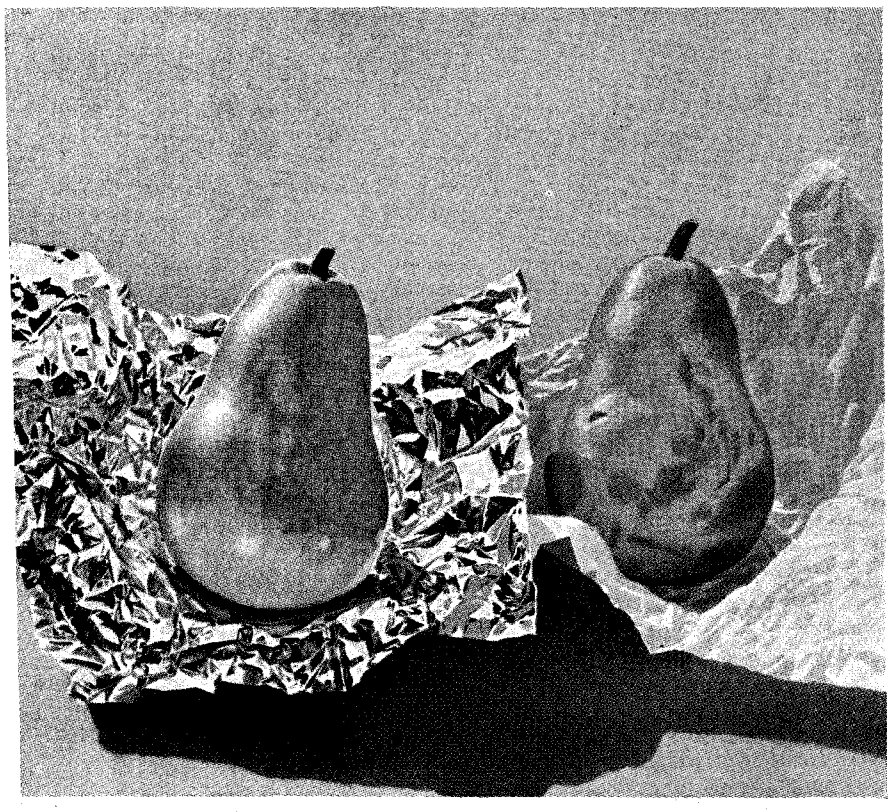


Protects quality Used for packaging, Kaiser Aluminum Foil blocks heat and light rays, keeps out air, seals in moisture ... preserves original freshness and flavor.

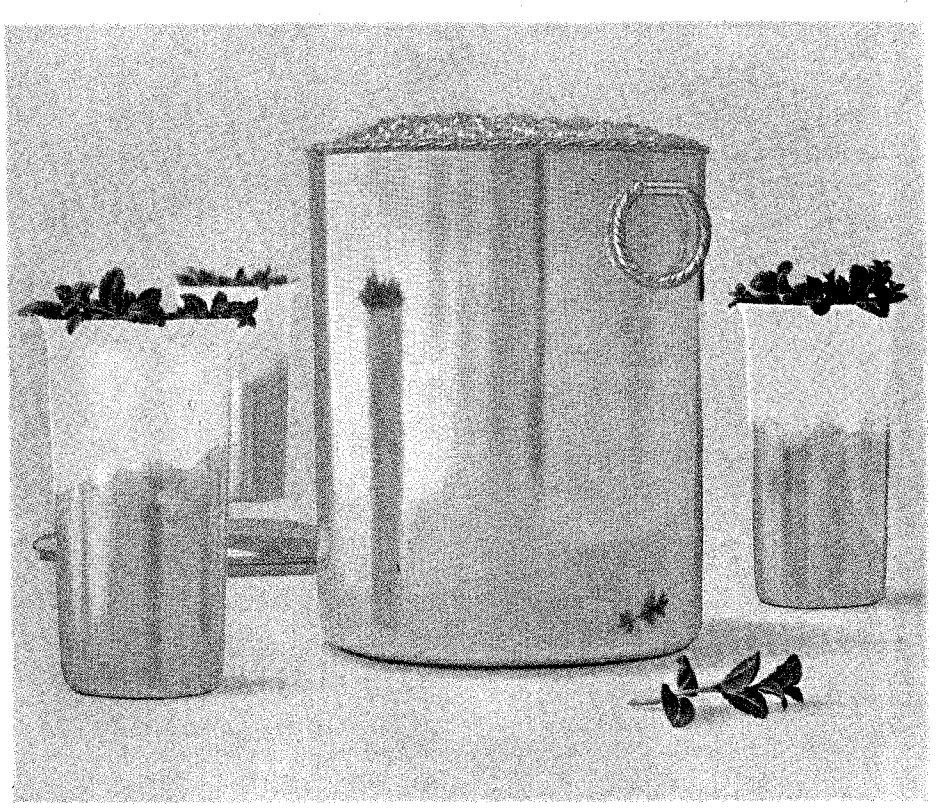
Light and strong Kaiser Aluminum weighs only about one-third as much as steel, copper or brass. Yet it's so strong and resilient it can take the most rugged treatment.

think of **Kaiser Aluminum**

Major new plants now under construction will greatly increase our present production capacity and we will then become the nation's second largest aluminum producer by a substantial margin. We are eager to work closely with any manufacturer who wishes to hitch his wagon to aluminum, "the bright star of metals." Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation, Room 200, Consumer Service Division, 1924 Broadway, Oakland 12, Calif.

STARTS JULY 3RD! A GREAT NEW TELEVISION DRAMATIC HOUR SPONSORED BY KAISER ALUMINUM. NBC, TUESDAY NIGHTS. SEE LOCAL TV LISTING.

Conducts heat Kaiser Aluminum conducts heat quickly and evenly over its whole surface. Makes possible more efficient cooking utensils, engines, radiators, electric irons.



Stays beautiful The satin-like finish of Kaiser Aluminum stays permanently beautiful, never to be marred by rust. Aluminum can also be finished in a wide variety of colors.

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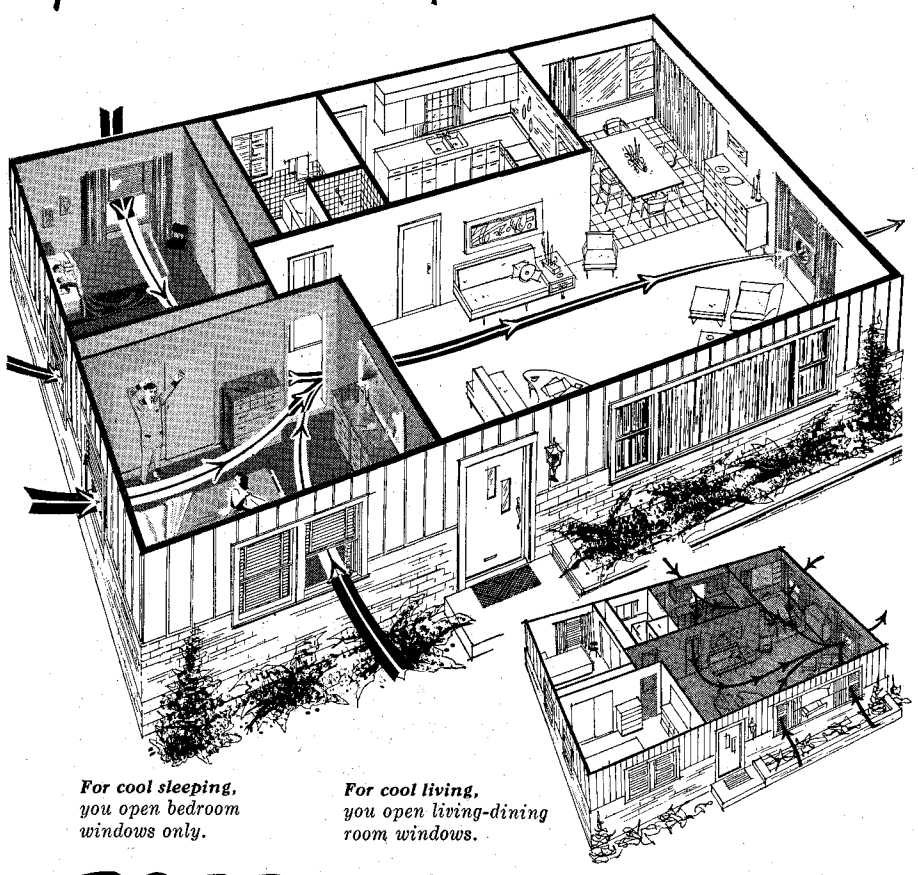
Priced like a "spot" cooler—
yet it cools up to 4 rooms!



For cool sleeping, you open bedroom windows only.

For cool living, you open living-dining room windows.

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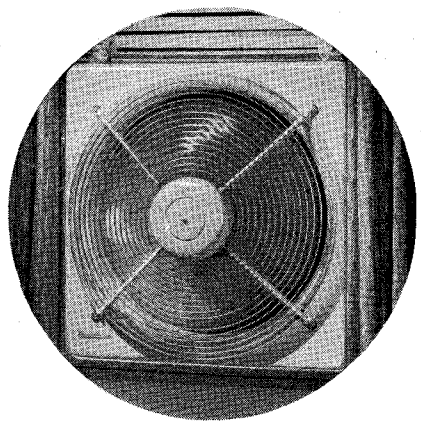
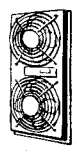
It's easy to see why you get more breeze per dollar from this big R&M fan! We call it "happy marriage" cooling. Because all parts are *made for each other*. The blades, frame, and motor are all designed and produced by R&M to work together as a *unit*, for maximum efficiency.

This "perfect match" explains how this single fan can cool up to 4 rooms. Why, it makes "spot" coolers needlessly expensive! Two speeds. Electrically reversible, intake and exhaust. Install with a screwdriver. 5-year guarantee. 18", **$64.95**, 22", **$84.95.** (With thermostatic control, $3.00 more.) For free literature, write: *Robbins & Myers, Inc., Fan Division, SP-630, 2546 Frisco Ave., Memphis 14, Tenn.*

$64.95



New All-Purpose Fan
For portable wide-area cooling. Three fans in one—for window, table and floor! Two speeds. Optional window panels and rollaway stand. 16½", **$39.95**



Casement Window Fan
Brings new comfort to homes where standard fans won't fit. A 12" twin-fan unit. 2 speeds, intake and exhaust. Fits 3-light windows; panels available for 4-light. **$79.95**

R&M® design means more breeze per dollar!

(*Continued from Page 60*)

McGaugh. "If it doesn't, Flicka gets impatient and reaches out and whacks somebody with her head, like she was saying, 'Let's get it right, let's get it right!' She's a glutton for applause, too, but a good worker, and loaded with personality—and doesn't she know it!"

Fat Jones owned the first movie Flicka, as well as the one who replaced her when she got too old for the role, when the successful series went on and on and on. When the studio decided to revive the stories for television, they asked Fat to find them a new Flicka. He knew where to look—Wyoming—because if there is a promising horse anywhere in the country, chances are his talent scouts have already told him about it.

The Fat Jones ranch is like a backward look at yesterday—say about 1912. So is his way of doing business. In one of his shirt pockets he carries his cigarette makin's, in the other his business files. Contracts and checks accumulate there until he remembers to turn them in to Connie Fowler, his bookkeeper for ten years. Connie manages to get her work done in an office crowded with the cowboys and wranglers to whom the ranch is both social center and a good place to get a job.

"It's like Saturday afternoon at the old livery stable," says Connie. "Fat is an anachronism—the last of his kind."

Fat was born in Rome, New York, in 1893, of Revolutionary War stock. He was brought to Los Angeles in 1905, when his father bought an interest in a grocery store in Edendale, then on the outskirts, but now in Central Los Angeles. Burros, the Mexicans' traditional beasts of burden, were cheap then. Fat bought and broke a pair of them, which he drove to a grocery delivery cart until his father sold the store.

He then traded the burros for a buckskin colt named Chick—his first horse. Soon he bought and broke another one, Buck. He saw his first movie company in 1912, a Pathé unit that moved into the Edendale hills to shoot two-reelers. Fat sold Chick and Buck to them and then quit school to ride them in pictures—for twelve dollars a week.

He has been riding, training, owning and renting movie horses ever since then. Of the thousands of horses he has owned, the one he remembers best is Sunny Jim, who was Texas Guinan's favorite mount back in 1917. A gentle little bay, Sunny galloped the length of a train of moving flatcars in one picture. In another, he jumped from a balcony to a pool table with a man in the saddle. He had the nerve, the sureness, the quality of greatness, of a real star.

Sunny Jim died before the camera, with a cowboy making a transfer from the saddle to a moving train. This was old stuff to Sunny, who had made hundreds of transfers.

"Give him his head and he'd put you alongside the train and stay with you until you were safely over," says Fat. "I'll never know what went wrong. The guy must have tried to check him in, when he should have let Sunny do it."

Whatever happened, Sunny Jim's head was pulled into the side of the train. The rider survived, but the horse died. And since then, Fat Jones has never willingly let another horse steal his soft old heart.

"You can't help but like a horse that goes out and does anything you ask of him, but you don't dare get fond of them," he says. "This is strictly a business."

Yet a special gentleness comes into his voice when he speaks of Sunny Jim and the other game, willing horses he has owned. And the wranglers will tell you, with real reverence, of old Missed A Shot's last day on earth.

Old Misty failed badly, along toward the last. It was soon clear that life had become a burden to him. Nothing he ate agreed with him, and he was so lame he could barely get around his sunny corral. He had lived to the ripe old age of twenty-five, and it had been a good life. The last kindness anyone could show him was a quick, merciful exit from it.

Fat finally gave the gruff order. A truck was backed out to take the great old stallion on his last ride. They opened the gate. Misty arched his fine neck as they tossed the halter rope over it. Like Barrymore in his 101st Hamlet, he went strutting up the ramp and into the truck, fire in his eyes, his mane tossing. No one who saw it will ever doubt that the old star thought he was going back to work.

"Back went his ears. He showed his teeth. Stiff and lame as he was, he pranced like a yearling," said a wrangler who was there. "Maybe he knowed this was his last scene, and he wanted to fade out at his best—who knows?"

Fat Jones, who will tell you solemnly that he never lets a horse mean too much to him, averted his face and walked swiftly away. He locked himself in his office for hours, and the men who worked for him—the men who had worked with gallant old Misty for a quarter of a century—left him to his thoughts. They knew just how he felt. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"My wife is in the midst of baking a cake and would like to borrow a cup of flour—oh, hello, dear."

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Counterfeit Cavalier (Continued from Page 45)

where he disposed of his gun, and then opened the door. Two uniformed men stood there. They shouldered past him into the room.

Artemus snarled at them, "Do I get to put my pants on?"

"Get a move on," one of the officers told him.

He snatched up his clothes, grumbling, and carried them into the bathroom. There he dressed hurriedly, putting on his gun under his coat. He washed, but did not shave.

"Do I get to eat?" he demanded.

"When the lieutenant says so."

They hustled him down to the prowl car and drove to headquarters, where they delivered him to Dutra. Dutra jerked a thumb at the door and the officers retired, leaving the two together.

"Sorry to jerk you out of bed, Baldwin," Dutra said. "Wessler wanted to get word to you quick."

"And I," Artemus said, "wanted to get word to him." He tossed the counterfeit Canadian ten-dollar bill across the desk. "Ask Wessler to get this to Washington. Have its workmanship compared with the two ten-dollar bills we've picked up here."

"More than two," Dutra said. "Three more showed up yesterday. In deposits at the bank. Wessler's on the job this morning. I'm to hold you here till he calls in."

Artemus grinned. "Do you pamper suspects?" he asked. "Like, for instance, coffee and sinkers? I dodged bullets last night."

"You're dropping behind in the popularity vote," Dutra said. "Who was the bad marksman?"

"He dry-gulched me," Artemus said. "I was in too much of a hurry to stop and ask. If I was to make a guess I'd say it was a lad with the attractive name of Burps."

"These palookas," the lieutenant said disgustedly, "ought to get themselves a pistol range. Want I should pick him up?"

"No," Artemus said. "He was just earning his wages."

"Who pays 'em?" asked Dutra.

"A couple of outsized blobs by the name of Baffin."

Dutra scowled. "Are those fatsos mixed up in this green-goods racket?" he asked.

"No," Artemus said definitely. "They're just nervous. Somebody's muscling in on them. They don't know who. They tried to hire my gun, and when I turned them down they jumped to the conclusion I belonged to the opposition."

"So far as I'm concerned," Dutra said, "they're clean. I can't lay a hand on them. You got anything that'll stand up in court?"

"So far, no. They're none of my business officially. Unless one of their games is Government checks. Wessler's looking after that end of it." Artemus grinned wryly. "Leeds tells me they parked that dead Yaqui in my bathroom."

"Did they?"

Artemus shook his head. "Some of Leeds' people," he said. "To provoke me. I'm the bad boy from Chicago who is supposed to run amok and mow them down, or else."

Dutra looked at him with disfavor. "I had enough on my hands till you struck town," he said. "Now we got two unsolved killings and a gang war. It would lighten my load if you'd go out and gun that pair."

"The chief would scold me," Artemus said, "if I went around shooting people as a favor to local cops."

Breakfast was brought in, and Artemus satisfied his hunger. He made himself comfortable while the lieutenant busied himself with the routine of the office. Time passed, but Artemus had learned patience. More than once he had watched through the window of some dreary, unlighted room for interminable hours, on the chance of detecting some passer plying his trade. He had walked uncounted miles and questioned hundreds of citizens in the effort to find some crumb of evidence. Patience! Patience! Patience! That might almost be taken as the motto of the Secret Service. Patience and drudgery.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when Dutra's telephone buzzed. The lieutenant named himself and listened. "Be right over," he said; and then to Artemus, "Wessler's got something," he said. He put on his hat and went out, and Artemus resumed his reading of the morning paper.

He was back in three quarters of an hour. "Those ten-dollar notes," he told Artemus, "were deposited by three different shops. Cheap shops. One of them couldn't remember who spent the bill. Two believed it was a Mexican woman. In each instance she bought something that cost a dollar or so and took back good money in change. Fair description. Young. Not fat. Good-looking. Couldn't put a name to her."

"Maybe we get a break," Artemus said.

"Know her?"

"I know a good-looking Mexican woman. She's got a dead sweetheart who had a counterfeit note stuffed in his mouth. She's out to stick a shiv into whoever knocked him off."

"Sweet Lips Chavez?"

"Right," Artemus answered.

"Want I should drag her in?" asked the lieutenant.

"Far from it," Artemus said. He stood up. "It's time to give me the bum's rush," he said.

Dutra opened the door, grabbed Artemus by the shoulder and shoved him outside. "Clam up on me, will you?" he said in a loud, angry voice. "Try to leave town and I'll put you in the tank."

Artemus walked down the hall, scowling and impudent, as became such a character after a morning's rough grilling by the police. He reflected that Dutra was lavish in giving him rides down to headquarters, but niggardly in providing transportation back to his cabin. Which was as it should be. He wanted no favors from the authorities that might breed suspicion in antisocial quarters.

He waved down a taxicab and was driven out to his motel. There he shifted from the taxi to his own car to drive to Paradise Valley. He wanted to arrive unexpectedly, so he did not telephone for permission. This time he drove toward Tempe, but turned off short of the bridge across the dry river bed to wind his way through dramatic Papago Park, where, on a jutting rock, an old governor had erected a white pyramid to hold his ashes and embalm his somewhat dubious fame. He passed through Scottsdale, its streets crowded by winter visitors and those who thrived upon them, with grocery-buying Indians and even shoppers from Phoenix. Five minutes later he turned off his motor in front of the Roche residence.

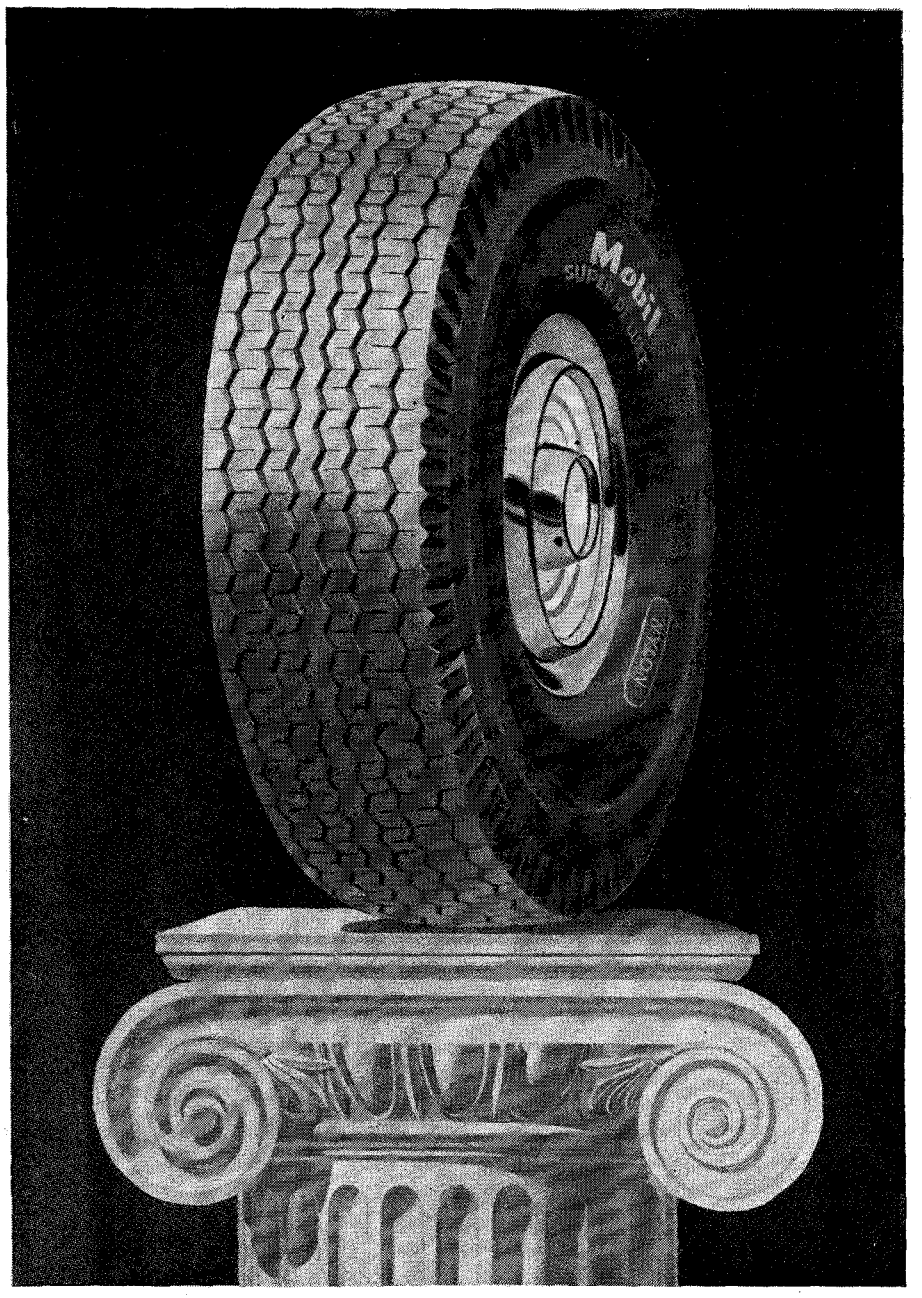
He did not go to the front door, but walked around to the kitchen entrance. Before he could rap, the door opened and Jick stood there, slender and boyish in jeans and shirt.

"Inferiority complex?" she asked ironically. "You could have come to the front door."

"I'm not," he said, "calling on the family."

"Nita is attractive," Jick said, "and she's a very good cook. You could do worse."

Now! For maximum safety...



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"Can you manage a kitchen range?" he asked with a grin.

"As if," she retorted, "I were born in an oven. One of father's eccentricities. He's firm that women should master the art of mashing potatoes before they learn the minuet or go in for irregular verbs. But doubtless you are impatient. Do come in. Nita's plying her art. Tamales for lunch, the like of which you've never tasted. She'll give you a handout and complete your infatuation."

Nita, doing clever things with corn meal and condiments, turned her handsome black eyes upon him.

"Caller to see you, Nita. A Mr. Baldwin."

"Yes. He come here before; not to see Nita. Heem I know."

"Go ahead and woo," Jick said with raised brows. "I'll stick around to watch. Pointers will come in handy."

"I would like to speak to Nita alone," said Artemus.

"Not today, Romeo. I stand in as chaperon, *amicus curiae, in loco parentis.* I don't know what you're up to, but I stick around till I find out. Nita's a family retainer. The Roches are patriarchal. They regard cooks as part of the family, to be cosseted and protected."

"It would be better not," Artemus said gravely.

"Quite so," Jick said without giving ground. "Under this roof nobody gets harried with no helping hand nigh."

"I could issue an order," Artemus said.

"Give it a try," Jick countered, seating herself on the kitchen table and swinging her legs.

Artemus shrugged and turned to Nita, addressing her courteously. "You were shopping yesterday," he suggested.

"Remember the Fifth Amendment," Jick said.

"I know thees Fift' Amendment," Nita said.

Artemus repeated his statement and amplified it. "You bought a silk handkerchief in one shop. You bought a veil in another. You bought gloves in the third."

"You say?" Nita answered.

"I say," answered Artemus. "You paid for each article with a ten-dollar note." Jick's bright eyes never left Artemus' face. She looked neither wise nor adroit, but young and inquisitive as a sparrow.

"Could be, Nita," she said, "you'd better keep mum till father comes home."

"Could be, in that case," Artemus said sternly, "I'll telephone for a little law, and Nita'll answer questions under electric lights. In which case, Miss Roche, the fat would be in the fire. Would you, by any chance, have confidence in my word?"

Jick rolled that question around in her mind, and then nodded. "Up to a point," she said.

"If I assured you that I mean no harm to Nita—that I would prefer to be helpful and even avert consequences if possible, would you believe me?"

Again her bright eyes searched his face. "Cross your heart?" she asked.

He made that childish gesture, and she bobbed her head in acceptance. "I guess, Nita, you better crawl out from behind the Fifth Amendment."

"Thees man, he ees good?" the Mexican girl asked.

"That's open to question," Jick said, "but I think in this he shoots square."

"I talk," Nita said briefly. "My man he ees kill. More harm than that cannot come to him. What come to me, I do not care. Eet ees only that I do not wish to be shut in thee jail until I have find out who keel him."

"You paid for those purchases," Artemus said, still courteously, "with counterfeit ten-dollar notes. Did you know they were counterfeit when you passed them?"

"I theenk," she said, nodding.

"But you weren't sure?"

"I theenk," she repeated.

"Where did you get them, Nita?" Artemus asked.

"For Manuelo I keep them," she said.

"Manuelo is Sweet Lips Chavez?"

"Now he does not need them any more. I need money to buy what I weesh to know. So I spend."

"You thought you could buy information about who killed your man?" he asked.

"Eet ees to be tried. Eet ees one way."

"Where did Sweet Lips get this bogus money, Nita?"

She shook her head firmly. "That he does not tell to me. He makes the secret. Even me he dares not tell. But thees he say—that eet is forbid to spend thees money in Phoenix. No. Not here. He ees to take across. Into Mexico. There he will spend. Eef he use thees money here, bad theengs will happen to heem."

"But he passes some of the notes here. And a bad thing did happen. Was it because he disregarded orders and passed some of the notes in Phoenix?"

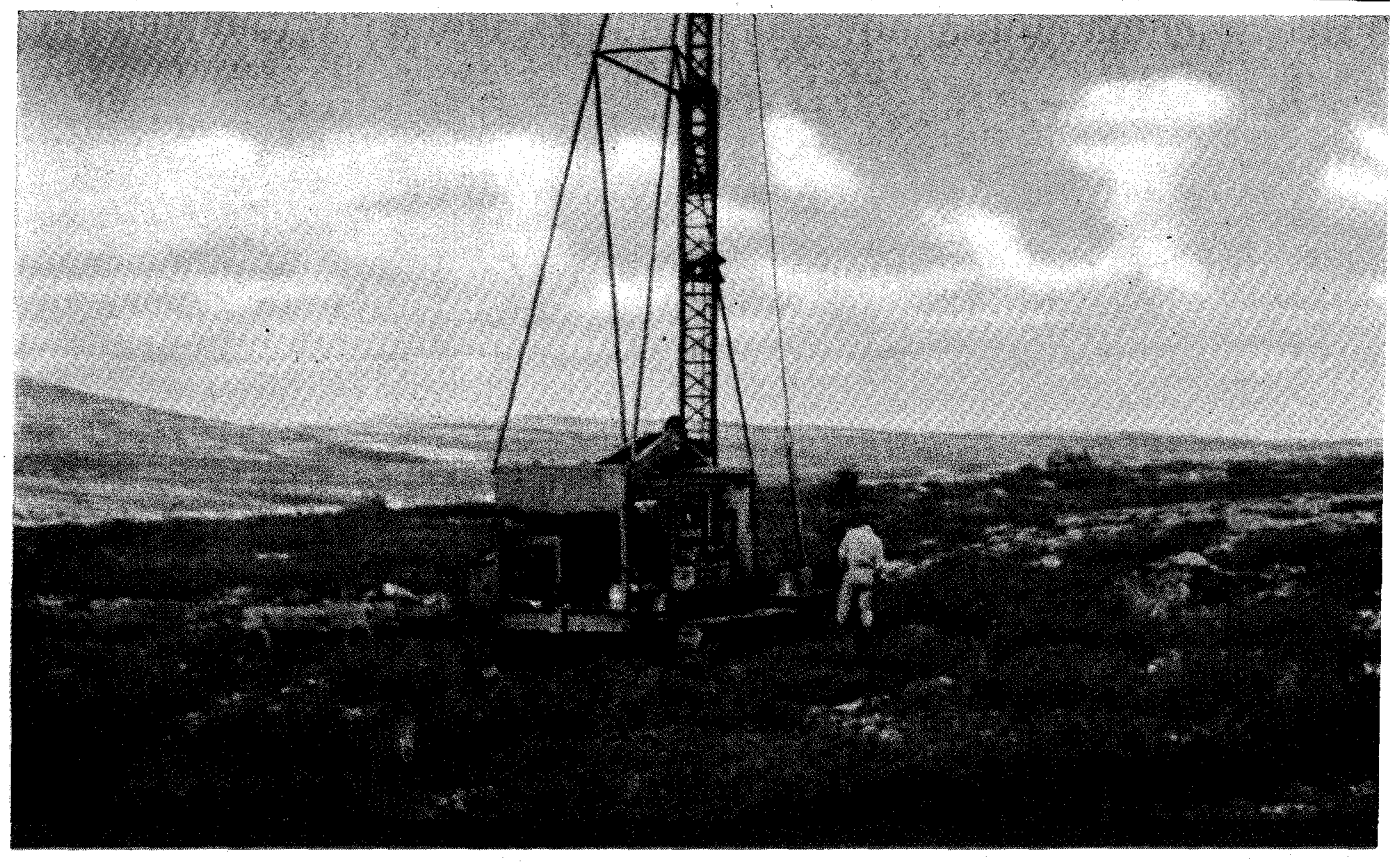
"He ees drink the *vino* because he ees happy. He ees for goin' be reech. He make the *fiesta* weeth me. Mooch money he spend." She shrugged with a Latin gesture. "So some of thees money he spend, I theenk so. Mebby so he ees kill because in thees he disobey."

"So, Nita, your man gives you this bad money to keep for him, to keep safe for him."

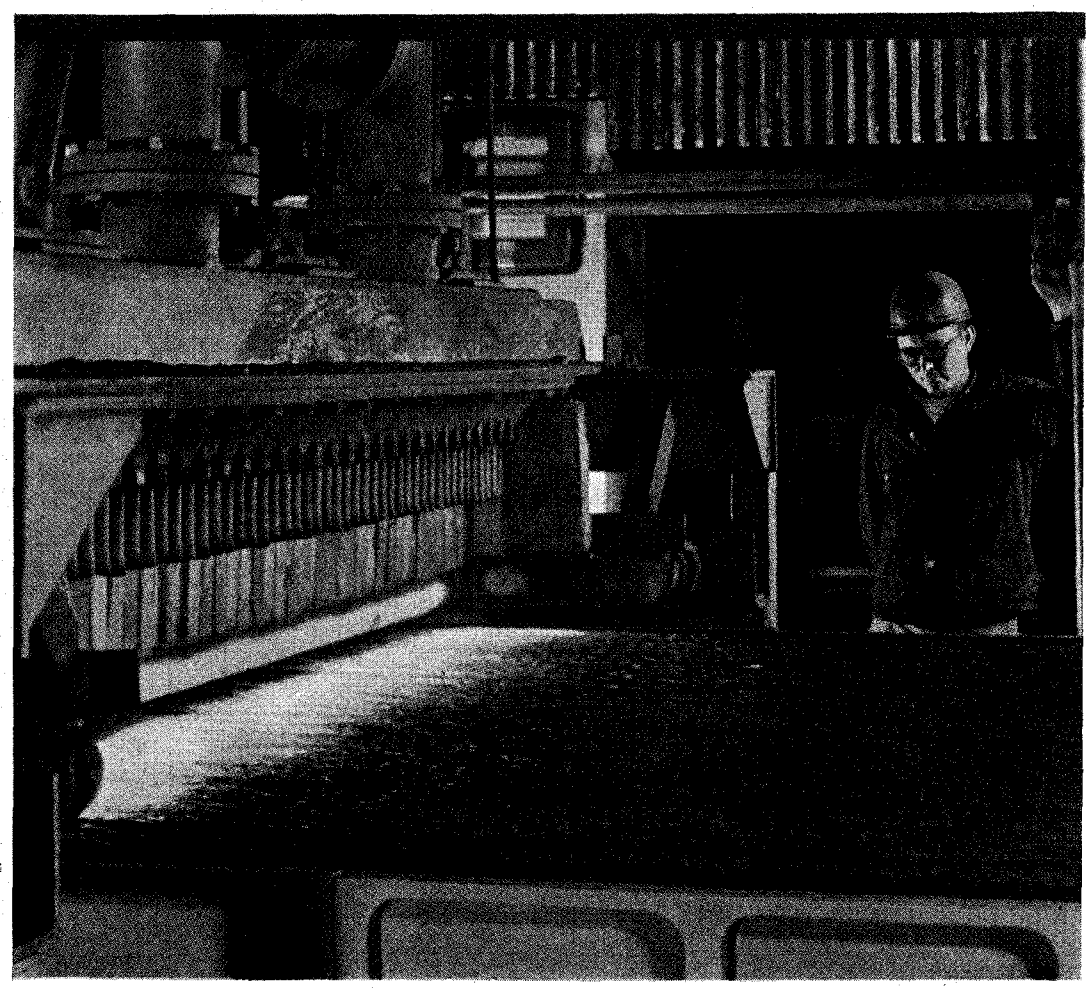
"Eet ees so," she replied.

"You have it still?" Artemus asked.

"Do I do harm to the ones who keel my Manuelo?" Nita asked earnestly.



The driller . . . the baker . . . and the



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"I am sure that you do," he assured her.

"Then I get," she said, and disappeared into her bedroom, which was off the kitchen. In a moment she returned with a laundry box tied with cord and, taking a knife from the drawer, she cut the string. Artemus slipped off the cover. Jick's mouth dropped open. Artemus gazed with astonishment. That box was full of new currency, neatly packaged. But the astonishing thing was that its contents were not all currency of the United States. There were packets of Canadian tens. There was also Mexican money, and other notes that Artemus did not recognize at first glance. He examined one of these. It was of Argentina.

So here was proof. The chief was right. He had postulated an international commerce in counterfeit, upon what foundation Artemus did not know. But here was verification of his deductions. In this box were specimens of the currencies of four countries. The face value mounted into the thousands. He did not pause to count, but very quickly readjusted the cover on the laundry box.

"Nita," he said somberly, "do you wish to live?"

"Of course, she wishes to live," said Jick. "Maybe she thinks not. But she doesn't want to die."

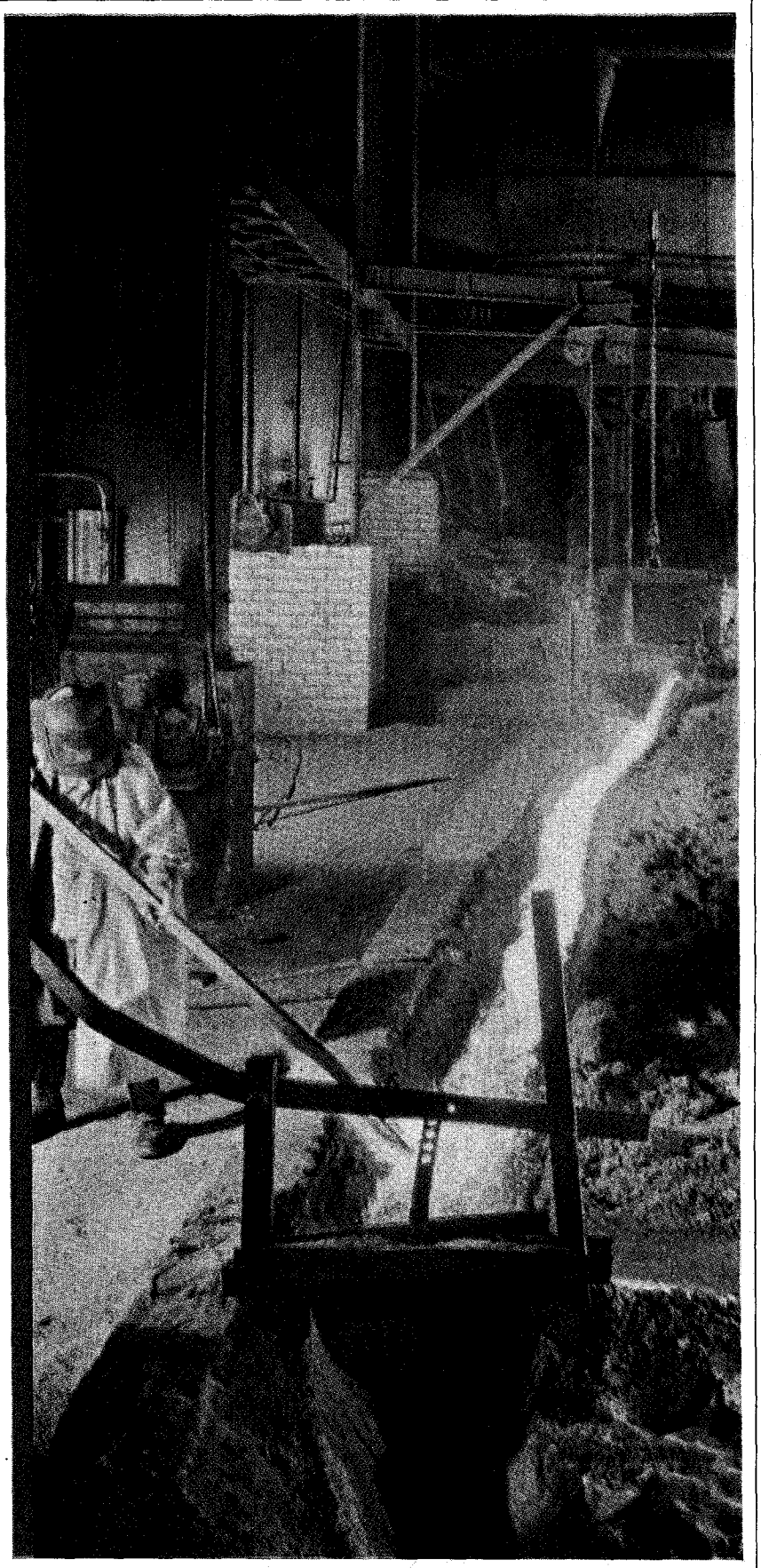
"I imagine you feel the same way about yourself," he said.

Color had fled from Jick's cheeks; her eyes were wide. "You can darned well shout that I want to live," she said tensely.

"Then," he said, "you will keep your very attractive little trap shut about this. And see to it that Nita does the same. You won't babble even to your father or mother, and especially not to Pomfret Lionel."

"Mr. Baldwin," Jick said icily, "if anybody tells you you haven't made a nuisance of yourself this day, you may deny it on my authority. I'm all hollow. Please get that—that swag—out of the house as pronto as you can." She sniffed. "But," she said, eying him slantwise, "I'm not so scairt I can send you out into the nasty world without a helping of Nita's tamales. With her special tomato sauce. Like," she said with a smile that was somewhat wan—"like the condemned man ate a hearty snack of Mexican fried-corn-meal mush."

Artemus had made an astounding discovery. He had in his hands evidence of a counterfeiting operation not of United States currency alone but of the paper



ıungry hearths

'o feed the hungry hearths of America's blast ırnaces tomorrow, drillers today are doggedly earching for more iron ore in the wilds of abrador and other far-off places. Here at home, ıeanwhile, Koppers engineers are helping steelıakers get the most out of their ores by baking ıem into chunks of sinter.

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Can You Name This Star?

The three-year-old who got *both* buckets at the New Jersey seashore gained her first stage and film fame as a dumb, sexy chorine in Born Yesterday. Actually, she had an I.Q. of 172 at the age of ten, and has been quietly and happily married to a musician for eight years. A New Yorker born and bred, she prefers slacks to mink, home to night clubs. Her movies include The Marrying Kind and It Should Happen to You. Can you name her?

John Fanning Roberts

ANSWER:
Judy Holliday

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money of foreign nations. In all his experience he never had seen more perfectly executed notes. They might escape detection even by vigilant eyes. The tracery was clean, backgrounds surprisingly unsmudged. The plates from which these notes had been printed had been worked over by an expert engraver, so that those defects which make bogus currency detectable had been all but eliminated.

There were deductions to be made from that laundry box full of false bills. First, it seemed evident that Sweet Lips Chavez was a professional passer, but that he had been forbidden to foist counterfeits upon the gullible citizens of the United States. His connections were with Mexico. Artemus assumed that these works of art were to have been taken across the border and there distributed to others who would see to it that they reached their destination in Canada or Argentina. Channels of delivery must have been arranged, and this indicated an organization, a network which spread over the Western Hemisphere and possibly over the world. This evidence must be placed as speedily as possible in the hands of the Secret Service. But that posed a problem.

It was true that he could abandon his character as a fugitive gunman from Chicago and convey the box directly to Norman Wessler in the Federal Building. But that would mean abandoning his assignment at a moment when it might become completely successful. He did not think his chief would approve of such a course, which would demonstrate lack of resource. He could telephone directly to Wessler and ask that gentleman to come out to the Roche house and get the evidence. But there were grave risks there. He would have to remain until Wessler arrived, for he dared not abandon this trove of counterfeit notes even for an instant. He knew that he had been watched by spying eyes. It might be known at this moment where he was and, if Wessler came, a connection between himself and Secret Service could be established. It would be possible to send for Lieutenant Dutra, but this house was outside Dutra's jurisdiction, and again there was the danger of establishing an entente between himself and the police. The problem, therefore, was to get this evidence into Wessler's hands in a manner so adroit that no spy upon his movements could have anything to report.

"You look," said Jick, her brows arched, "as if somebody had left a baby on your doorstep."

"The baby," he rejoined, "is welcome. But I've got to find a nurse for it."

"I could deliver it for you," she offered.

"I'd as soon ask you to run around the country with a time bomb in your pocket," he said.

They were startled by the ringing of the doorbell on the kitchen wall above their heads.

"Heysoos will answer it," Jick said, her rendering of the Spanish pronunciation of the name of the man who tripled in brass as houseman, yardman and chauffeur.

It might be nothing, a casual caller, a salesman for magazines. They waited. The houseman pushed open the swinging door.

"Meester Bayside, he call," the man said.

This might be coincidence. Bayside might have been driving by on his way to or from Scottsdale and have dropped in on the spur of the moment. Or it could be something else. It might be a deliberate interruption of Artemus' call in that house. His presence there might have been reported to the artist. He might have been dispatched in haste to see what was going on. Certainly to Artemus the man's presence was unwelcome.

"I'll go on," Jick said. "I'll get rid of him."

"He will have seen my car," Artemus objected. "Let's be normal."

Jick preceded Artemus into the spacious living room. The artist had seated himself on the divan before the picture window which looked across the desert to the distant purple mountains. He arose with a lithe movement and frowned as he saw Artemus.

"Just passing," he smiled. "Hope I'm not breaking in."

"Indeed not," Jick told him, and then, with the merest glint of mischief in her eyes, "I think you've met Mr. Baldwin."

Bayside nodded, but did not look at the Secret Service man. There remained a slight discoloration on his jaw as a reminder of his encounter with Artemus at the ball park.

"I'm mussy," Jick said, extending her fingers for inspection. "Mr. Baldwin's been helping me do up a package. My cousin Myrtle's birthday is next week and I'm getting off a present." Then she was untactful. "If you'll excuse me a moment, I'll finish the job. I'm fancying it up with ribbons."

With no significant glance at Artemus, she strode boyishly out of the room, leaving the two men face to face. Artemus grinned at Bayside and waited. He wondered uneasily what Jick was up to.

Bayside's eyes were hot with hatred. For an instant Artemus thought the man would fail to keep his temper in check and launch an attack.

"Hold it," Artemus said sharply. "Bad manners to wreck the joint."

Bayside, by an effort, held himself in check. "You took me by surprise," the artist said harshly.

"Sure," Artemus admitted. "If you're going to hit, hit quick."

"When the time comes," Bayside said venomously, "I'll hit quick, you damned roughneck."

"Listen, mister," Artemus said. "I got no war with you. You're drunk, see? You annoy a lady. So I put the slug on you. No hard feelings. Anybody's apt to paw out of turn when he's full of hooch. Forget it."

"I'm not forgetting it, Baldwin."

Artemus shrugged. "Suits me. If you want a return bout, you'll get accommodated. Now pipe down. This ain't a barroom."

Bayside was quivering with rage. He turned his back and walked to the window, where he stood, hands trembling, and stared unseeingly out upon the dramatic landscape. Artemus lighted a cigarette and eased himself into a comfortable chair.

It was five minutes before Jick returned, lifting penciled brows as she saw the attitudes of the two men. She carried a package in her arms—an oblong package about the size of a laundry box. But it was a gay, ornate package, decorated with ribbons and rosettes and colorful doodads like Christmas-tree ornaments.

"I love to do up presents," she said innocently. "I wanted to show you before I wrap it for shipping."

Artemus admired the package. "You're kind of artistic," he complimented her. "It sure looks classy."

"I'll have Heysoos put on the heavy wrappings," she said. "I wonder if you'll mail it on your way to town, Mr. Baldwin. It'll save a day if you'll take it down to Phoenix."

"Sure," Artemus said; "glad to."

Jick went out to the kitchen again, but returned quickly and cuddled in an overstuffed chair. She looked tiny and very young and quite definitely self-satisfied. With a jerky, birdlike movement of her head on its slender neck, she flicked a glance from one man to the other.

"When gentlemen," she said, "come to call on a lady, their job is to keep her from being bored. I am very easy to stop from being bored. But you're not coming up to scratch. You haven't made even a second-rate wisecrack. The way I feel, I'd giggle at a very bad joke. But you two are just abysmally stupid."

"I guess maybe I cramp Bayside's style," Artemus said. "I bet he'd be the life of the party if I took a walk and left him the floor." His eyes fixed themselves upon Jick significantly. "Give him half an hour alone with you and he'll have you in stitches." He could only hope that Jick understood his message.

She nodded vigorously. "I'll give him thirty minutes to redeem himself," she said. "But, please, Mr. Baldwin, don't forget my package."

"Almost did," he said, as the houseman returned to the room with the laundry box neatly and securely wrapped in heavy paper for mailing. Jick carried it to the desk.

"Just a second while I address it," she said.

She printed carefully and handed the box to Artemus, who tucked it under his arm. He said good-by briefly, glanced sardonically at Bayside and went out of the front door.

As he walked to his car he admired Jick. In the language of the underworld, she was a "slick chick." She had been adroit; she had risen with startling intelligence to the emergency. Her quick mind had understood that he wished her to detain Bayside until he could be well away. But he did not realize the audacity of the girl until he sat behind the wheel, about to start his car, and looked down at the wrapped box on the seat beside him. It was addressed in bold printing to NORMAN WESSLER, THE FEDERAL BUILDING, PHOENIX, ARIZONA. Her adroit mind had hoodwinked Bayside, if indeed he needed to be hoodwinked, and had solved Artemus' problem of delivery. What safer messenger could be chosen than the United States mail? And with no risk to himself; no risk of exposure, no arousing of suspicion. The name of Norman Wessler would mean nothing to the postal employee behind the window in Scottsdale's post office.

He drove to the village at speed, found a parking space in front of the post office and went inside. There he bought the necessary parcel-post stamps and added a special delivery. To the girl who accepted the package, it was a routine transaction exciting no curiosity. The all-important evidence was on its way. It would be safely delivered. One slight difficulty remained—to notify Wessler that it was on the way.

He drove into the carport beside his cabin in the motel. There was one letter awaiting him. The envelope contained a plain sheet of paper on which was typed a message. It was terse. "Get results," it commanded.

He did not need a signature to inform him of the identity of the man who had sent the letter. That would be dapper Marvin Leeds. Artemus preserved the note in an inside pocket. The day might come when it would be important evidence. The typewriter upon which it had been written could be identified. He sat, tabulating his thoughts, when the telephone rang. He was not greatly surprised that Colonel Beauregard should be on the other end of the line, speaking with suave dignity.

"I am in somewhat of a dilemma," the colonel said. "I have tickets for the performance at the Sombrero Theater tonight, but an unanticipated business matter will prevent my accompanying my daughter. She is particularly wishful to see this play. I'm wondering if you will be free to take my place?"

"Delighted," Artemus said.

"You will be our guest at The Silver Slipper for dinner. It is, as you know, but a step from the playhouse. Will seven be convenient?"

"I will call for Miss Jennifer at seven," Artemus agreed.

Now what was this? What did it portend? Was there any connection between this invitation and the note just received from Marvin Leeds? At any rate, it was a thing to do. Some hours of afternoon stretched before him, with nothing definite to pursue. So he stretched himself on his bed after locking his door, picked up a book and read until it was time to dress for the evening. At six o'clock he got up, bathed, shaved and arrayed himself in a blue suit that had been tailored by an artist. It had an expensive look, but it would have made a Bond Street tailor shudder. It was too broad in the shoulders, too (*Continued on Page 70*)

"It didn't seem like it would be much of an elopement without a ladder."

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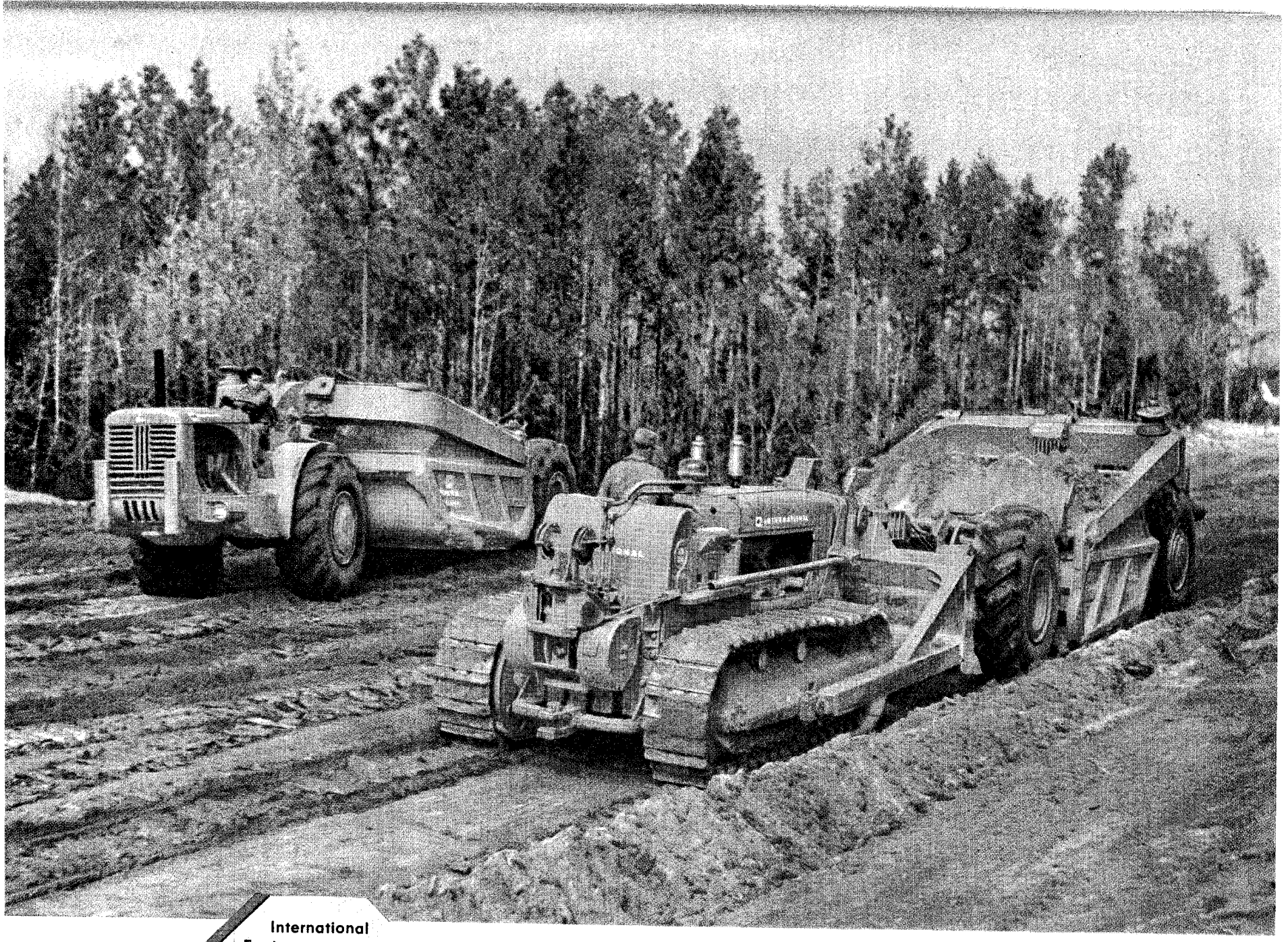

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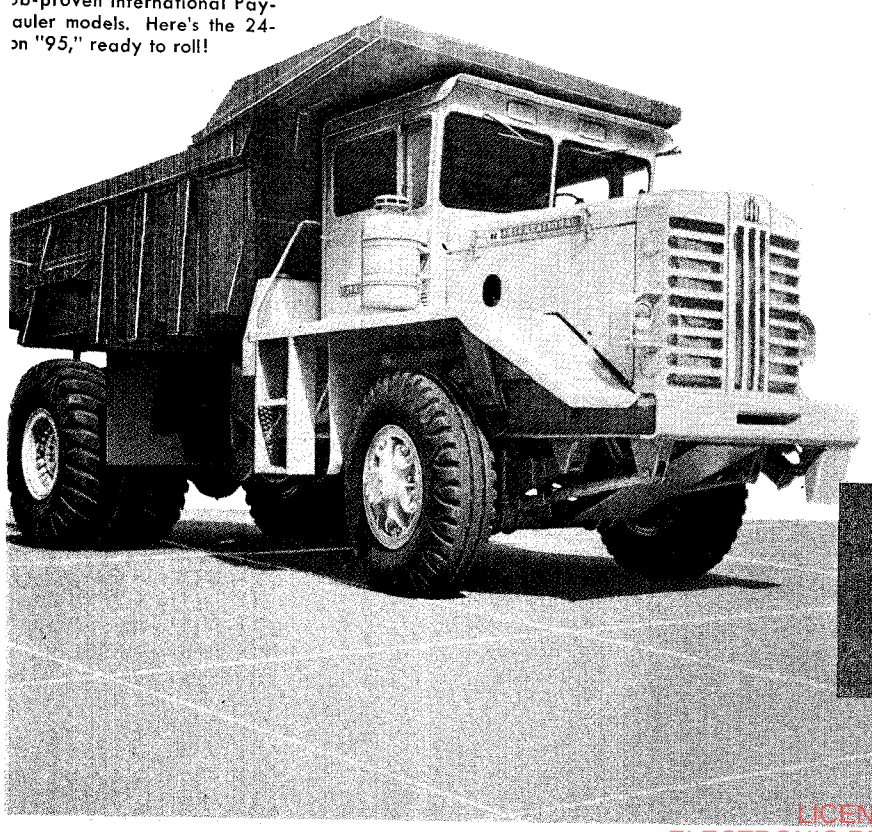

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(*Continued from Page 68*) narrow at the waist. New York's Fifty-second Street would have admired it. He drove down to the hotel, telephoned the Beauregards' suite and was informed that Jennifer would descend immediately. She came down, accompanied by her father, who was urbane as he apologized for drafting Artemus as escort for his daughter. Miss Jennifer would attract all eyes as she walked down the aisle of the theater that night.

"If you think," Artemus said, "that taking Miss Jennifer to a show is a chore, then you better take another think."

"You're nice," Jennifer said demurely.

"And I," said the colonel, "am gratified that you are not inconvenienced. I hope you will have an agreeable evening."

Artemus and Jennifer passed into the auto lobby and waited for his car to descend.

"Father," she said, "is a deceptive person. He never neglects business."

"You wouldn't pick him for a dollar chaser," Artemus said.

"He's really very astute—and successful," Jennifer told him. "And venturesome."

"What brings this up?" Artemus asked.

"He amuses me," Jennifer answered. "Always on the lookout. He doesn't need to make money, but he makes a hobby of it—the way other men play golf or breed horses. Especially if it is some coup that conservative businessmen would avoid."

"Leading up to what?" Artemus wanted to know.

"You're shrewd yourself," Jennifer said with a little tinkling laugh. "All right, sir. Father's interested in you."

"There's no money in me," he said.

"That's exactly what I told him," she replied.

Artemus' car rolled off the elevator. He handed Jennifer to a seat, walked around the rear and got in under the wheel. When they were driving up Central he resumed the conversation where it had been broken off.

"So," he said, "the colonel thinks I'm good for a piece of change? So he has a business date tonight and can't take you to the show."

"I told him you'd wonder," she said, and nestled against his arm.

"So," Artemus said inclemently, "he sicks you on me. To find out what? Does he often use you for bait?" He was close to being rude.

Jennifer laughed. "Not too often. Once in a while, and it amuses me."

"Right," he said. "Go ahead and fish."

"Don't be stuffy," she rejoined, and he could feel the warmth of her shoulder pressed against his arm. The sensation was not exactly revolting. "I like playing games. I was agreeable to going out with you tonight, not because father wanted me to, but because I wanted to myself."

"We'll take that end of it up later," Artemus said. "What were you supposed to worm out of me?"

"He's interested in Yaquis," she said frankly. "He saw that bit of gold you had the other day."

"Bushwa!" Artemus said roughly. "For a thin dime I'd dump you on the curb and let you walk home."

"But you won't," she said confidently and touched his knee with long, slender fingers. "What really stirred his interest was when that Indian was found murdered in your bathroom. He reasoned that people don't go around killing even Yaquis without a motive. And so something is going on that smells like money."

"He's nuts," Artemus snapped.

"It's the sort of thing that intrigues him," she said. "Off the beaten path. Romantic." She paused. "Have you much money?" she asked unexpectedly.

"When I need money," he said harshly, "I get it."

"I'm sure you do," she purred. "But sometimes a man doesn't have enough. Sometimes a man needs financial help. It's all very silly, isn't it? Now, I'm not very smart, but I told him this has all the earmarks of a swindle."

"So now I'm working a racket!"

"Could be," she said gaily. "But he won't have it so. It was this murder that made him stubborn. I think that he's wanting to talk to you and this Yaqui of yours."

"Just for laughs, let's say there's something doing. Why should I cut him in?"

"Because," she said, "you haven't the money to—how do you say it?—swing it alone."

"Tell him," Artemus said impolitely, "to go chase himself."

"Well," she said without resentment, "I've lured you for father's benefit, and it got me nowhere. Subject closed. Now I'll lure you for my own behoof and see if I can get better results."

They turned into the parking lot between the restaurant and the theater, and entered the dimly lighted room, where musicians were already soothing the diners. Seats were given them at a table not far from the middle of the café, and a waiter took their order.

"I would like," Jennifer said in her attractively demure way, "to be plied with a Martini." Her words, as Artemus had discovered, were generally oddly at variance with her shy expression. Her face was the face of aristocratic reserve, of inexperience, but her words were provocative. If one looked into her eyes, he felt that the words she spoke were uttered without understanding of their implications. If one did not look, but only listened, he was convinced that he was being encouraged by an expert in the art of Circe.

The room filled rapidly, for the play that night was one that had enjoyed a phenomenal Broadway success, and the star was an enchanting young woman wearing the glamour of Hollywood.

Jennifer, who faced the entrance, exclaimed. "It isn't possible!" she said. "There simply can't be such people!"

Artemus turned and saw the headwaiter ushering to seats the unwieldy, waddling bodies of Louis and Jason Baffin. They were elegant in evening clothes, their chins were imprisoned by correct collars, their shirt fronts gleamed as they advanced like twin avalanches. They seated themselves with ceremony and peered blandly about the room. A moment later, Mr. and Mrs. Roche, accompanied by Jick and a young man whose name Artemus did not remember, were led to seats in one of the semicircular recesses against the wall. Before the first course was served to Artemus and Jennifer, Marvin Leeds, escorting a very chic young woman, made his appearance. *Now*, thought Artemus, *if Walker Bayside comes, the whole cast will be present.* But Walker Bayside did not come. The others were present and conspicuously present. Artemus felt a pricking of the thumbs. He had been trained to eye with suspicion. There might be no significance to the fact that all these people were here at the same time. There was no reason to think otherwise. Training had impressed a thing upon Artemus' mind. It was almost an axiom of criminal investigation. If a suspected person is conspicuously present in a public spot, it may be for the purpose of proving that he was not in some other spot where something is happening. He was uneasy. But, with all his uneasiness, he was aware of a contradiction. The Baffin brothers and Marvin Leeds were not confederates. If some depredation were planned by one, the others would be unaware of it. All would not be providing themselves with an alibi for the same purpose. Among them was no community of interest.

"Have you forgotten something?" Jennifer asked tartly.

"Such as what?" Artemus asked.

"Me," Jennifer replied.

Before he could defend himself against this charge of neglect, the huge body of Jason Baffin loomed over him, beaming. "So pleased to see you," the man said effusively. "I've been hoping to encounter you."

"I haven't been hiding," Artemus said.

"Indeed not. Indeed not. But our paths haven't crossed." He paused and looked significantly at Jennifer Beauregard, patently inviting an introduction. Artemus ignored the opportunity, and Jason was disconcerted.

"See me during office hours," Artemus said rudely.

With a hurt look in his bulging eyes, Jason spoke to Jennifer, even without an introduction.

"A most difficult young man," he said. "Lacking in urbanity. My brother and I made him an advantageous business offer—which he declined. I merely wished to inquire if something had happened in the interim to change his mind."

"Something happened," Artemus said, "but it didn't change my mind. If anything happens again, my word to you is you better increase your insurance. Now go and guzzle your soup."

Jason spread his pudgy hands and shrugged. "An unreasonable young man," he said, and moved away.

"Very, very interesting," Jennifer said. "Weren't you rather rough with the gentleman?"

"About average," Artemus said.

"I don't think that was a nice man," she said, not smiling. It could be that the expression in her lovely eyes was one of calculation.

"A heel," Artemus said tersely.

"Something tells me," she said with a Mona Lisa smile, "that there could be safer places for a girl to ride than beside you in your car."

"I'll call you a taxi," he snapped.

"Oh, no," she retorted. "I'm like father. I enjoy taking chances."

"If," he observed, "we're going to see the curtain go up, you better put on the feed bag."

"How delightfully elegant," Jennifer said, wrinkling her nose. "I suppose it is the novelty that makes you so attractive."

Their steaks arrived, and both dined with appetite. Jennifer became tactful, exerting herself to put Artemus at ease. Jennifer signed the check. They pushed back their chairs and threaded their way between tables to the exit. He bowed to the Roches, not noting that Jick peered at him with jaundiced eye. It was but a few yards across the parking space to the theater, but Artemus did not take the most direct path. He was looking for the limousine of the Baffin brothers. It was nosed against the fence. Moose and Burps occupied its front seat. Artemus jerked open the door. He grinned at the two bodyguards and turned to Jennifer.

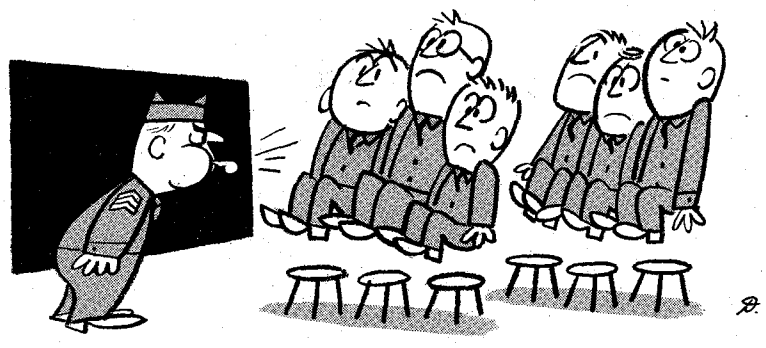
"D'ye like trained apes?" he asked of Jennifer. "These can't do very good tricks." Then he slammed the door, took her arm and led her to the theater door.

"Was that necessary?" she asked.

"No," Artemus answered, "but it was fun."

At the end of the first act Artemus and Jennifer went into the clubroom adjoining the theater. The Roche family had preceded them and was sitting at a table in the center of the space. Mr. Roche stood up and waved a neighborly hand to them.

"Hi, Baldwin," he called, "bring the flower of the Southland and have a quencher with us! . . . Miss Jennifer, you're prettier 'n a spotted pup this evening." He bustled for chairs. "Ma and Jick," he said (*Continued on Page 74*)



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From the rear of the room a bored voice sounded: "The enemy, sergeant."

Pvt. R. B. Stannard

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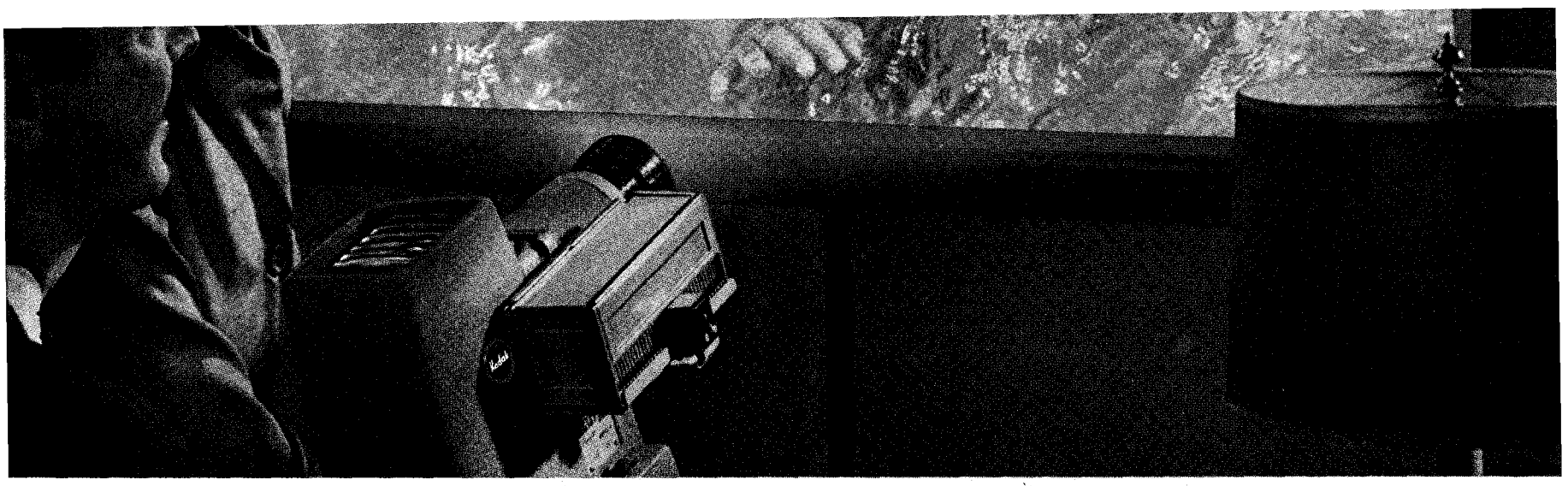

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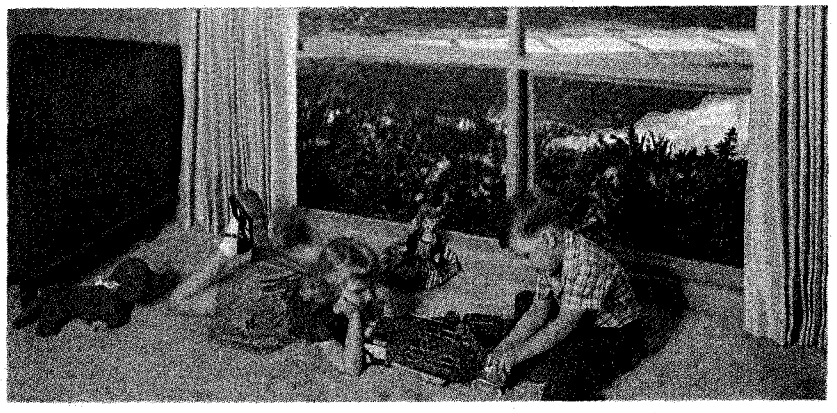

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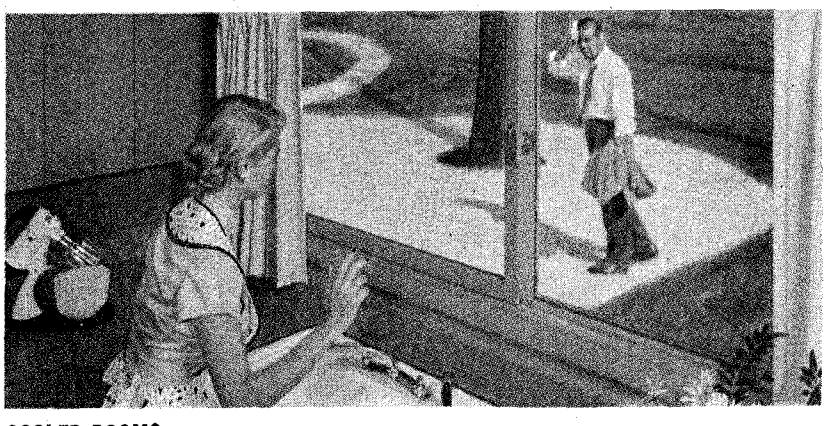

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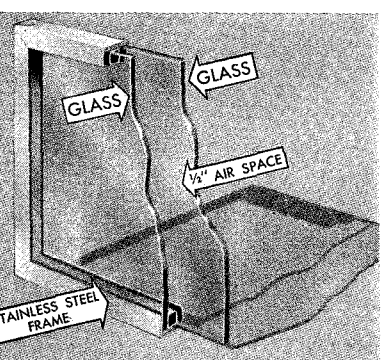

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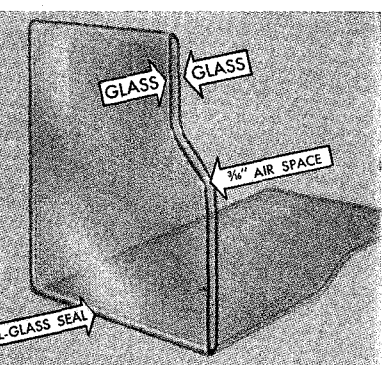

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(*Continued from Page 70*) amiably, "haven't green eyes. They just look that color. 'O, beware, my lord, of jealousy; it is the green-eyed monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on.' Othello: Act Three, Scene Three."

"We may well be jealous," Mrs. Roche said graciously. "You are lovely tonight, Miss Beauregard."

"Where's Pomfret Lionel?" Artemus asked. "Doesn't he go for the stage?"

"He dotes on it," Jick said, "but he's not being precocious this week. He's gone off on a hike with his Boy Scouts."

Mr. Roche cleared his throat and snorted. "I was in Marseilles a year ago," he said, apparently without reference to anything. Everyone waited for something to follow, but nothing followed.

"I'm told," said Jennifer, "that the food is excellent there."

"If," said Mr. Roche, "you like the fish chowder they call bouillabaisse. Kind of a comical thing happened while I was there. Yeah. A bunch of counterfeiters was so bold-faced as to move right into a printin' shop on Sundays when it was closed. Worked there right in broad daylight. Seems as though fellers with that much enterprise ought to have had better luck."

Artemus was listening intently now. Mr. Roche delighted to seem erratic, but without a purpose he rarely made what seemed like an arrant *non sequitur* in the midst of a conversation. Why, wondered Artemus, bring up the subject of counterfeiting in Marseilles at this moment?

Mr. Roche was on his feet again. He had no inhibitions against making himself conspicuous. He was as devoid of self-consciousness as a child. "Hey, Leeds!" he bawled above the chatter in the room. "Want to see you a minute!" He turned to the party at his table. "My lawyer," he explained. "Want to ask him a question."

Leeds, sleek, graceful of movement, threaded his way to the table. "Good evening, Mr. Roche," he said smilingly.

"Got a report on that matter?" Roche asked, and in the same breath, "My wife, my daughter, Miss Beauregard 'n' Mr. Baldwin," he introduced.

Leeds acknowledged the presentation, giving no sign that he ever had met Artemus before. He had, of course, met the ladies at the Roche cocktail party. "I'm very sorry, Mr. Roche. I have no report for you as yet. These things take time."

Mr. Roche giggled. He had, it seemed, no objection to talking about his business affairs before outsiders. "That pair of grampuses," he said, "that go by the name of Baffin. They calc'late to skin me in a dicker for some mining claims. Me, I figger on gyppin' them with some oil leases. Could be we'll come out in the end finaglin' each other. . . . Wa-all, be seeing you around, Leeds."

"You ought to know father more intimately," Jennifer Beauregard smiled. "He dotes on risky business ventures too."

"Durin' a long lifetime," said Mr. Roche roguishly, "I've flimflammed other folks more times than they've euchred me." Then he went off on another surprising tangent. "Speakin' of borzoi dogs," he said.

"Now what?" Jick asked.

"Beats all," her father said, "how they set off a sightly young woman. If you, f'rinstance, Jick, was to parade along, say Fifth Avenue, or the Champs Élysées, or the Cannebière draggin' a borzoi on the end of a string, you'd attract attention."

"So I would if I led a zebra or a diplodocus," Jick retorted.

"They wouldn't be chic," said her father. . . . "D'ye realize, Baldwin, that when I go skyhootin' off to lecture before the Sorbonne, or such like, I'm apt to let my eyes wander? Ma and Jick not being there to keep me soothed, I stroll around likely places and look 'em over."

Artemus chanced to be looking at Jennifer. Her eyes had narrowed, her face had lost its soft, alluring lines. She was intent, watchful.

"Some girls you see," Mr. Roche went on, "stand out in your mind. Like one I saw walking her dog along the Rue St. Honoré. Saw the same gal again in Marseilles. Wa-al"—he yawned—"guess we better go see the next act."

Artemus was puzzled. It seemed to him that in some mischievous way Mr. Roche was playing cat-and-mouse with Jennifer Beauregard. Bouillabaisse and borzois and promenades in Paris and Marseilles! Jennifer obviously was disconcerted. When they reached their seats and before the curtain went up, she leaned toward Artemus.

"What an odd character Mr. Roche is," she said in a brittle whisper.

"He cuts up capers with his mouth," Artemus rejoined.

"What is his business?" she wanted to know.

"He doesn't say," Artemus told her. "Used to be some kind of a professor, from what I hear."

"Have you known him long?"

"Week or so," Artemus said.

"He seems to travel a great deal."

"Sashays around telling riddles to college kids and professors and like that."

"Could it be he works for the Government?" Jennifer asked.

"Not a chance," Artemus said. "Government wouldn't stand for him. No, it's

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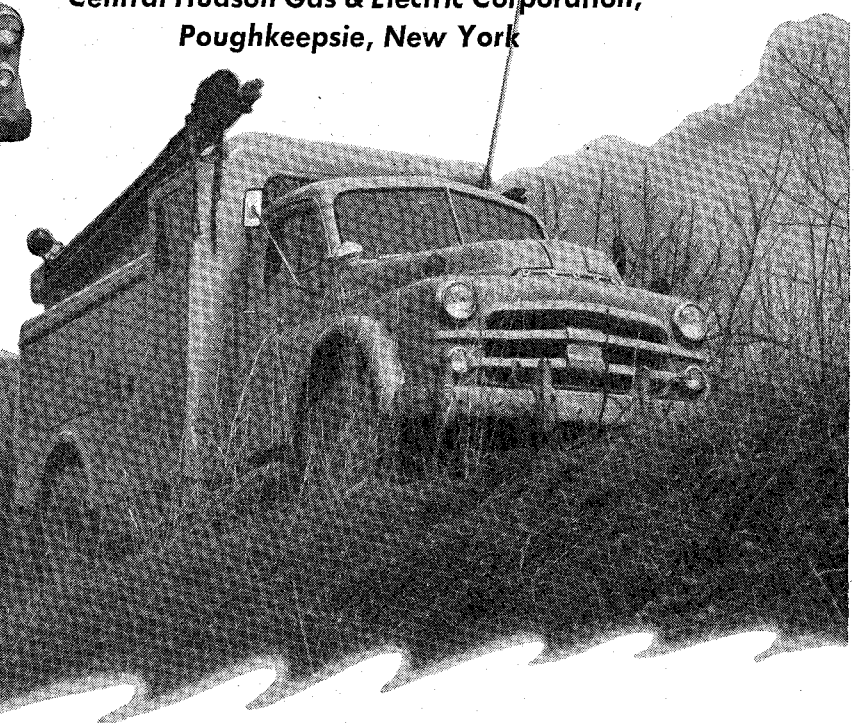

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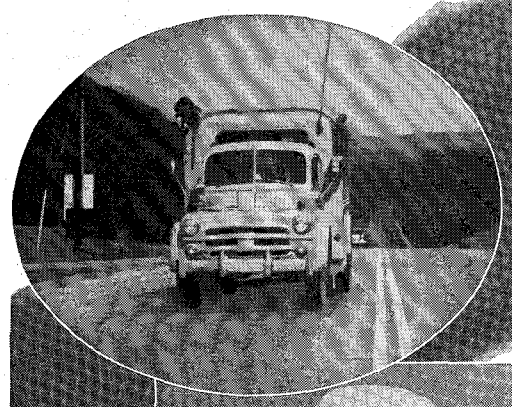

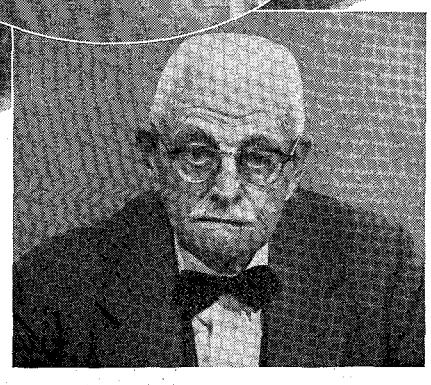

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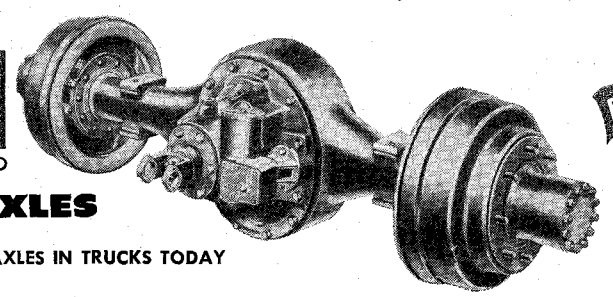

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cockeyed enough without having him making a monkey of it."

"Could this eccentricity of his be a cover?" she asked.

Artemus turned quickly to stare at her. "Where did you get hold of that word, cover?"

She shrugged. "Out of some detective story, I imagine."

"Could be," he said, but he was not satisfied. "You travel a lot, too, don't you?"

"We have lived abroad much of the time. In London, Paris, on the Riviera."

"I've heard about this Riviera," Artemus said. "Where's it at?"

"On the Mediterranean," she answered.

"Where's this town he was spouting about—Marsi-eee?"

"Marseilles." She spelled it for him. "You pronounce it with the liquid *l*'s," she explained.

"Oh, that town. I always thought you called it Marsails. Ever been there? I hear it's a kind of tough place."

"I never have been there," she said sharply.

"I thought maybe in that cockeyed way of his he was hinting that you were his girl with the borzoi dog."

"I never," she said definitely, "owned such an animal."

He was sure that she was lying. He was certain she had been in the French seaport and also that her companion had been a borzoi. But why should she be so upset about it? There was no harm in being in Marseilles or in owning any breed of dog.

The curtain went up, making further conversation impossible. Artemus did not enjoy the following acts of the play. For the most part, he followed neither action nor dialogue. A sixth sense, which any man long in the profession which he followed must develop, warned him that this affair was approaching its climax. Reason, as distinguished from instinct, informed him that events could not remain in the present state of suspension. He had allowed himself—deliberately allowed himself—to be juggled into a position in which he might well fall between two stools.

Less than an hour before, the Baffins had delivered what amounted to an ultimatum. The note received that day, the anonymous note, which could have been sent by no one but Leeds, constituted another ultimatum. He would have to defend himself against the Baffins, and in doing so would make himself a cat's-paw of the people represented by the effeminate little lawyer. On the other hand, if he avoided the Baffins and did not come to open warfare with them, he would have the other side in a mood to take dynamic action. It was an unpleasant dilemma.

In the morning the mails would deliver to Wessler the box of counterfeit currencies which he had unearthed. That had been a tremendous step ahead. It had made it a practical certainty that bogus bills of several nations were being uttered in Phoenix, but it did not tell him in what spot or by whom.

The play drew to its conclusion. He conducted Jennifer, who had drawn within herself to the point of taciturnity, out of the theater and to the parking lot. Cars were jockeying themselves out of the tightly packed huddle. He looked about for his own automobile, which had been parked by the attendant. The man saw him and approached.

"You Mr. Baldwin?" he asked.

"That's my name," Artemus answered.

The attendant lowered his voice. "There's a feller in the back of your car," he said. "He's O.K. Don't start nothin'. He wants to talk to you."

The man pointed out Artemus' car. "Want I should back it out?" he asked, but Artemus declined that service and handed over a dollar bill. He helped Jennifer to her seat and, without looking into the tonneau, backed the car into the lane and inched his way toward Seventh Avenue.

"It's me," said the thick voice of Porque the Egg.

"I guessed," said Artemus. "What gives?"

"How about the skirt?" Porque asked cautiously.

"Never mind the skirt," Artemus said roughly. "Give out."

"Two strange torpedoes in town." Porque used a designation now almost obsolete in the argot of the underworld. "From the Coast."

Cloud Above the Land

By Roland English Hartley

How wide a shadow one small cloud will lay upon the land!
Often while I stand
High in the summer sunlight on a hill,
I see the darkness flowing, slow and still,
Beyond the trees, across the plain, to drown
In sudden dark the colors of the town.

And all this done—
This conquest of the sun—
By one slight drifting wisp of white
That I can wholly hold from sight
Behind my lifted hand.

And now I feel a coolness flowing near;
Shadows of trees fade in the cloud's swift shade;
Dimness spreads like a silence here,
While down in the town colors are sun-displayed.

"You're doing the talking," Artemus said.

"The boys is playin' it safe," Porque said. "They're hidin' in the coal cellar. They want no part of a killin'."

"Who's elected for the slab in the morgue?" Artemus demanded.

"The whisper is," answered Porque, "that it's you."

"Because," said Artemus, "Moose and Burps have fallen down on the job."

"That's the word, Mr. Baldwin. I figured you ought to be put hep."

"How good are these guns?"

"How I hear it is they're top hands."

"Thanks, Porque," Artemus said, not roughly this time. "You've put yourself on the spot. A thing like this I don't forget."

"Aw, Mr. Baldwin," Porque said, wriggling. "Aw."

"What'll I do with you?" Artemus asked.

"The first red light I scram," Porque said.

Jennifer had listened, tense and silent, to this colloquy. Now she spoke, and there was no music in her voice, usually so melodious. "Why," she demanded, "should murderers be brought to Phoenix to kill you?"

"I got unpopular ways," Artemus said.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

Artemus did not answer her, but spoke to Porque. "Here's your red light," he said. "Pass the word along that I aim to make these out-of-town jokers hard to find. Got it? And the same goes for whoever brought them in."

This was a declaration of war. His hand had been forced. In his capacity as a Secret Service man, these gunmen were officially none of his business, just as the Baffins were none of his business until they violated Federal law. They were the concern of the local police. But it was an issue he could not now avoid.

Jennifer spoke sharply. "What sort of man have I allowed myself to be mixed up with?" she demanded.

As Porque opened the door and slithered away, Artemus turned a saturnine smile upon the girl.

"The kind you thought I was when you started making passes," he said crisply. "You wanted excitement and action. You were bored by a drab life with top-drawer people. You wanted to jump over the fence. So you jumped, and with your pretty eyes open." He was snarling. "So I'm a wrong one. You made the crack that if a wrong one turned out to be the right one for you, you'd play it that way for keeps. Well, here's your chance to fish or cut bait."

She let her hand fall upon his knee. "I'm frightened," she said in a pitiful voice.

He looked at her sharply. "Like hell you're frightened," he said, after a moment's inspection. He showed his teeth in a t_ht smile. "And neither," he said thinly, "is your borzoi dog."

She gasped. "What do you mean by that?" she demanded.

"I'm damned if I know," he answered. "Borzoi schmorzoi. What I know is I'm the wrong character to play for a sucker."

"But I haven't played you for a sucker. How could I? Why should I?" She leaned closer to him and her breath was warm on his cheek. "Kiss me," she said softly.

"What?" he exclaimed mockingly. "In all this traffic!"

Another red light stopped them. She pressed against him, threw her arm around his neck and drew his lips down to hers, careless of what eyes might be watching.

"In traffic or anywhere," she said intensely.

In a moment he sat erect, his heart pounding. Her kiss had been thorough. It had not been the kiss of an ingénue.

"Lady," he said, and his voice was choked, "you been around."

The red light had not changed. Artemus breathed deeply. He was not calm. Any young man, no matter how inhibited, would not have been calm, and Artemus was far from inhibited. His head was whirling. After that moment of fire he was not alert.

He was startled to awareness when both doors to the back seat were snatched open and, before he could turn, two men pounded into the car.

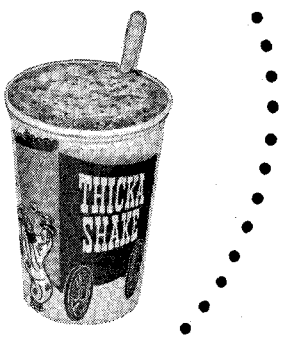
"Keep your hands on the wheel, buddy," said one of the intruders. "You're headed for a spot where you can canoodle real private."

Artemus gripped the wheel. "Nice planning," he said bitterly to Jennifer.

"I didn't!" she cried. "Oh, I didn't! I didn't!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Pick your dream!



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That Other Woman

(Continued from Page 26)

"A whole month!" Martha could feel her excitement. "If we fly both ways, that will mean we can have a week in London and a week in Edinburgh. Or maybe a week in Edinburgh is too much? Because, after all, we don't want to miss Oxford and Wales and ——" Her breathless voice stopped. "Darling," she said, "what's wrong?"

"Why," Roger said, and he hesitated. He seemed embarrassed. "You seem to have your heart set on England. The only thing is —— You see, I've already bought our tickets to Rome."

"Oh," Martha said, deflated.

"Would it ruin the trip for you if we didn't go to England?"

Martha had never been abroad. Going to Europe was one of those things, like her dream house, that Martha had always carried tucked away in what she called the wishful-thinking part of her mind. Martha saw now, as she watched the troubled look on Roger's face, that her reasons for wanting to go to England were not necessarily Roger's. What difference did it make whether they went to England or Italy or, for that matter, Timbuktu? All that mattered was that they were going together.

"Of course it won't ruin the trip for me," Martha said quickly. "My only reason for England is that, never having been to Europe, I assumed England was where everybody went first. But Italy is perfect for a wedding anniversary. Let's start planning our itinerary this very minute!"

They planned several and then Roger pointed out they could hardly visit in a month all the places Leonardo da Vinci hadn't managed to cover in a lifetime. But the planning held a special excitement Martha felt was more electrifying than anything that had happened since their wedding.

She and Roger had met and married during the war, when they were in their early twenties, and Roger had gone overseas almost at once. Unlike many couples, who, when the war ended and the husbands came home, had children to help cement relationships that had become weakened during the long separation, Martha and Roger McNeil had only each other.

It had not occurred to them that having each other might not be enough. Soon, however, the excitement of putting a home together, the preoccupation with Roger finding his feet in the business world, was behind them. They had time to pause, and draw a deep breath, and look around. What they saw was disturbing. The McNeils were the only couple in their group who did not have children.

"Roger," Martha said one day during his fourth year home, "I've been wondering how you'd feel about adopting a baby?"

"I don't think I'd like the idea very much," he had said.

There were times during the next few years when she had carried in her heart the leaden fear that she and Roger were not going to make it. The fact that their marriage had survived was a tribute to character rather than passion.

Roger McNeil was a decent man. Martha McNeil was an honorable woman. Neither would do anything to hurt the other. If the barren years had stilled the rapture that had been theirs when they first met, they had not changed their liking for each other. In their early thirties the McNeils found the fire was out, but there was enough warmth left in the habit of being together to keep them content.

Now, plotting their Italian journey, it occurred to Martha that it might be possible for them to have something more. She had the feeling that she and Roger were being offered a second chance, that they were about to embark on their true honeymoon.

Almost a month later, standing at the window of the small hospital room, the echo of her own innocent voice at last brought the tears so long denied her. She was helpless in the grip of her sobs, trying to make sense of the senseless disaster.

Everything had been going so well. The ten days in Rome had acted on Roger like water on a parched plant. He was gay and happy and excited. At the height of this excitement, at the very peak of her new happiness, had come the phone call from Doctor Bernini telling her in cautious words ——

"*Signora?*"

Martha turned. A slender girl in a starched blue-and-white uniform was standing beside a table she had just wheeled into the room.

"I'm sorry," Martha said. "I was just ——"

The girl pretended not to notice Martha's efforts to dry her tears and busied herself with the table. She drew a chair up to it, and then looked up.

"Perhaps the *signora* would like some wine with dinner?"

"No, thank you," Martha said. "This will be fine."

"Doctor Bernini asked me to make certain that the *signora* consumed her food," the girl said. "He selected me because I speak English, and so, if there is anything the *signora* wants ——"

"No, nothing, thanks," Martha said, and managed a small smile. "You don't have to stand guard over me. I promise to eat my dinner."

"Very well, *signora*," the girl said. "I will return in an hour."

Martha went to the table, sat down and picked up the neatly folded napkin. Something slid out of the folds, struck her knee, and fell to the floor.

Stooping for it, Martha saw it was a silver bracelet. A moment later, as her hand touched it, her surprise turned to astonishment. The bracelet looked familiar.

On the rectangular silver plate, between the strips of heavy links, was engraved LIEUTENANT ROGER MCNEIL. The name was followed by Roger's Army serial number and the symbols indicating his blood type.

Martha was puzzled. Not because this was the bracelet she had given Roger when he went overseas soon after their wedding. Her puzzlement was caused by her recollection of something Roger had told her after he came home from the war.

"Sorry about that handsome identification bracelet you gave me. I seem to have lost it in Italy. Do you mind?"

"As long as you've come back safely, darling," Martha had said cheerfully, "I don't mind what you left in Italy."

Ten years later, staring at the bracelet, Martha was reminded that on their second day in Rome, while lunching, Roger had unexpectedly asked what she planned to do that afternoon.

"It's so pleasant here in the sun, I'd just as soon stay put."

"Would you do it alone for an hour or two?"

"I suppose so," Martha had said. "What are you up to?"

"I'd rather not tell you," Roger had said, "if you don't mind?"

"Of course I don't mind," Martha had said, smiling back at him. She was pretty sure she knew what Roger would do. Martha was certain Roger wanted to surprise her with a gift to mark this already memorable anniversary. So she said cheerfully, "You go right ahead, darling, and I'll get myself a manicure, and meet you at the hotel in, say, two hours?"

Two hours later Martha was certain Roger had found what he was hunting. He looked radiant. A day or so later, however, he had again asked to be excused for a couple of hours. And then Roger had suggested that they remain in Rome a little longer.

"If you want to stay, of course we will," Martha had said. "But it means we'll have to cut down on Venice and Capri and other places."

"Those other places may not live up to expectations," Roger had said. "Rome has. Why not stay with a winner? About three more days."

If she hadn't agreed —— But the fact was that she had agreed. And they had stayed. And this afternoon, on what was to be their last day in Rome, Roger had again gone off alone for a couple of hours. It had not occurred to Martha that, on the way, his taxi would crash, any more than it had occurred to her that the present Roger had chosen was the silver identification bracelet she had given him ——

Martha's thoughts stopped as though they had been picked up and hurled against a stone wall. How, her common sense was asking—how had Roger managed to locate a bracelet that he had lost more than ten years ago?

And why, having located it, should it have been necessary to stay three extra days in Rome to obtain possession of it?

"Nurse! Nurse!" Martha didn't realize she was shouting until, moments later, she came to the end of the corridor.

"You want me, *signora?*"

Martha swung around. The slender girl in the starched blue-and-white uniform had come up behind her.

"Oh!" Martha said. "I wanted to ask you where ——"

"Would it not be better, *signora*, if we returned to your room?"

"Yes," Martha said. "I suppose so."

They went back to the room where Martha's dinner sat untouched. The girl closed the door and stood with her back to it.

"You wanted to ask me something, *signora?*"

"This bracelet," Martha said; "it was tucked into the napkin. When I lifted the napkin, it slid out of ——" The girl did not look surprised. "You knew it?" Martha said. "You knew it was in the napkin?"

"I put it there, *signora.*"

"Where did you get it?"

"A man gave it to me."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, *signora;* he is the brother of the woman."

"What woman?"

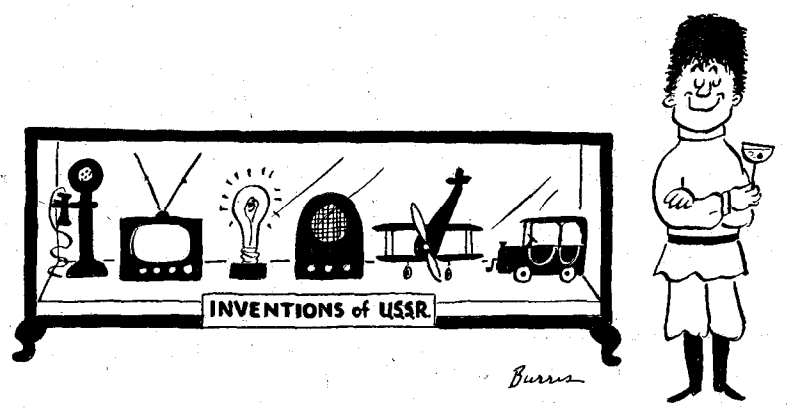
"The woman who was in the taxi with your husband, *signora.*"

There was room in Martha's mind for only one thought, *It's a lie.* Round and round it went, like a furious housekeeper flailing away with a broom, driving every other thought before it like so much dust.

Then the whirling stopped, and Martha was forced to let in an appalling new thought, *Why not?*

Most men, it seemed, were unfaithful to their wives at one time or another, and such unfaithfulness was naturally greater with couples like Martha and Roger, who had for so long been held together by little more than habit and mutual respect. All those years in New York, Roger had probably been running around with every tramp in town. The very least Roger could have done, Martha thought bitterly, was restrain himself during this wedding-anniversary trip. Surely he owed her that much!

Looking down at the bracelet in her hand, catching a distorted half glimpse of her face in the small silver rectangle, Martha was (*Continued on Page 79*)



The Perfect Squelch

During the period when the communists were claiming the invention of just about everything from the primitive wheel to electricity, a very talkative Russian attended an American party. There, well awash with cocktails, he began listing the major inventions, including radar, television, the telephone, airplane and automobile, which he insisted Soviet scientists had made.

As he grew more expansive, his claims became larger and louder, until one listener, an American newsman, finally interrupted him. "There's one invention I'm sure you Russians will never put on your list," he said firmly.

The Russian snorted. "What's that?"

With quiet relish, the newsman told him, "The lie detector."

Dick Applegate

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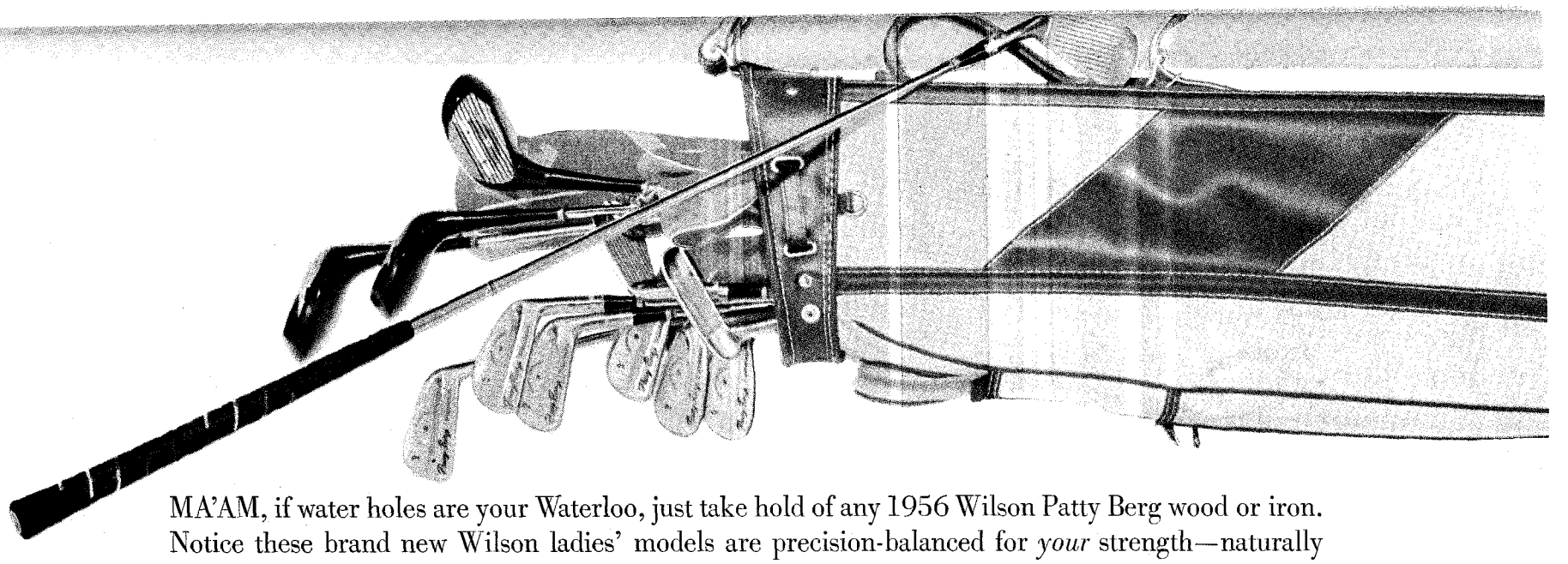


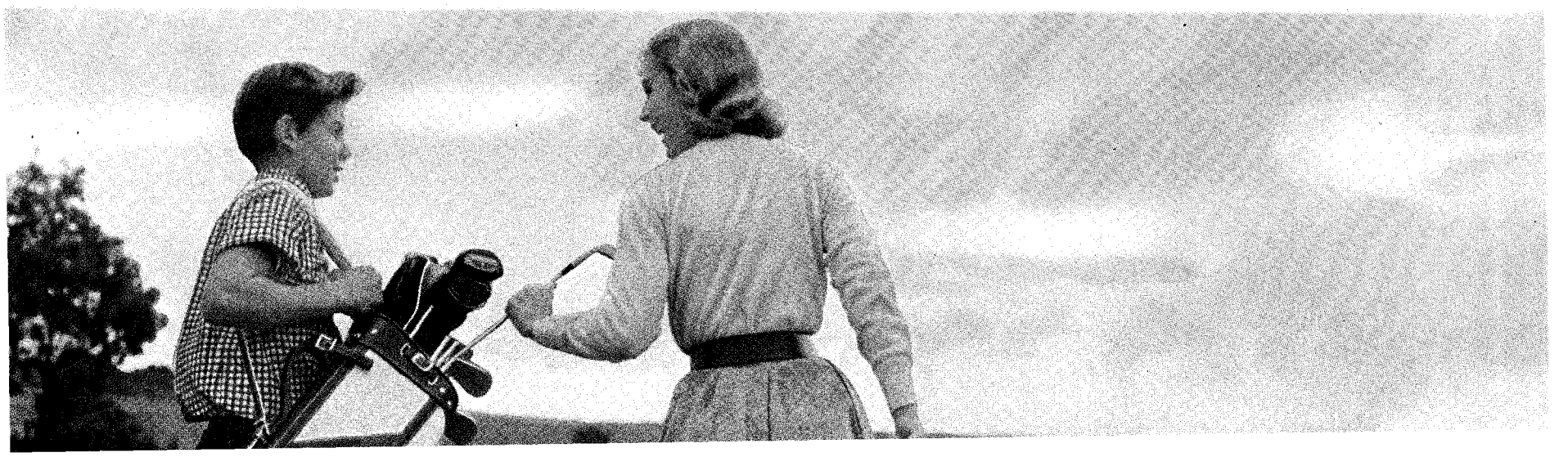
MA'AM, if water holes are your Waterloo, just take hold of any 1956 Wilson Patty Berg wood or iron. Notice these brand new Wilson ladies' models are precision-balanced for *your* strength—naturally they swing more easily. And they *feel* so right! Waggle one once and you know that glorious day must come soon—

The day you master the water hole

"It's awful far across, ma'am, want an old ball?"

"Why?" you ask, smiling gently. "It's not much of a carry." You finger your new Wilson clubs thoughtfully as you face the water. The wind presses against you, yet you take out an iron. Its chromed head glints reassuringly and the soft, calfskin grip is firm under your fingers. You don't think about holding the iron correctly. The unique Wilson Reminder feature does that for you automatically.

Your swing is leisurely, your shot firm. The ball bores a hole in the wind, lands and stops on the distant green. As you're crossing the bridge, the boy hands you your putter. "Bet you could be club champ!" he hazards. You resist an impulse to tousle his hair.



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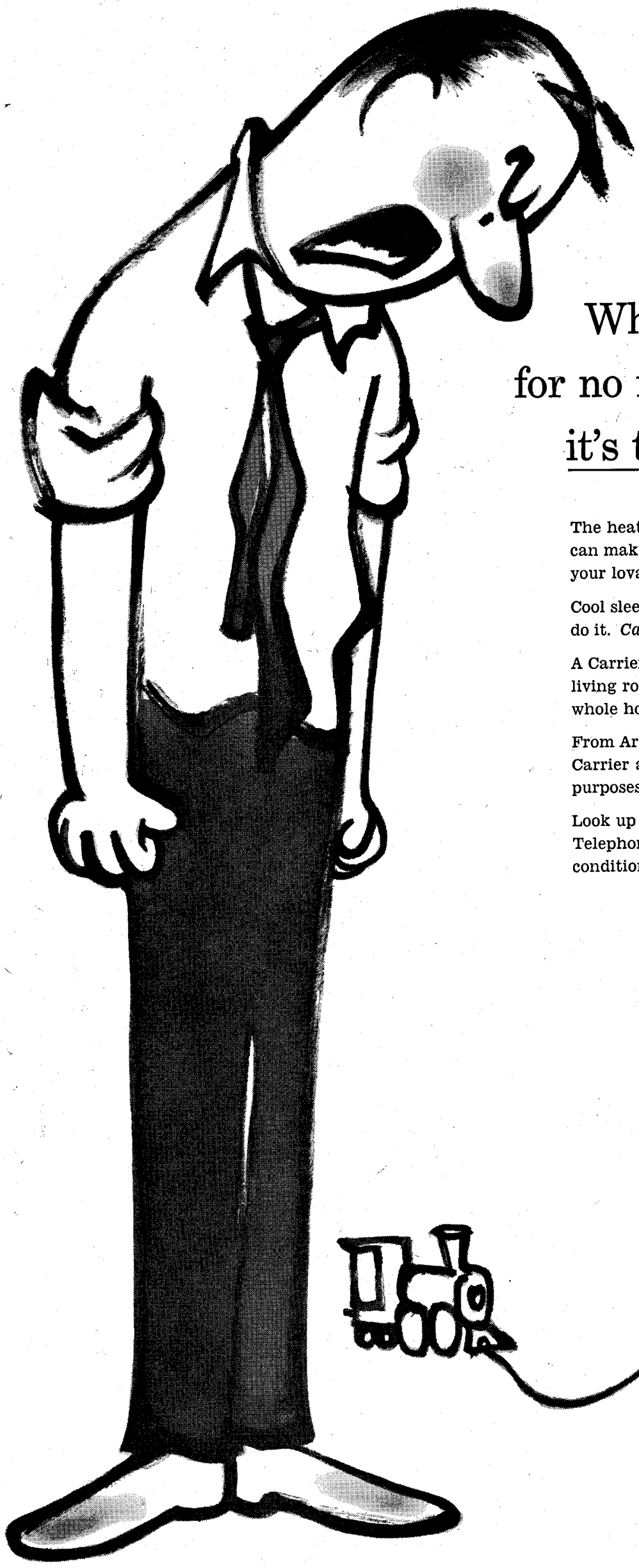

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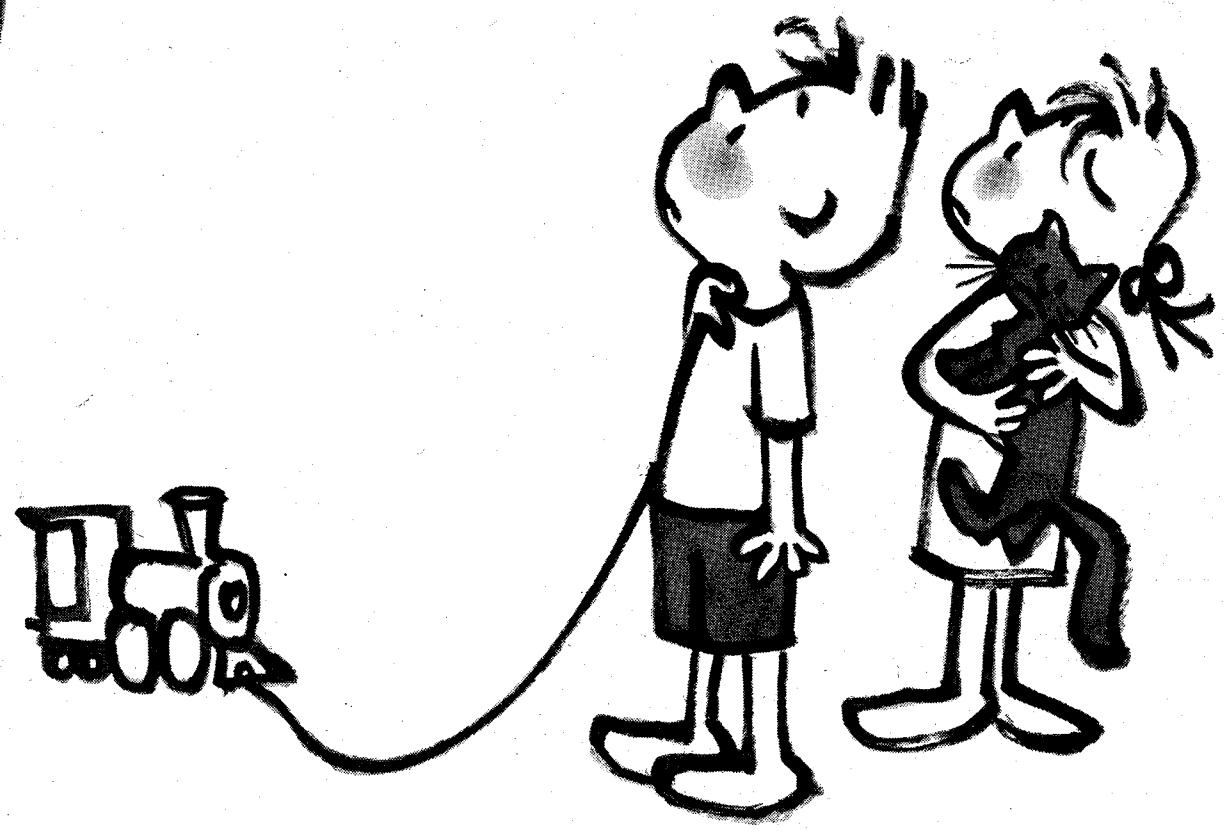

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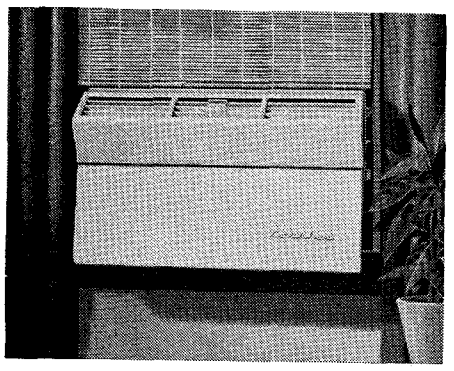

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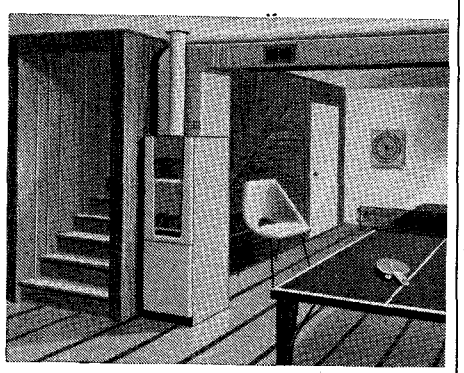

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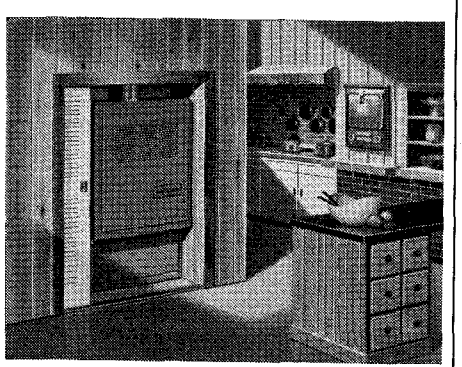

Carrier Year-round Weathermaker heats and cools the entire house. Build a new home around the Weathermaker and construction savings will help you pay for it. Or replace a worn-out furnace and modernize your present home.

Carrier

FIRST NAME IN AIR CONDITIONING

(*Continued from Page 76*) suddenly staring at herself with horror. Could it be she, Martha McNeil, through whose mind had just been tumbling these disgusting thoughts about her husband, and who had just condemned without evidence or a hearing the man she loved? The man who, at this very moment, lay in a drugged sleep that might be his last?

Martha turned to the girl standing with her back to the door. There was some simple explanation for the fact that there had been a woman in the taxi with Roger. There had to be.

"Where is this woman?" Martha said. "This woman you say was in the taxi with my husband? I would like to talk with her."

"That is impossible, *signora*. She was killed in the accident."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Martha said helplessly. "I'm terribly sorry." Catching another glimpse of the bracelet in her hand, the helplessness fled abruptly along with her anger, leaving her alert and a little apprehensive. The bracelet obviously had been delivered to her for a reason. "Who was this woman?"

"I was not told to answer that."

"I see," Martha said. "Were you told what to do after you delivered the bracelet to me?"

"I was told to answer the *signora's* questions. If you will ask them, I will answer."

"I see," Martha said again. She could wait until Roger awoke and ask him. From Roger's own lips she would hear the simple explanation that would prove his innocence. She didn't have to ask any questions of this girl. Martha shivered and glanced at her watch. It showed a few minutes after eight.

Martha knew she would not be able to wait four hours for an answer. She looked up at the girl and said, "Would it be possible for me to talk with this man?"

"Yes, *signora*. If you will come with me."

Martha followed her down, and into a small waiting room on the street floor. It was empty except for a short, thickset man wearing a pair of stained work pants and a gray flannel shirt, open at the throat. His expression was sullen.

"His name is Renzo," the girl said. "He does not talk English."

The man said something to the girl in Italian. Then the girl turned to Martha.

"Renzo says it is kind of the *signora* to see him."

"I did not come out of kindness," Martha said. "I came because he sent me this bracelet. I'd like to know where he got it."

The girl spoke to Renzo. He replied rapidly.

"From his sister," the girl said. "Here at the hospital. She was dead before Renzo could arrive. He took the bracelet from the wrist of his dead sister."

"And bribed you to slip it into my napkin?"

The girl's eyes flashed angrily, but there was no change in the tone of her voice.

"Renzo is my cousin," she said. "He knows I work here at the hospital. He asked me to deliver the bracelet to the wife of the American injured in the accident. When Doctor Bernini asked me to take the dinner to the *signora* and remain with her because I speak English, I thought placing the bracelet in the *signora's* napkin was a simple way of getting it to you."

"Do you know how Renzo's sister got the bracelet?"

"It was given to her by Lieutenant McNeil."

The furniture in the room seemed to shift, and for a dreadful moment Martha thought she was swaying on her feet.

"When—when did Lieutenant McNeil give the bracelet to Renzo's sister?"

"Ten years ago, when the war ended," the girl said. "Just before Lieutenant McNeil went home to America."

Martha's numbed brain told her that she had learned enough to destroy whatever decent memories might still be left to her.

"Renzo's sister and Lieutenant McNeil," Martha said, "did they write to each other since the war ended?"

The girl turned and questioned Renzo. During his reply, Martha noticed that the man sounded angry.

"No, there were no letters," the girl said. "Lieutenant McNeil promised to write, but he did not keep his promise. Renzo's sister did not know how to get in touch with him."

A spark of hope lit in Martha. Maybe she had misjudged Roger? Maybe this sister of Renzo's was no more than a casual acquaintance? Somebody Roger had met in the course of his Army work? A secretary or an interpreter? Maybe the bracelet was no more than a memento Roger had given to a faithful assistant?

"If Renzo's sister did not hear from Lieutenant McNeil since the end of the war," Martha said, "how did she happen to be in a taxi with him this afternoon?"

... ...

Brief Description of Hoarded String

By Richard Armour

No length, no strength
For heavy duty,
No worth on earth,
No special beauty,
But lots and lots
And lots of knots.

... ...

"Renzo is a waiter," the girl said. "Many Americans come to his restaurant. Sometimes they leave their newspapers behind. A month ago Renzo brought home a copy of the Rome American. In it he saw a picture of Lieutenant McNeil. Except that now he was no longer a lieutenant. Now he was a lawyer and he had won an important case in the city of New York. When Renzo showed the picture to his sister, she decided to write to Lieutenant McNeil in New York. She did not receive an answer, but a little more than a week ago, one afternoon when ——"

"I know."

The girl looked at Martha in surprise. "The *signora* knows?"

Martha nodded wearily. She now seemed incapable of any emotion stronger than exhaustion. "Yes," Martha said.

She knew now why Roger had been disturbed when she had suggested going to England. She knew now why, during the past ten days in Rome, he had been gay and happy and excited. And she knew where her husband had gone when she had thought he was hunting a present for her.

"*Signora!*"

Martha did not stop or turn back. In spite of the girl's cries and Renzo's angry shouts, Martha kept right on going back up the stairs. When she came into the room where her untouched dinner still sat undisturbed, Martha stopped short. Doctor Bernini was standing beside the table.

"Mrs. McNeil," he said, "you have not had your dinner. May I ask where you have been?"

"Oh, I just went down the hall to ——" The lie stopped on Martha's lips. The look in Doctor Bernini's eyes had taken on a new meaning. "You knew," Martha said slowly. "You knew from the beginning."

"Not from the beginning," Doctor Bernini said. "I knew only that a woman had died in the same accident. The other facts I learned while you were on your way to the hospital."

"Why didn't you tell me? Why did you have to arrange for me to find out this way? Is that another example of the kindness you were taught in America?"

"No; it was a display of my confidence in your intelligence, Mrs. McNeil, which I regret to say I now see was misplaced." The flat, hard tone of his voice cut across the beginnings of Martha's hysteria as though he had slapped her face. "I have been bored for so long with the belief of so many of my countrymen that American women are silly and immature, little more than grown-up children who must be amused constantly and are incapable of facing reality. I thought I had learned differently when I lived in America. I thought, when I met you a few hours ago, that you were capable of handling the discovery of these distressing facts with dignity and intelligence. It seemed to me wise to allow you to learn the facts from the people directly involved." A touch of bitterness appeared in Doctor Bernini's voice. "I see I was wrong," he said. "That is too bad, because your husband is coming out of the sedatives earlier than I anticipated, and he is asking for you."

"He's asking for me?" The surprise in Martha's voice seemed to drive the anger out of Doctor Bernini's eyes.

"It is a hopeful sign," he said. "It shows there is a will to live. If it can be made to grow, the chance he has will grow as well. You are the only one who can make it grow."

Doctor Bernini's tall figure dipped in a slight bow toward the door. She did not move. She couldn't. Because she now saw what she had not seen at all when she ran out of the waiting room downstairs—she did not hate Roger.

He could no more help the way he had felt for ten years about Renzo's sister than Martha could help the way she had felt for a dozen years about Roger. Love was an accident, and accidents were no respecters of the people involved. Roger, even though he had been unfaithful, was entitled to what Doctor Bernini believed his wife could give him: the will to live.

But Martha no longer felt capable of giving it to him. The discovery of Roger's deceit had been made at the expense of every last shred of emotion within her. She felt utterly drained. The man down the corridor who was asking for her might have been but a total stranger.

Martha knew she could go in and say the proper things which might be enough to help a stranger. They would not be enough to help Roger. He would not be waiting for words. Not even Martha's. Roger would be waiting for the thing that a man and a woman create between them during a dozen years of marriage.

Doctor Bernini had no way of knowing what Martha knew: that when he took her to Roger, she would be bringing her husband not the will to live, but the certainty that there was nothing left for him to live for.

Martha did not see the door opening until Renzo and the girl appeared on the threshold. The girl in the blue-and-white uniform was holding the silver bracelet.

"You forgot this, *signora*."

"I don't want it," Martha said.

"It is not for you, *signora*. It is for your husband."

"I don't think he's interested in having it back."

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"Perhaps not, but Renzo wants him to have it. To remind your husband of his obligations," the girl said, "to his son."

For a long, long moment, while Renzo reached behind him and pulled an awkward boy forward, the word meant nothing to Martha.

"His son?"

"Your husband's son," the girl said. "He was born ten years ago, six months after Lieutenant McNeil went home to America. Renzo's sister was too proud to tell the lieutenant before he left that she was going to have a child. For ten years she worked to feed the boy and buy him clothes. A month ago, when Renzo saw your husband's picture in the Rome American, he insisted that his sister write and tell him the truth. Renzo felt the time had come for the boy's father to help. A little more than a week ago, when your husband came without warning to see Renzo's sister, he was very pleased to see his son. He came back again and again to be with him. The boy is very bright. Your husband thought it would be best to place him in a good school here in Rome; he would pay all the expenses and would send money regularly from America. This afternoon, when your husband and Renzo's sister were in the taxi, they were on their way to the school to make the final arrangements for ——"

The girl stopped and glanced at the silver bracelet in her hand.

"Where are the plans now?" she said bitterly. "The boy's mother is gone. Renzo does not earn enough to support a growing boy. He is your husband's boy, too, *signora*. What will become of him?"

Martha didn't answer. She was staring at Doctor Bernini.

"Your husband, Mrs. McNeil, is asking for you," he said coldly. "Shall we go?"

Following him out and down the corridor, Martha didn't realize Doctor Bernini had led her into another room until she found herself standing at Roger's bed.

"Martha."

The sound of his voice, so low and weak as to be scarcely audible, was to her like the pealing of bells. His face was gray and his breath came in slow, shallow gasps, yet Martha was aware of being grateful that Roger's face and head had been spared.

"Martha."

"Don't talk," she said. "It's better if you don't."

"No," Roger said, looking up at her with eyes from which every hint of life seemed already to have fled. "I don't think I'm going to make it," Roger said. "I'm afraid I'm ——"

"No," Martha said. "That's not true!"

"Don't interrupt," Roger said. "I can't talk much. I've been trying to tell you something for over a month. I've been trying to tell you something, but I couldn't. I didn't have the guts. Now ——" Roger paused, and he managed a small smile. "Now it doesn't matter any more whether I've got the guts or not," he said. "So I want you to listen."

"No!" Martha said, quite suddenly. "I want *you* to listen."

All at once she knew exactly what to say and, more important, what to do.

"Wait here," Martha said sharply to Doctor Bernini.

She hurried back into the room she had just left. Renzo and the girl were talking near the window. The boy, who had been sitting on the chair, jumped up. His glance met Martha's. Her heart seemed to turn over. He looked so much like Roger that Martha wanted to cry. Not with despair, but with gratitude for the simple fact of his existence. By his existence, the boy had restored Martha's faith in the only man she had ever loved and was now free to love again.

Roger McNeil had not come back to Italy to take up with an old mistress. He had come back to do what any man of decency would want to do. Roger had come back to see his son.

"*Signora*," the girl said.

Martha didn't answer. She was afraid she would be unable to control her voice. She had come to Italy ten days ago with the feeling that she and Roger were being offered a second chance. For several hours, since the silver bracelet had tumbled out of her napkin, this feeling had been reduced to a mocking farce. Martha now saw that the mockery was partly of her own making. It had not occurred to her until this moment that second chances did not necessarily have to be duplications of first attempts. She and Roger were lucky. They had been granted something infinitely better than another opportunity to fall in love. They had been given a chance at going on together, side by side, for the rest of their lives. Feeling like a condemned prisoner who, from a totally unexpected quarter, has been granted a reprieve, Martha stepped forward and took the boy's hand and turned to the girl in the blue-and-white uniform.

"What is his name?"

"Roger," the girl said. "Renzo's sister wanted him to have ——"

"Of course," Martha said. She would have wanted the same thing.

"Come, Roger," Martha said to the boy. "Let's go down the hall to see your father." She put her arm around his shoulders. "We must tell him to hurry and get well," Martha said. "Because all three of us are going back to America together."

THE END

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Can Chemicals Conquer Cancer?

(Continued from Page 33)

"If and when a remission is brought about in these leukemia patients," he explains, "they are in every sense normal people, both functionally and as regards their blood picture. This is something I have to emphasize to my students and other doctors all the time.

"So many physicians say to their patients, when the diagnosis of leukemia is made: 'What's the use of treating this condition? You're going to be an invalid anyway.' And sometimes, if it is a child, they tell the parent, 'The quicker your child dies the better.'

"Now that is absolutely wrong. These patients are not being strung along in great distress. Most of them can look forward to a period of normal living and usefulness, and to the enjoyment of life and of each other, as the Henningses did. Their lives may even be prolonged. It is largely a matter of making a philosophical adjustment to the fact that this is a disease that may eventually kill you. To be sure, leukemia at present is a tenacious thing, which wins out in the long run, but so is old age."

In sizing up their weapons in the cancer war, the authorities have always pointed out that permanent cures could be expected only through surgery or irradiation—X ray, radium or, more recently, radioactive isotopes. This emphasis tended to push other approaches into the background.

It is still true that surgery and irradiation are the only proved methods of completely eradicating malignant tumors; and, happily, through improved techniques and prompter application they have appreciably increased the cancer-cure rate over the past decade or so. However, irradiation has definite drawbacks and limitations. And the scalpel is by no means the perfect weapon against an insidiously spreading growth, as even the surgeons will admit.

Dr. I. S. Ravdin, famous professor of surgery at the University of Pennsylvania and chairman of the board of regents of the American College of Surgeons, recently commented on this very point. He said that although the members of his specialty devote half or more of their daily schedule to cancer, "thoughtful surgeons time and again remind themselves that surgery is still a doubtful remedy."

For a more logical remedy, then, we turn to our second point, chemotherapy—the treatment with specific chemicals. That our brightest hope for the ultimate conquest of cancer lies in this new and rapidly expanding field is now generally agreed by most cancer experts, including Doctor Ravdin. "Those who are playing a part in this very worth-while effort," he says, "are quite sure that cures will be found, first for one and then for other varieties of cancer, and that this will be the way in which cancer will be eliminated."

Chemicals of synthetic origin as well as such naturally occurring ones as the sex hormones have already demonstrated they can do much more for cancer patients than "prolonging the agony." They can, as we have seen in Dorothy Hennings' case and as we shall see in other examples, relieve pain, restore health and usefulness and even give added years of life. And we are assured by the experts that the step from such partial victories to permanent cures can occur at almost any moment.

Certainly this hope is spurring hundreds of chemists, biologists, physiologists and other scientists forward along varied pathways toward the same goal—better chemical control of malignancy. A majority of the 206 papers read at the recent Atlantic City meeting of the American Association for Cancer Control were devoted to chemical aspects. The subject of chemotherapy also received major emphasis at an international conference on the leukemias sponsored last March by the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit.

Some of the researchers are growing human cancer tissue in test tubes, and others are propagating it in live chicks and in the cheek pouches of hamsters, thus providing easy-to-read targets against which to test new chemicals. More than 31,000 substances have been screened by Dr. C. Chester Stock's team at the Sloan-Kettering Institute, New York, in the past eight years, most of them against mouse tumors. Only a score have shown promise against human cancer, but new chemicals are emerging at frequent intervals, and some are yielding better results than the earlier ones.

Several scientists, whose work also centers at the Sloan-Kettering Institute, are prying into the molecular structure of the hereditary units, the genes, finding out

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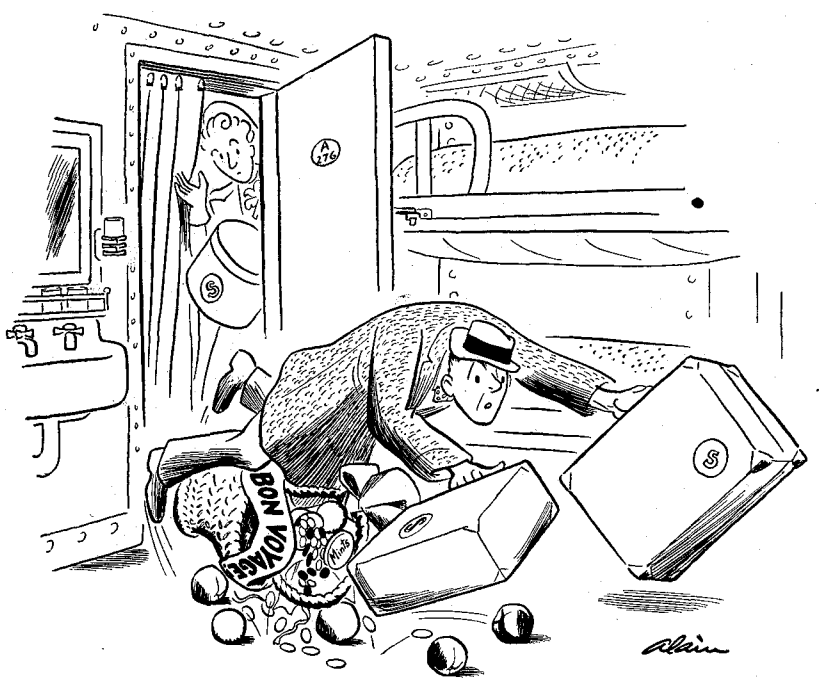

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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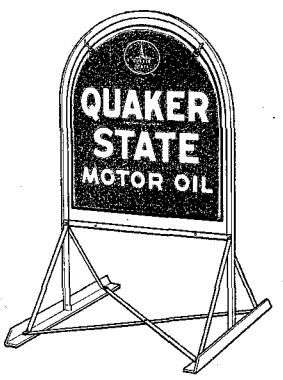

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how the molecules are built up from smaller subassemblies, and learning how to interfere with this build-up in the case of cancer cells. The principal chemical in these genes, or "cell governors," is nucleic acid, and the manipulation of nucleic-acid synthesis has become one of the most promising leads on the cancer-research horizon.

To co-ordinate and speed up the many projects in this field, the major cancer foundations and institutes have recently organized a Cancer Chemotherapy National Committee, with headquarters at the National Cancer Institute, Bethesda, Maryland. Chairman is Dr. Sidney Farber, noted director of cancer research at Boston Children's Hospital, a pioneer in chemotherapy and the first to achieve temporary control of acute leukemia in children. The clinical-studies panel of the committee is headed by Doctor Ravdin, and the screening panel by Doctor Stock. The executive secretary of the committee is Dr. Kenneth M. Endicott. Indicative of the emphasis on this type of investigation is the fact that more than $10,000,000 has been appropriated by the Federal Government this year for cancer chemotherapy research.

That the nation's doctors are fast gaining experience with anticancer chemicals is seen in a tally of the recent medical literature made by two Furman University chemists, who counted more than 850 articles reporting some degree of success in the chemical treatment of human cancer patients. Two fifths of these reports dealt with leukemia and other malignant conditions of the blood-forming tissues or the lymphatic system—such as Hodgkin's disease and lymphosarcoma. Common to most of these diseases is a tremendous overproduction of immature white blood corpuscles. The patient usually has swollen lymph glands and may also have a generalized edema, or watery swelling of the tissues. There may be an underproduction of red blood cells, which makes him pale and anemic, and a deficiency of blood-clotting elements, with consequent tendency to hemorrhage.

Chemotherapy has been focused upon the leukemia segment of the cancer problem for several reasons:

(1) The physician can get an objective measurement of results here by testing the blood and bone marrow, a procedure of little value in solid tumors.

(2) Extension of the patient's life beyond previous averages will alone tell the story in acute leukemia.

(3) Since surgery is seldom practical in these conditions, chemicals are among the few treatments of any use at all.

It should not be inferred that progress in chemotherapy has been restricted to the leukemias and related conditions. Physicians in a number of institutions specializing in this field have achieved temporary improvement in patients suffering from certain types of solid tumors. These include malignant melanoma (black cancer), cancer of the breast and ovaries, neuroblastomas of the adrenal gland or other tissue, seminoma (tumor of the testes), cancer of the prostate, angiosarcoma (a tumor containing many small blood vessels), and rhabdomyosarcoma (a muscle tumor.) In nearly all cases the chemicals—either synthetic compounds or hormones—have been used only after surgery or radiation therapy was no longer of value. Doctor Farber says that intensive collaborative studies now under way in many parts of the country, under the sponsorship of the Cancer Chemotherapy National Committee, "should accelerate progress greatly in the study of chemical agents against solid tumors."

Meanwhile, interest in the leukemias has been intensified because of the recent alarming increase in cases. Various authorities have reported that the incidence of leukemia has doubled or tripled since 1930. No longer a rare disease, it now accounts for more than 5000 deaths a year in the United States, according to Dr. Cyris C. Sturgis' Textbook of Hematology. At the Henry Ford Hospital symposium, Dr. Leslie J. Witts, of Oxford, England, reported an upturn in Europe as well. Leukemia as a cause of death had been increasing on both sides of the Atlantic, he said, at a greater rate than any disease except lung cancer and coronary thrombosis.

It is significant that all three of these conditions have been called "diseases of civilization," the implication being that one or more environmental factors are contributing causes. In coronary heart disease our high fat diet is suspect. In lung cancer, cigarettes are questioned, with atmospheric pollution by carcinogenic chemicals another possibility. The chemical and dust content of city smogs may likewise explain some of the increase in leukemia.

Excessive exposure to medical X rays or to the radioactivity from atomic bombs has also been mentioned, the latter as a potential if not present hazard. Leukemia occurs more often among physicians than in the average male population, and it is nine or ten times as frequent among radiologists, who work with X rays every day, as it is among doctors who use them only occasionally. As for atomic radiation, Doctor Witts said the increase in leukemia from the atom bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki reached a peak in 1950, '51 and '52. The time interval here between exposure and development of the leukemia—five to seven years—is about the same, he said, as that seen in some patients given heavy X-ray treatments for a crippling spinal disease known as ankylosing spondylitis. A recent report by Dr. C. Lenore Simpson, associate cancer-research pathologist at the Roswell Park Memorial Institute, in Buffalo, New York, indicates that X-ray treatment to reduce an enlarged thymus gland in babies may contribute to the production of leukemia or of cancer of the thyroid later in life, although the relationship is by no means proved.

Other research points to the possible role of physiological stress in leukemia. Dr. Thomas F. Dougherty, professor of anatomy at the University of Utah College of Medicine, is investigating a theory that immunizing "shots" during childhood may tax the adrenal glands in such a way as to contribute to leukemia, although he emphasizes that the theory is a long way from being proved. And Dr. Miriam Manning, a Public Health Service scientist in Doctor Farber's laboratory at Boston Children's Hospital, has found an unusually high percentage of allergy in the mothers of leukemic children, again hinting at a biological stress factor.

Whatever its cause, leukemia has responded to chemical treatment in a way that demonstrates steady progress in this method of cancer control. Consider the story in acute leukemia, where the increased incidence has been most marked. This is the type most often affecting children. Says Doctor Sturgis, in the 1955 edition of his hematology text: "Until recent years all forms of therapy in the treatment of acute leukemia were ineffective, and it could not be shown that any therapeutic measure prolonged the patient's life a single day." Any remissions—temporary improvements—that did occur were spontaneous and not related to specific treatment.

Then, in 1947 and 1948, Doctor Farber, in Boston, discovered that certain antivitamins, the folic-acid antagonists,

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could halt and reverse the acute leukemia process in an encouraging number of children—the first time this had ever been achieved by medical means. Many were kept alive and well a year or more, and a few for three or four years, whereas before that time a child with acute leukemia rarely survived a year and most of them died in a few months. Cortisone and ACTH were soon added to the arsenal against leukemia, and, in 1952, a group of investigators working with Dr. Joseph H. Burchenal, chief of clinical chemotherapy at Sloan-Kettering and professor of medicine at Cornell, found that a new type of compound, 6-mercaptopurine, further improved the result. This drug had been synthesized by Dr. George Hitchings and his associates at the Wellcome Research Laboratories, Tuckahoe, New York.

Recently Doctor Burchenal assembled data to show how the chemotherapists have bettered their score over these past eight years. As a starting line he cited 218 child cases collected by another physician from the medical literature in the prechemotherapy days, when the only treatment consisted of transfusions and some antibiotics. Fifty per cent of these children were dead within 3.9 months from the start of treatment and only 5 per cent survived a year. In contrast to this group he noted that of 161 children treated at Memorial Hospital with cortisone or an antifolic compound, or both, 50 per cent survived about nine months, and 31 per cent a year or more. But an even better score was achieved with 174 consecutive cases treated at Memorial since June, 1952, when 6-mercaptopurine became available. It was used alone or in combination with the other drugs. Of this group, 50 per cent survived for a year.

None of these chemicals, to be sure, has yet brought about a permanent cure. And because all the child patients eventually die, some doctors have taken a pessimistic view of the whole effort. During a panel discussion at the Henry Ford Hospital leukemia conference, however, Doctor Farber asserted that "if we can have ten per cent of five hundred and sixty children [the number in his own series] alive thirty months after the start of leukemia, and fifty per cent alive for fourteen or fifteen months, that represents a major achievement."

One little boy, only three when the blood cancer struck, has, thanks to the antifolic chemicals, reached the glorious age of nine and expects to celebrate his tenth birthday next fall. In most instances the children are quite healthy during these remissions and their parents are deeply grateful for this gift of additional months or years with them.

Doctor Doan, of Ohio, makes another point in this connection. "If the leukemic youngster is an only child," he said, "it can be very important to carry him along in good health until a brother or sister is born. Thus we tide over the tragedy to a time when the presence of other children makes it more bearable for the parents.

"And we are getting new drugs for the treatment of these conditions at a rate of one every two or three months," Doctor Doan added. "There is always the chance that one of them will be the final answer. If it is not, it may still keep the patient alive for another period of time. For example, our very first shipment of 6-mercaptopurine came from Doctor Burchenal just as one of our leukemic children was becoming resistant to aminopterin, which had kept her well for a year and a half. We had been encouraging the parents to hope for new drugs should such an emergency arise. With the 6-mercaptopurine she got a new lease on life that lasted nine more months."

Unfortunately, some of the drugs that work best on child leukemics are of less value in adults, where the leukemias and related diseases are also different in type, and pose different problems of diagnosis and prognosis. But here other compounds have proved effective, and here radiation therapy is still very useful. And since well-timed switching from one medication to another is part of the strategy, the more the doctors have to work with the better their chances of success. They used everything, for example, in keeping Dorothy Hennings alive for almost eight years.

She first suspected something was wrong in February, 1948, when her gums continued to bleed after a tooth extraction. Her local doctor, one of whose patients had died of leukemia just a few weeks before, made a tentative diagnosis of leukemia and referred her to Doctor Doan. The latter's tests showed it to be a lymphosarcoma cell leukemia, or leucolymphosarcoma, a type noted for its rapid course. It kills about half of its victims within a year and usually the patients suffer extreme weakness and pain while they do live.

Although her spleen was greatly enlarged and her blood count showed both leukemia and anemia, Mrs. Hennings responded quickly to treatments with radioactive phosphorus, which she took by mouth once a month. Her spleen shrank back to proper size and her blood picture approached normal. When the radioactive phosphorus began to lose its punch, the spleen again enlarged, began to destroy red blood corpuscles and had to be removed. The patient was then switched to aminopterin, an antifolic compound, and then to the steroids, cortisone and a newer one called prednisolone. She also received 6-mercaptopurine. Nitrogen mustard, the war-gas compound and first of the modern anticancer chemicals, rescued her several times, as did one of the newest drugs, CB-1348—developed by the Chester Beatty Institute in London.

Husbands are at least consistent; when they have to be dragged to a party they usually have to be dragged away too. HAL CHADWICK

Doctor Doan reports that a similar rotating of chemical treatments has kept another lymphosarcoma patient, a girl of seventeen, in fairly good health for three years. She has kept up with her high-school class and graduated this month. A General Motors executive, whose chronic leukemia has been well controlled for twelve years, retired because of age last January and felt so vigorous mentally and physically that he started up a new and independent business venture, "just for the fun of it."

The CB-1348 has been found particularly useful in Hodgkin's disease, a malignant enlargement of the lymph tissues. Doctor Doan reported good results or some improvement in eighteen of twenty-four Hodgkin's patients who had become resistant to all other drugs, and in some he was able to obtain a second and a third remission.

In addition to the compounds already mentioned, a number of others are now given almost routinely in some forms of cancer. There is TEM (triethylene-melamine) which was borrowed from industry, where it is used as a chemical plastic to give wet strength to paper towels. A related compound is thio-TEPA. From the meadow saffron or autumn crocus comes colcemid, a relative of the classical gout remedy, colchicine. Another is Myleran, developed in England. One of the newer drugs, still experimental in nature, carries the jaw-breaking chemical name, oxapentamethylenediethylenethiophosphoramide, mercifully shortened to OPSPA.

The different groups of anticancer chemicals work in different ways. Nitrogen mustard and its relatives seem to stop cell division, just as the X ray does. Dr. Cornelius P. Rhoads, director of the Sloan-Kettering Institute and a pioneer in chemotherapy, believes the cortisone type of chemical acts by removing the normal stimulus to which the cancer cell is subjected in its growth. Similarly, the sex hormones, estrogens and androgens, affect the cancer cells by changing the hormone environment on which they have been dependent. These are used in breast cancer and in cancer of the prostate, and have kept many patients well and active for several years after the original tumor had spread to other parts of the body.

The main hope for a really potent pinpoint attack upon the cancer cell lies, however, in the use of "chemical deceivers," or analogues, as they are more properly termed. These are "counterfeit building blocks," molecular parts which resemble those needed by the cancer cell in its development, but just different enough from the real thing to throw the development off. The cell is deceived into using these phony parts in the processes of self-repair and self-reproduction, with the result that the repairs are faulty and the cell falls apart or fails to grow and multiply. It's something like the farmer who fed his cow sawdust instead of bran. The cow ate the sawdust, all right, but it died of starvation.

The general concept of analogues was used to explain the effectiveness of the folic-acid antagonists at the time Doctor Farber introduced them into the treatment of leukemia in 1947. Recently, however, scientists at the Sloan-Kettering Institute and elsewhere have got a closer look at the cancer cell's internal machinery and have constructed a detailed theory to guide them in selecting more potent "deceivers." Doctor Rhoads likens the process to "interfering with the building of a house by faking the prefabricated units." He feels that the whole analogue discovery is just as important to cancer therapy as the discovery of atomic fission was to the atom bomb.

Among the leaders in this new field are Drs. Leonard D. Hamilton, M. Earl Balis, Aaron Bendich and George B. Brown, all of Sloan-Kettering, and Dr. Howard E. Skipper, of the Southern Research Institute, Birmingham, Alabama.

These men have been focusing their efforts at chemical deception upon nucleic acid, a long, slender molecule which is the main ingredient of the heredity units known as chromosomes. Nucleic acid thus has a key role in directing the future of every cell, both normal and cancerous. It may determine whether the cell lives or dies, remains healthy or gets sick, and it may dictate what form the cell takes in reproducing itself.

Nucleic acid, in turn, is composed of simpler chemicals or building blocks, one of which is a class of compounds called purines. In searching for a "counterfeit" purine with which to deceive the cancer cell during its production of nucleic acid, the scientists ran across 6-mercaptopurine. Apparently this drug, when given to the cancer patient and taken up by the cancer cell, interferes with the proper synthesis of nucleic acid and thus slows down the growth of the cancer. Another anticancer compound, azaserine, seems to serve a similar function, but one step

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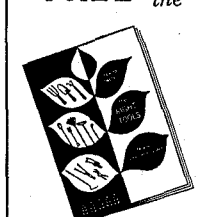

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further down in the chain of nucleic-acid synthesis—namely, in the formation of one of the purine building blocks. The stepwise interference with nucleic-acid production by azaserine and 6-mercaptopurine probably explains why these two medicines given together have been more effective in many acute leukemia patients than either of them alone.

Of course, the practical application of the analogue principle is complicated by numerous obstacles. The first is that normal cells use the same kind of chemical building blocks that cancer cells do. Fortunately, cancer cells differ from most normal cells in that they are growing more rapidly and therefore would suffer more harm from the use of counterfeit material in a given span of time than would the normal cells. A second difficulty, and one not so easy to get around, is the exasperating ingenuity of the cancer cell itself. University of Wisconsin scientists have found that if the cells are frustrated in synthesizing nucleic acid in one way, a few of them survive by learning how to make it by another route, thus bypassing the phony building blocks. The scientists' aim is to devise chemicals which will block as many of these routes as possible.

Another promising approach to the chemical conquest of cancer has been developed by Dr. Ralph Jones, professor of medicine at the University of Miami, and Dr. Charles C. Price, chairman of the chemistry department at the University of Pennsylvania. During World War II both men were involved in the large-scale screening and testing of antimalarial drugs, Doctor Price in the chemical side at the University of Illinois, Doctor Jones on the clinical side, working with prisoner volunteers at Joliet, Illinois. Doctor Price also worked on chemical-warfare agents, including nitrogen mustards. Doctor Jones went to the University of Pennsylvania after the war to head up a cancer-research unit, and the idea occurred to him to combine nitrogen mustard, known for its anticancer effect, with an antimalarial, known for its ability to concentrate in a specific tissue of the body. In fact, there was a tremendous reservoir of information on the physiological reactions of many antimalarials.

When Doctor Price joined the University of Pennsylvania faculty in the fall of 1954, Doctor Jones told him of his idea, and the two immediately began to work out some drug combinations, assisted by another new member of the chemistry department, Dr. Achintya K. Sen, formerly of India. The first compound, called chloroquine mustard, was tested on animals by Dr. Hugh Creech, at the Lankenau Hospital Cancer Research Institute, in Philadelphia, and later was used on human patients. It proved much less toxic than straight nitrogen mustard, particularly with respect to the blood-forming tissues in the bone marrow. And the chloroquine component caused the medicine to build up in strong dosages in the brain and other nerve tissue, an advantage in treating cancer of the brain and a malignant adrenal tumor known as neuroblastoma, which consists mainly of nerve tissue. In a series of twenty patients with advanced cancer at the Jackson Memorial Hospital in Miami, three had excellent results, experiencing freedom of symptoms and reduction of the tumor by more than 50 per cent. Five showed some improvement, and twelve no improvement. Doctor Jones and Doctor Price are now making other combination drugs, some of which appear even more promising than chloroquine mustard.

Although the use of chemicals for cancer is now gaining wide acceptance, the program, when it started, had to overcome an ingrained professional skepticism regarding the treatment of "incurable" cancer by any means, chemical or otherwise. Dr. David A. Karnofsky, a leader in the chemotherapy division at Memorial and Sloan-Kettering, and an associate professor of medicine at Cornell, touched upon this in the journal, CA, published by the American Cancer Society.

"A great deal of deliberate optimism was necessary," he said, "to stimulate the growth of this field against the negativism that pervades any efforts to treat far-advanced or nonresectable cancer. Now a sound basic discipline of cancer chemotherapy is evolving."

The introduction of chemicals into the once-frustrating management of inoperable or disseminated cancer has brought important indirect benefits to the patients, Doctor Karnofsky added. "It has stimulated active concern for patients with advanced cancer," he said, "and, as a result, these patients are better cared for, and all the resources of medicine are being brought to bear on their individual problems."

The patients are keenly aware of and grateful for this intensified concern. Mrs. K., a New York woman of thirty-nine, has been under treatment for leukemia for about a year and a half. The first signals of trouble in her case were weakness, joint pains and persistent bleeding after a tooth extraction. Because a woman friend had died from leukemia, Mrs. K. suspected her diagnosis even before the doctors made it.

"I think most people with leukemia or cancer would be much better off if they knew what they had," she remarked during one of her regular checkups at Memorial's out-patient department. "There are so many wonderful things that can be done for you. I've had doctors stay beside my bed all night long when I was critically ill."

Mrs. K's leukemia had been held in abeyance first by Methotrexate—formerly called Amethopterin—and then by Myleran. She looked and felt well and was working full-time as a precision mechanic at the Sperry Gyroscope Company.

Another Memorial Hospital patient who warmly acknowledges her debt to chemotherapy is Mrs. H., who lives at Hempstead, Long Island. Swollen glands in the neck and under the arms brought her to the hospital four years ago for a diagnosis of Hodgkin's disease. She had done volunteer work in hospitals and both her grandmother and father had died of cancer. So she made a pretty accurate guess as to what was wrong.

"When I saw Doctor Karnofsky the first time," she said, "he asked me what I knew about my condition. I replied that I knew all about it. 'Well,' he said, 'if you know all about it, you know more about it than I do.'" She laughed. "But when he realized that I really did know the score, he talked to me frankly."

A tall, handsome blond woman with a brisk sense of humor, Mrs. H. has kept fairly active, caring for her small son and keeping up with her social obligations. "I play lots of bridge," she remarked, "but luckily for me, the doctors said I shouldn't do any housework." She has had several courses of X-ray therapy, nitrogen mustard and TEM. She knows Hodgkin's disease has an unpredictable course, but she has learned to face an uncertain future with composure. In fact, she is writing her autobiography, which she'll call Live Today.

"My husband and I have decided not to put off things we could do together today," she explained. "This has meant a great deal to us, because now we know that if either of us goes, we will have had as much happiness together as we possibly could. I know the end may come suddenly, but I accept that. I have seen two people with Hodgkin's disease since my own case began, and both have died. But one man had been at work on Friday and died on Sunday. At least there was no prolonged suffering."

If the new chemicals can prevent such suffering and can enable cancer patients to "live today" without too much fear of tomorrow, they will have made a tremendously worth-while contribution. The next step—the complete cure—is almost sure to follow.

Swindlers on the Turnpikes (Continued from Page 36)

parts of the nation, by avoiding or misappropriating highway, bridge and tunnel fees.

The trick tried by the truck driver and his confederate was fairly simple. They often drove trucks on the long turnpike in opposite directions on the same night. So they agreed in advance to enter the turnpike not at the first gate but at the second gate—at opposite ends of the pike, of course—and to meet about midway. There they exchanged tickets. Thus when each arrived at his intended end of the road his ticket indicated that he had traveled the shortest possible distance on the toll road, rather than the longest distance, and he would be charged the minimum toll. Both drivers would then charge their employers for the full toll and pocket the difference.

Such cheating might bring them more than their regular salaries, if worked regularly. A large truck may pay thirty dollars or more to ride the full length of a superhighway like the New York State Thruway, whereas the charge for a short trip might be only five dollars—a profit of twenty-five dollars a night to each of the dishonest drivers.

A similar racket called "kiting" has often been worked by drivers planning a round trip on a toll road in one day. The kiter receives a ticket when he enters at one end of the road. When he exits at the other end, he tells the collector that he has lost his ticket. He is charged the full-length toll, which he would have had to pay anyway. On his return trip he is issued a new ticket, but he still has the "lost" ticket too. He then drives to the next-to-last exit, where he surrenders the "lost" ticket. It had been issued at an entry only a few miles distant, so he is charged for the shortest possible trip, rather than the longest.

It is obvious that only a very small percentage of drivers resort to such cheating. Most drivers, and most toll collectors, too, are honest people. And cheaters usually are caught, which is fortunate, because the recent growth of superhighways involves tremendous sums of money. Turnpikes that cost some $2,400,000,000 and cover around 2000 miles are in use in Maine, New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Oklahoma and Colorado. Other states, including Texas, Virginia, Indiana, Kansas, Connecticut, Florida and Illinois are working on turnpikes that will cover another 1200 miles and cost around $3,000,000,000.

Such improvements must be paid for by tolls, and the revenue mounts rapidly when tens of thousands of cars and trucks are on the move. In all, Americans are paying an estimated $300,000,000 a year in tolls to use forty roads, 153 bridges and eight tunnels in various parts of the country. If cheating or misappropriation by toll collectors amounted to even 1 per cent of revenue, the loss would be heavy.

The actual percentage of loss today is almost impossible to estimate, but it is known that in recent years millions of dollars have gone into the pockets of cheaters. As a result, it has been necessary to develop automatic devices to guard against fraud. The neat exterior of a modern toll booth hides a fantastic electronic mechanism that can add, subtract, tabulate, tell time, take photographs, reckon mileage and weight, sense an attempt at fraud, detect errors in tolls, flash red warning lights and sound bells.

The very newest automatic-toll-collection machine—sometimes called Miss Hungry Lips of 1956, because of a rubber mouth into which motorists toss coins—can utter a recorded message, such as "Please drive carefully." Furthermore, Miss Hungry Lips can be given "eyes"—closed-circuit television cameras which enable police at a station miles away to watch your passing automobile and read its license tag.

Such safeguards against loss of revenue are impressive when compared with the methods in vogue a few years ago. At the entrance to a toll road or bridge there was a booth where a collector took your money. He dropped it into a cash register, or perhaps into a cigar box. He might put all of the receipts into the cigar box or he might put every other dime into his own pocket.

In the Midwest, for instance, this system prevailed on a bridge until an official observed that most of the collectors were more than sixty-five years old; he proposed that they be retired on pension. A howl of protest arose from the aged public servants, who didn't want to retire. Investigation disclosed that most of them owned expensive automobiles, thriving businesses and fat bank accounts. An audit showed that the bridge authority had been cheated to the tune of about $100,000 a year. The aged collectors were retired, but without pensions.

There was another bridge, over the Rio Grande in Texas, that was losing money until a thoughtful inspector noticed that the recorded number of vehicles going over the bridge was far less than the number that passed through the adjacent immigration barrier. Toll-checking equipment was installed at the bridge, and receipts promptly rose by $4800 a month.

The 1920's and 1930's brought a great boom in construction of parkways, superhighways and bridges on which tolls were collected. Cheating began to pay off in a big way as collectors found new methods for diverting tolls. An expert waggishly defined the "art of tollsmanship" as the science of growing rich on a toll collector's modest salary.

One of the early fields for exercise of large-scale tollsmanship was opened with the construction of the Holland Tunnel between New (*Continued on Page 86*)

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(*Continued from Page 84*) York City and New Jersey. Tolls were collected in a routine manner. The motorist stopped at a booth, bought a ticket and proceeded to the mouth of the tunnel, where he surrendered his ticket to a policeman. The tickets were numbered consecutively, so that at the end of each shift the number of tickets sold could be balanced against the amount of money collected.

Cheating simply involved the passing of a hatful of tickets from the policeman back to the ticket seller. Then the tickets were sold a second time, and the money split between the seller and the policeman. It was a dull man who couldn't knock down fifty dollars a shift.

About this time, an industrial engineer named Benjamin Cooper, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was trying to build up the firm of Taller and Cooper from a tiny, windowless shop on Canal Street, in New York. Working with photoelectric cells, Cooper had developed an automatic peanut sorter which was an immediate failure because it was too expensive to operate. Trustees of the Ambassador Toll Bridge, in Detroit, where extensive collection frauds had been revealed, asked him to install an electric-eye system that would count each vehicle crossing the bridge and register the count on a machine in the toll booths.

Cooper installed the system and stood proudly by while it was put into operation. It worked perfectly. Every vehicle was registered as it moved in front of the photoelectric cells—as long as Cooper or an inspector stood there watching. The moment they turned their backs the system went haywire. Collectors had discovered that anything passing in front of the electric eye registered as a vehicle, and some made certain that so many counts were registered that the total was meaningless. Then they began cheating again. "Of course the count doesn't check with the money in the till," they explained. "A lot of people walked in front of the electric eye. I couldn't stop them."

It was then that Cooper decided he was at war with crooked toll collectors—a war that he's been waging ever since. "I concluded," he said later, "that any system I devised would have to be one that could succeed in spite of anything a collector could do."

His first move was to abandon the electric eye in favor of a treadle in the pavement that registered every time a vehicle passed over it. At that time—the late 1920's—the Goethals Bridge at New York was opening. Cooper installed his treadle on the bridge and wired it to a sealed machine in the booth, so that the collector could not tamper with the recording. A few days later, the superintendent telephoned for him to come and take the thing out; it was no good and, furthermore, it was on fire. Cooper rushed to the bridge and found the machine a smoking wreck, with a big dent in one corner. There was also a dent in the concrete floor where the angry toll collector had hurled the machine to disable it while he dipped into the gravy bowl.

That was just the beginning of Cooper's struggle to keep one step ahead of cheating collectors. New bridges, tunnels and turnpikes were built on a grand scale in the following years, and Taller & Cooper grew rapidly, too, installing equipment all over the country. But the headaches multiplied. A toll collector on a busy shift at, say, New York's George Washington Bridge might take in several thousand dollars in a single hour. When such large sums were handled there were sure to be new schemes for lining collectors' pockets.

The treadle counted accurately, but it could be beaten. If a collector's accounts were short at the end of the day, he might say, "Well, several drivers came over the treadle and paid their toll and started away. Then they backed up to ask directions and the treadle registered again. Also several people stepped on the treadle. That's why it registered too many counts."

Or a collector might stick a wedge of iron under the treadle so it wouldn't register for an hour or so, while he pocketed his "share" of the tolls. Others put an iron plate over the treadle to keep it from being depressed. So Cooper redesigned the treadle as a heavy rubber plate with four exceedingly complicated switches underneath. You could walk on it or lie down on it, and it wouldn't register. You could drop a ton of coal on it and it wouldn't register. But if you rolled a wheel across it in a forward direction, there wasn't any way to keep it from registering. Furthermore, if a backing-up car rolled across it, it would show on the recorder as a number subtracted, rather than added.

This was progress, but not perfection. Some cheating collectors managed to put the recording equipment out of commission by fraying wires until the machine was shorted out, or even by pouring a pitcher of water on it.

Another racket was worked at barriers where some of the tollgates were closed during slack periods. Enterprising cheaters simply closed their booths and shifted over to the "closed" gates, where recording machinery was not in operation, diverting traffic long enough to pick up a few dishonest dollars.

Others registered buses or trucks as automobiles and pocketed the difference in tolls.

Still another trick involved collusion between collectors and maintenance men. One maintenance man and the collectors at a certain tollgate agreed on the number of vehicles that could be shaved off each day's total without arousing suspicion. Then the maintenance man moved from booth to booth, supposedly checking on equipment, but actually turning back the car counts on the recorders. The collectors pocketed the equivalent in cash. When inspectors became suspicious, a full investigation was made. Two collectors were jailed, five were fired and auditors estimated that about $75,000 had been stolen at that tollgate.

With development of turnpikes where tolls were related to distance traveled as well as type of vehicles, collecting became more complicated. So did cheating. A turnpike might have twenty entrances and exits, which are called interchanges. A driver was issued a ticket when he entered, showing the number of that interchange. When he left the turnpike he surrendered his ticket and was charged for the distance traveled.

Soon after this system was inaugurated, a clever collector at Interchange 20 observed that while a truck was charged fifteen dollars for the full trip from Interchange 1 to the end of the turnpike, the charge from Interchange 19 to Interchange 20 was only one dollar. He visited a friend who was collecting at No. 19 and arranged to "borrow" a few tickets marked for No. 19. The next time a truck came through from No. 1 to No. 20, the crooked collector at No. 20 charged him the full toll of fifteen dollars. Then he tore up the ticket surrendered by the driver and substituted for it a ticket from No. 19. And he pocketed fourteen dollars, which he later split with his friend. Detective work eventually put the finger on the guilty parties.

"Over the years," Cooper said recently, "we have come upon at least a hundred and thirty-nine different methods used to cheat the toll system. We believe we have found ways to eliminate or at least detect immediately every one of these illegal practices, plus a few others that the cheaters haven't got around to yet."

The very newest equipment for safeguarding toll-station revenues leaves very little to the imagination of motorists, collectors, maintenance men or the guards who collect records and cash. When a vehicle approaches an entry booth to a turnpike, for example, the attendant who issues tickets punches a button to show whether the vehicle is an automobile, motorcycle, bus, truck or non-revenue vehicle, like a police car. Once he has punched the button—and it will show up on a remote recorder if he pushes the wrong one—the entire operation passes out of his hands and into electronic circuits that keep track of the motorist until he leaves the turnpike.

As the vehicle comes alongside the booth, for instance, the weight of the load is measured by electronic scales linked to a platform embedded in the entry lane. If a truck is over the legal limit, the machine sounds an alarm bell. At the same time, an electronic eye checks the height of the truck and flashes a red indicator if it exceeds clearance limits.

Meanwhile, the button that was punched by the attendant causes the entrance validating machine in his booth to issue the ticket. This ticket has on it—both in print and in punched holes for use in a computing machine—a serial number, the exact time and date, a number identifying the attendant, the entry interchange number, the type of vehicle and the number of axles on the vehicle. Simultaneously, this information is printed on a remote recording machine in a separate locked building which the attendant cannot enter.

All this happens in about four seconds as the motorist approaches to receive his ticket. As he drives on, his wheels pass over a rubber treadle which counts the number of axles and registers that information on the remote recording machine.

When the motorist surrenders his ticket upon leaving the turnpike, another treadle registers the number of axles. Here the collector pushes the ticket into an exit validating machine, which automatically computes the toll due and prints it on the ticket. And it punches some more holes in the ticket, showing in code the name of the collector, how far the vehicle traveled on the turnpike, what time it arrived, which exit lane used and whether the toll was paid in cash or with a charge plate.

All this information is simultaneously transmitted to another remote recorder which adds up the totals every hour. The recorder also can be equipped to transmit all this information to a central headquarters miles away, and feed it into an electronic computer which adds up the totals for the entire turnpike, provides information about traffic patterns, and makes out bills for firms that have charge accounts.

On the newest turnpikes there is another potent safeguard against trickery. This was demonstrated recently on the New York State Thruway, where a certain collector noted in his report almost every day that he had collected from one motorist who had lost his ticket. Some tickets actually are lost, of course. But eventually an inspector decided to check this collector's reports. To do this, he turned a switch at headquarters and activated a camera installed above the suspected collector's booth. It took a photograph of every vehicle that came through the tollgate and noted the exact time. After a couple of days the inspector had his answer. Once each day the collector had classified a big truck as an automobile, collected the fifteen dollars' trucking toll, put in the till a two-dollar automobile toll and pocketed thirteen dollars.

Despite all these modern fraud-prevention devices, it would be foolish to assume that there is no cheating today—except, perhaps, in the case of the automatic collection machine, Miss Hungry Lips of 1956. If you attempt to short-change Miss Hungry Lips, she flashes a red light in front of your automobile. And if you drive through the red light, she takes a photograph of your license plate, rings an alarm bell and screams through a siren for the police. Even more important, while collecting hundreds of thousands of tolls in her brief career, she has never put a dime in her own pocket.

THE END

"If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a poor loser!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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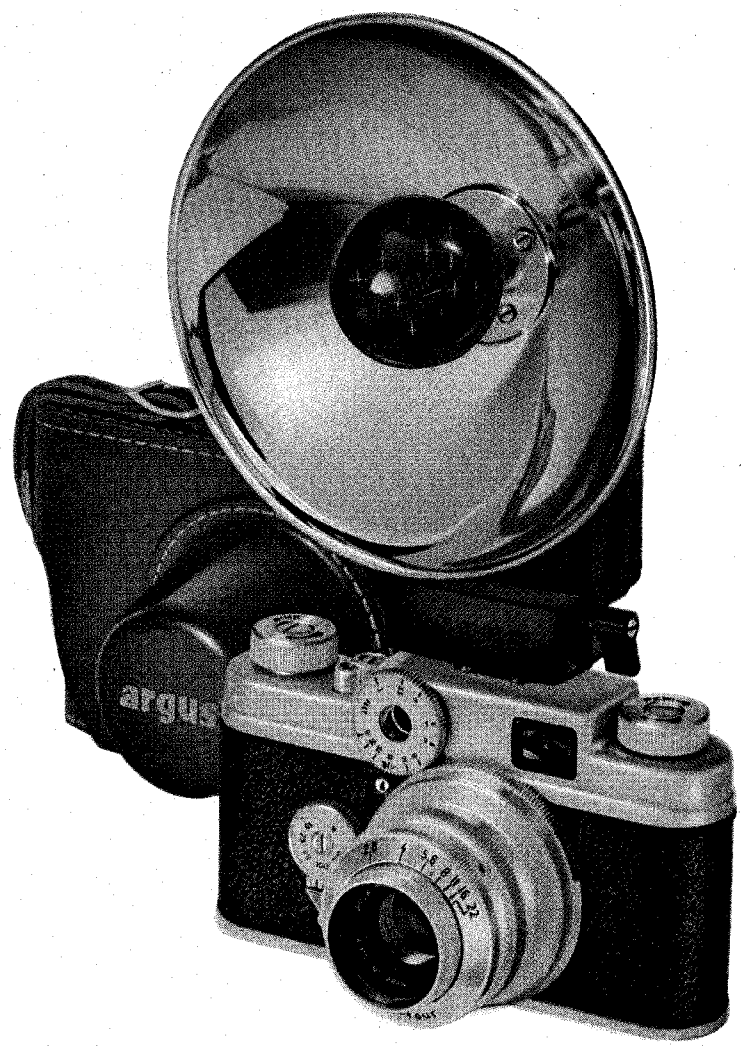

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I Prowled the Outback (Continued from Page 38)

night horse knows his business"—his mount gallops through dark brush to turn back the steer before it starts the whole mob running in a frenzy.

The campfire shows Watson's face as a white spot in the darkness. But the second rider is so black that his face is almost invisible. He is a part of the night until he comes up for tea, his full beard glistening, and bright decorations shimmering on his belt and his hat.

Out on the fringe of the cattle mob, this man has only one song, a repetition of half a dozen notes and fewer syllables: "Ai, ie, ie, ee, ee," over and over. This is Left-Hand Tommy, Australian aborigine and cattle drover, earning sixteen dollars a week and singing in a language well understood only by men totally black.

On this night he guards wild cattle which have come 100 miles through the mud of a late rainy season. They have at least 500 more miles to walk to Queensland—most of the way through clouds of red dust which began to rise as soon as the rains stopped. This is one dry camp of many for English-born Scotty Watson, a boss drover; his brother, Tom; wrinkled Dick Winters, a cook who has spent forty seasons on the track; and their helpers—Left-Hand Tommy, Clipper and Johnny, all black men who have no other names.

Their lonesome camp under a Bauhinia tree is about as close as a man can get to the emotional center of the great Australian Outback, the never-never land back of anywhere. Typical of this land is their business of driving cattle across hundreds of roadless miles of semidesert, fighting to keep them together, planning carefully for water and grass, and singing to them at night.

Two thirds of Australia's 9,000,000 people live in coastal cities, mainly Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Perth. The remaining 3,000,000 have almost 3,000,000 square miles of elbow-room—nearly the size of the United States. If the only U.S. cities were Boston, New York, Charleston, New Orleans and San Francisco; if fewer than 1,000,000 people lived between Pennsylvania and California; if only one single-track railroad ran from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and interior telephone lines were curiosities—if all this were true, the situation would be roughly comparable to that in Australia.

Here, industries concentrate close to half a dozen cities. All the rest is the Outback, a country of gibber-stone deserts, sand hills, mangrove-weighted tropical beaches, battered coasts with thirty-foot tides, lonely coastal islands, wandering tribesmen, baking hamlets, cane fields and sheep stations, cattle mobs and kangaroos, snakes, camels, lizards, swarming flies, hopeless bogs and thirsty, empty plains, mile after monotonous, eroded mile.

It's so big that small-minded men are frightened just flying over it in aircraft. It's so brutal that even camels become anxious and crowd against their aborigine owners in the nights when wild dogs howl. It's so fascinating, to those who know it best, that many of them never want to live anywhere else.

This is one of the last spots on earth with plenty of room for more people. Here is a frontier as undeveloped as parts of the United States were a hundred years ago. A few experts believe Australia can support as many as 40,000,000 people. If it ever does, most of them will live in the wide Outback, a country of heat and flood, pests and poor roads—but also of uranium, lead, zinc, wolfram, gold, and perhaps oil. Its mineral wealth barely has been touched, and very little has been done to water the millions of arid acres which could grow almost anything.

Geologically, Australia is an old, tired land. Its northeastern coast is drowning in the Pacific Ocean behind the Great Barrier Reef, its mountains are worn down and its once-great inland sea now is heaved up as a flat, almost waterless plain. Stumps of mountains cut off the east coast, creating a narrow, well-watered strip on the ocean side, but robbing the interior of rain. The whole north coast bears the weight of tropical jungles, mangroves and swamps infested by crocodiles and mosquitoes. The south coast is chilled by Antarctic storms. On the west coast enormous tides of the Indian Ocean make harbors treacherous. Lakes dot the center of the country, but except in the wettest years they are only dry salt pans.

On the north, a 200-mile-wide strip of rough or swampy land between the Arafura Sea and the Barkly tableland is next to useless for agriculture. On the south, the wavering Gayter survey line, drawn about 100 miles from the coast, marks the inland limit of usable farming country. Banks won't finance ground breaking beyond this deadline, and settlers have learned that the banks are right.

This doesn't mean that the interior is worthless. Some of the earliest overlanders from coastal settlements drove sheep and cattle through the eastern mountains to the interior. Sheep and cattle are the most important inhabitants of that interior today, and the principal supports of Australia's economy. Australian manufacturing is mainly for home use, but wool from the 127,000,000 sheep clothes much of the world, and the 15,000,000 cattle are a major factor in the world's beef markets. And behind it all are men like Left-Hand Tommy, earning sixteen dollars a week, and Scotty Watson, who'll make $2400 in a good year.

Livestock caused white men to wrest the Outback country from the original 300,000 spear- and boomerang-throwing aborigines, and livestock supports most of its present population. Sugar cane and tropical fruits are cultivated on the Queensland coast, wine grapes are important in New South Wales and South Australia, vegetables do well in Victoria, and soft wheat—twenty to forty bushels per acre—is a widespread crop. But otherwise this is still a stockman's country, much like the American West of half a century ago, but with important differences.

One difference is the relationship between sheep and cattle. Here, sheep often graze in fairly small bands, behind fences and on good land. There is enormous wool production within 100 miles of Adelaide, and other major wool areas crowd Melbourne and Sydney. But the really far-back country, the Northern Territory and Western Australia's wild Kimberley Mountains, is all cattle land. Nomadic sheepherders like those in America are unknown here. Rather, a single rancher—he's a "station owner" here—may run several hundred sheep on his home property without guards.

There are no feuds between cattlemen and sheepmen, not with wool so important to the country that Australian currency gets nervous whenever there is a break in the world wool market. If there is any question about grazing, the cattlemen pull out. To them is left the country where there are too many dingoes—wild dogs—or where ticks and blowflies make sheep raising difficult.

Scotty Watson's cattle came from Beetaloo station, but could as well have been raised at Timber Creek. In this case, the story of cattle driving would start at a home station 300 miles south of Darwin, the Northern Territory capital, and 200 rough miles off the only paving in the territory.

In this latitude there are only two seasons, wet and dry. From November through April, the mud road to Timber Creek is impassable. Light aircraft provide transportation, if the station can keep its private airdrome solid enough for landings. A flying doctor or nursing sister can be called in emergencies with a battery-powered wireless.

Flying doctors operate out of a dozen back-country airdromes, visiting remote towns and stations on schedule, giving medical advice by radio and answering emergency calls. Some of these services are underwritten by mission groups and donations from cattlemen, others by the commonwealth government. The wireless also handles commercial traffic, the weather and, on Sundays, gossip between lonely station wives hundreds of miles apart. Realistically, this last traffic is known as "Mother's Day."

At any rate, stock grew fat at Timber Creek and similar stations during the wet season when flinders and Mitchell grasses were lush and even young spinifex and feathertop weeds were edible. Nothing was moved in or out, because nothing could move through the bogs or across the rivers.

There is a typical Northern Territory story concerning a stranger who asked an old prospector whether the road to Kapalga was closed.

"Closed?" said the whiskery old man. "My word, no! That road's never closed. Of course, you might have to wait a week to get across Alligator Creek, and I wouldn't be surprised if you were maybe a month where it crosses the Jirv Jirv River, but it ain't closed. That road's always open."

An average cattle station here is about 2000 square miles of land leased from the commonwealth. On this acreage, some 18,000 cattle can graze, plus unwanted kangaroos, wild donkeys and wilder horses called "brumbies." Dingoes attack calves and even grown bullocks, crows are pests, and kites make poultry raising hazardous. A home garden of watermelons, lettuce and tomatoes can be grown only if small black boys watch it constantly to keep off the birds.

A station crew includes a white bookkeeper, who doubles as storekeeper and medical consultant; a head stockman, either white or half-caste; and eight or nine aborigine stockmen, horse tailers (wranglers) and cowboys.

At least as many aborigine women ("lubras") also will live on the station, with an average of two children each. All must be fed, clothed after a fashion, and housed—although many aborigines refuse to live under roofs, except in the heaviest rains. The commonwealth sets native men's pay at about eight dollars a week, women's pay for kitchen or housekeeping work at sixty cents to two dollars and a quarter. Native women get material for a new dress every two months, needles, thread, a looking glass, a blanket, scissors and various small items.

In addition, the station management must accept certain native customs. An aborigine will leave his work to "walkabout," traveling perhaps 100 miles, when he feels so inclined. He hates to have his picture taken. He won't give his right name to a stranger, who might use it in witchcraft against him. Unless he actually sees them, the white is never sure how many of his people are on the station or how many tribal relatives may be camped in *mia-mias* (lean-tos) behind a hill near station headquarters.

Station equipment includes trucks, four or five horses for every riding man, pack animals and arrangements to water cattle at various spots in the 2000 square miles. Highly fortunate stations may have permanent springs or reliable rivers, but most are dependent upon deep drilled wells (cost $5000), which bring up highly mineralized water.

Outback cattle forage for themselves. Few of them see a man from one season to the next, except on the occasional truck scattering salt licks—or a less welcome visitor, armed with a heavy rifle to shoot scrub bulls, which are left where they fall. This is the only practical method of balancing the herds.

"Have you observed, sir, that the wallop, here, packs quite a punch?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Thus the cattle are truly wild when station crews muster them at the end of the wet season, separating breeding stock from bullocks, and dividing the bullocks into "fat" and "store" groups. From Timber Creek and nearby stations, fat cattle are driven 200 miles northwest to a meat works at Wyndham, on the coast. Thinner cattle not yet ready for market can find no fattening grass in that direction, so they are turned over to drovers—independent contractors like Scotty Watson—who drive them to Queensland or New South Wales for fattening. The drover's fee is based on number of cattle and mileage driven, which may be more than 1000 miles and require 100 days.

This is the Chisholm Trail of America's Old West, with frills. Big gray parrots with bright pink breasts wheel in a screeching flock as the "mob" of bullocks gets under way to the southeast. Drovers hate crows, which pick the eyes out of mired-down cattle, but they love these big galah parrots. They're noisy, but often half a dozen will line up in perfect infantry formation on a tree branch. A single rifle shot may get four or five. The only way to cook them is to boil several of them for days—after a week, one parrot may be tender enough to eat. More than one drover or prospector is alive today because plenty of galahs were around when ordinary food ran out.

From Timber Creek, still-wild cattle must be driven past spectacular Jasper Gorge and Victoria Downs, once the largest Australian cattle station, and finally on to the Murranji track. Old men now far away shudder when they remember the Murranji, with its brick-red dust and hedges of bull-waddy trees so thick that an entire cattle mob can be lost without trace. It was 180 miles between water holes in the old days. Of those days terrible stories are told. There was a desperate drover who had six men come sick while he was forcing his mob across the waste. His cattle were dying, but the men could not be moved. He found a *gilgar*—a puddle—with enough water for men, but not for cattle. Beside it he left his sick—three white men and three aborigines—and forced his cattle on to wells more than 100 miles away. But the sick men were weaker than he thought. When rescuers reached them, days later, all six were dead, their hands only inches from the water they had been too weak to reach. Nowadays, cattle and men can have water every second day at government-drilled bores eighteen miles apart, but the Murranji still is no picnic.

Those who beat the Murranji finally reach Newcastle Waters, which is a watering trough, a tired hotel and very little else. Here the name of the cattle trail changes to the Barkly and the mobs must be chivvied across the Stuart Highway, a paved road built by American and Australian troops during World War II to connect Darwin and Alice Springs, the mid-continent railhead.

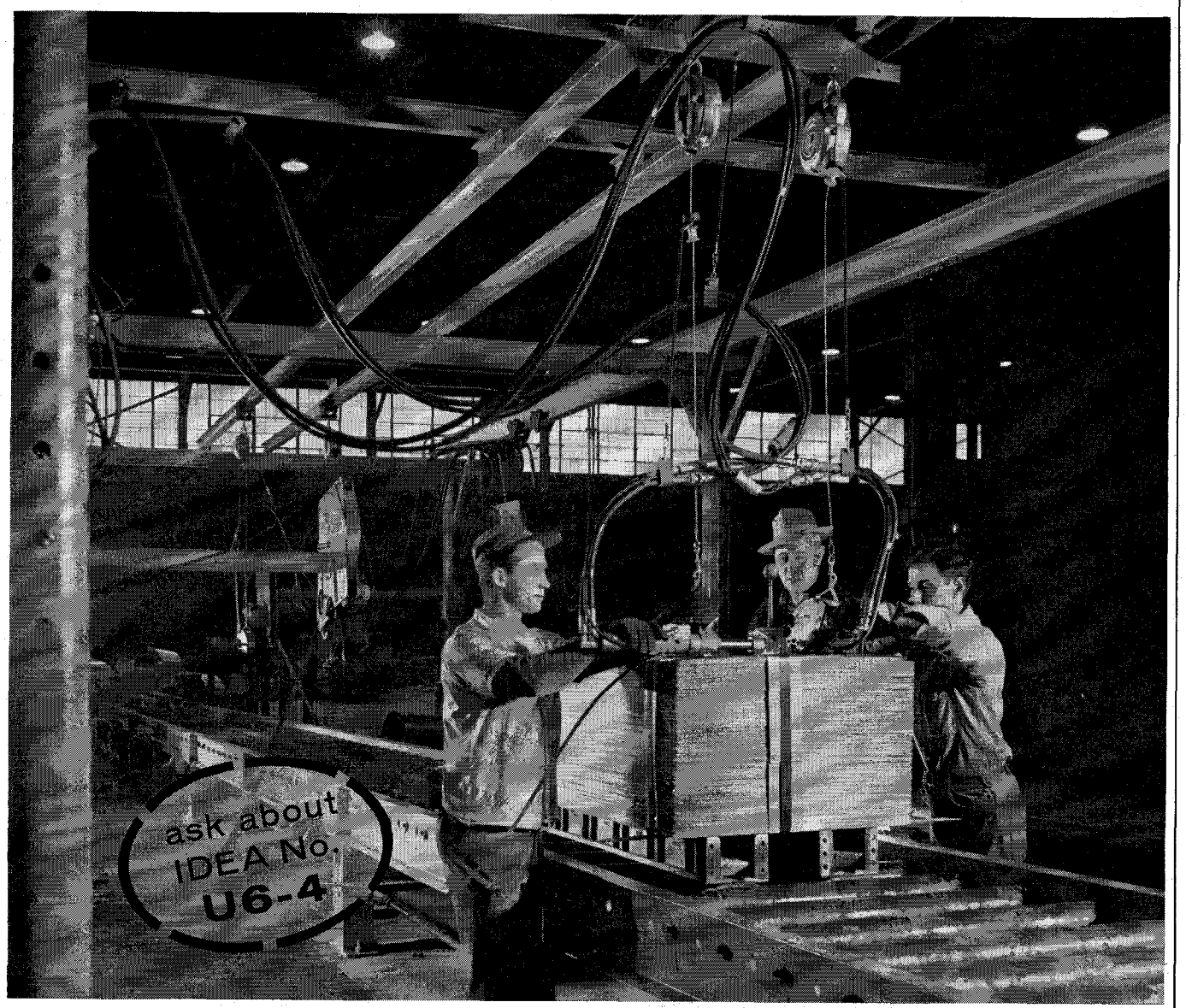
This first-class highway emphasizes the Outback's most curious feature—a total lack of decent surface freight transportation. When Australia first began to grow, local governments went into the railroad business. Explanations differ for what followed. Some say the English wished to prevent consolidation of the Australian colonies of that day; some say local politicians insisted on being different at any cost; some think the cry for rails and equipment was so great that Australians had to buy what they could find. Whatever the reason, each local government built a railroad, and each had a different track gauge, ranging from the three-foot-six-inch measure used by some early American railroads to five feet three inches.

The result is shocking. Today, every pound of rail freight between Melbourne and Sydney must be transferred at the point where the gauge changes. Between Adelaide and Sydney, two changes are necessary. Ore from Broken Hill lead mines and uranium workings at Radium Hill can move in one car to Port Pirie for refining; but passengers to Adelaide, about the same distance and in the same general direction, must change trains in the middle of the night.

The South Australian state government formerly administered the great empty Northern Territory and started from each coast, Adelaide and Darwin, to build a north-south railroad across the continent. By the late 1920's, when the territory was turned over to commonwealth administration, the south line had reached Alice Springs, in the geographical center. But the northern arm came down only 300 miles from the coast, and ended in a swamp. The gap is still there.

When cattle cross the highway at Newcastle Waters, they're more than 100 miles from the end of the northern railroad. This is a fantastically antiquated affair, which runs, often two or three days late, to Darwin, but there are neither large meat works nor fattening pastures in that direction. Passengers from Katherine to Darwin, some 220 miles, often ride the caboose of the freight train, taking sixteen hours for the trip. "It's always faster," says one of them, "than the passenger train."

Up to now, the old system of driving bullocks across roadless country with kangaroo-skin whips, trained trail horses and calming songs in the night hasn't been improved. Cattle lose weight, many die on the trail, and one bullock must be



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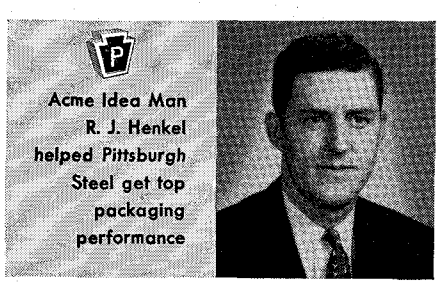

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killed every ten days to feed the drover's crew—but the mobs do get to market.

Disadvantages of life in the Outback are easy to enumerate—and the first is loneliness. In the Kimberleys, three people may be the only whites in 1500 square miles. Children are schooled by correspondence or at distant boarding schools, and there is no outside entertainment on stations isolated for months at a time.

In the wonderfully named town of Oodnadatta, in South Australia, there's very little wonderful except a municipal hot shower which comes out of a bored well. All the rest is an endless baking countryside, heat, sometimes 125 degrees, and black flies so thick that children must wear head nets. Leigh Creek, where the South Australian government operates open-cut coal mines, is a treeless, coal-dusty horror.

Travel here should be spelled *t-r-a-v-a-i-l*. Restaurants out of a bad dream feature something called crumb sausage, which tastes just as it sounds. Many towns have no public eating places open on Sunday. Even on main highways, motorists carry elaborate tool kits and extra fuel, and between some cities sensible men ship their cars by rail, even though highways are shown on the maps.

There is little middle ground between central Australia's blistering drought, which can kill a man in a day if he runs out of drinking water, and the rains which make a steaming inferno out of the north coast for five months every year. Men watched cattle die of thirst by the thousands in 1951–52. In February and March, 1955, they watched other thousands of cattle and sheep swept away by floods which devastated whole valleys in Queensland and New South Wales.

Take your pick of things not to like. There is the deliberate infection of millions of rabbits with a mosquito-borne disease called myxomatosis which blinds and maddens them; then kills them after ten terrible days. Necessary to stop the rabbit plague, perhaps, but it isn't nice to watch. Neither is the slaughter of kangaroos because they eat too much grass or knock down fences.

Beer is expensive, and even the hardiest drinker resents being forced to it just because no decent water or coffee is provided in eating places. People go swimming but share the water with crocodiles, sharks, poisonous cone shells and stinging Portuguese men-of-war. Even the Great Barrier Reef, which is in the Outback and a frequent holiday target for people living still farther out, frustrates visitors. Vacationists don't often see its coral formations or colorful fish, because of unfavorable tides or weather.

The list of disadvantages is endless: erosion, bad water, hookworm, leprosy, uncertain mails, heat and more heat, and more after that. But there is another side, equally important if not quite so easy to see in a hurry.

Begin with the mysteries. South of Tennant Creek the Stuart Highway runs through desolate country. Painted finches in yellows and scarlets rise from the spinifex and blue bush in swarms, and small green parrots wheel away from the roadside. Towers built by white ants, some eighteen feet tall, rise like the gravestones of a race of giants, and the whitened trunks of desert gum trees add to the eerie aspect. After sixty miles the road drops into a valley. This valley is covered by round stones the size of houses, some standing alone, others piled high like enormous cannon balls. Some stand balanced, without apparent reason, and others are split through like sliced oranges. These are the Devil's Marbles, and geologists dismiss them as merely fine samples of granite eroded into balls. But a man wonders: Why here? Why only here?

Far more important a mystery is the aborigine, that chocolate man, neither African nor Polynesian, whose only known relatives are in the hill tribes of India. Forty-seven thousand full-bloods survive, and some 30,000 of half aboriginal blood. Alone, these people had no written language, never developed a wheel, the use of metals or cultivation of domestic crops. But their boomerang was a bit of remarkable aeronautical engineering, and their spear, thrown with the aid of a wooden sling—womera—was one of the deadliest weapons ever developed by a primitive people. Although he never had horses before the white man came, the aborigine, like the American Indian, has become a fine horseman and a competent cattle drover.

Today's aborigine, living on the fringe of white civilization, is often a sorry sight, diseased, unwashed, ridden by superstition. But myall tribes still roaming the wildest back country cope with the brutal weather and terrible terrain far better than any white man could.

Men live in the Outback because there is gold to be found, or because cattle raised without feeding can be sold for forty to eighty dollars each, or to operate pearling luggers or bush airlines or pubs which sell enormous quantities of beer. But for them all, there are the widest horizons in the world, the most fantastic galaxies of stars. The Outback gives a man a chance to know well a family of kangaroos, to watch brolgas (cranes) jumping twenty feet high in a mating dance, to laugh at clumsy galahs trying to perch on a wire.

Few people can resist kicking over a smallish ant tower just to watch the beef ants and Singapore ants move in on the poor, blind building ants, once the hard walls of their fortress are broken. A North Australian said recently, "Sure, we've got them all—red ants, black ants, white ants and green ants. And they all bite."

In the baking towns, the beer bars are crowded by prospectors, constantly dreaming of great finds. On the cattle stations, lonely ranchers fight drought, dingoes and millions of flies. On the Barkly Track, the Watsons and Left-Hand Tommies ride the fringes of their great mob of cattle, singing in the long, starry nights.

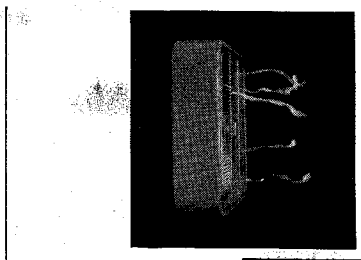
These are the men of the Outback, who return year after year, and not for pay alone. Where else can you see a two-foot lizard, frilled skin around his neck raised into an Elizabethan ruff, running down the sandy track on his two hind legs, for all the world like a dancing man?

Editors' Note—This is the first of two articles. The second will appear next week.

The Shell

By Jane Merchant

The delicate auroras
In this shell
Are most illustrative
Of ocean swell,
Of rippling light,
Of iridescent foam.
Though I have never left
My inland home
Nor stood on any shore
The dawn tide laves,
I know how sunrise looks
On ocean waves.



...this is regular cooling

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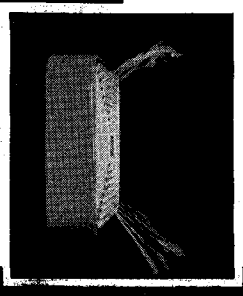

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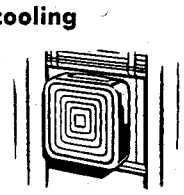

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Working Girls on a Frolic (Continued from Page 29)

is most triumphant just across the Housatonic River from the former Whitney summit. There, at a handsome old estate called Eastover, a onetime streetcar conductor named George Bisacca plays host every week to 350 young office workers who come as paying guests. George's standing as a party giver in some ways excels that of Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, reigning dowager of the region around 1900. When Mrs. Stokes' son telegraphed from Yale, "Bringing '96 for weekend," meaning his chums of the Class of 1896, she is said to have wired back: "Place already crowded with guests, bring only fifty."

George, on the other hand, has accommodated as many as 679 weekend guests over Labor Day. "When you realize," he says, "that this pint-sized palace was built as a 'summer cottage' for a family of five, you can see how much I've changed and enlarged it. Of course, with more than six hundred here, they were sleeping everywhere except in tents."

No Eastover guest has been known to complain of boredom. The heavy decorum of the Victorian era went out with the velvet draperies. Now there is dancing to orchestra music nightly until three A.M., swimming at almost any hour in an underwater-lighted pool, and a choice of fifteen daytime sports geared to the customer's energy or lack of it.

Eastover is one place where callusproof devotees of dancing can whirl eight hours a day or night, seven days a week. The fun begins at three P.M. on the flagstone patio beside the pool, with the dancers and a small "hot" band all in bathing suits. It continues in the dim-lighted night-club atmosphere of the basement Carriage Room, from five to six, switches to the big dance floor of the Tallyho recreational center from ten to one and resumes in the Carriage Room from one until three.

The tail-coat and hard-collar days are long gone at Eastover. Nobody dresses formally now, or even semiformally. A

In a skit, an Eastover "cave man" captures two working girls on vacation.

man wearing a necktie is suspected of snobbishness, and anyone in a jacket is presumed to be suffering from a chill. An improper Bostonian named Murphy told me, "Here you can throw away not only your necktie but your shirt and shoes too." During square dances, many vacationers skip around barefoot in the sole-slapping hillbilly tradition. Rows of shoes are parked on the side lines.

The weekly schedule includes hours of free instruction for all who want to learn square dancing, ballroom dancing, archery, golf, tennis, swimming and diving.

Those who really want rest can sleep until 10:45, eat a quick breakfast at the snack bar on the south terrace, sun-bathe at the pool all day, take in a tranquil hour of piano music in the paneled library from 7:30 to 8:30 and go to bed at 9:00.

Eastover's most lethargic guest—or so she seemed—has become legendary as "the lazy-moving beauty." A truly shapely creature, she flowed languidly along at half the pace of everyone around her. She explained in a stagy New York accent that she was taking a vacation from the horrid rush of life in Manhattan. Naturally, her performance attracted attention from men as well as women. Thus she met a slow-moving young blond giant from Tennessee. When last seen, they were disappearing together, not so slowly. Not every girl gets her man as easily as the lazy beauty did. Their most audible complaint is "Where are the boys?" One apprehensive male likened it to the cry of a female wolf pack.

As a host who tries to provide his guests with every reasonable pleasure, George Bisacca faces the perennial problem of the young female frankly.

At the campfire fun sessions which climax evening hayrides, he speaks up, "Ladies, this isn't going to make you happy—the fact is that Eastover can guarantee you almost everything but a man. But keep your eyes open. Thar's men in them thar hills."

And it is literally true. During the great manpower shortages of July and August, some local stalwarts crash the gate for dances. Eastover has an eight-foot-high, iron picket fence, manned by two night watchmen, and its pastoral flanks are guarded by barbed wire. Even so, the local lads invade the "girl preserve" via the woods, the bypaths and by wading through a brook. If they're spotted they are asked to leave. On weekends, young men from the urban areas swarm up from wherever they have been toiling, and young womanhood glows with pleasure.

Still, George Bisacca, and Ruth, his blond wife and business helpmate, feel sympathy for the young huntresses who hate to spend their vacationtime in what George termed "a manless paradise." A frustrated sylph who departed in midweek summed up the case. "Paradise without men?" she said. "It can't be."

Until they learned that nearly all resorts lack men, the Bisaccas wondered whether Eastover suffered from a social blight. Now Ruth says, "I think the answer is simple. The boys spend their money right through the year, dating the girls, while the girls save every cent they can for a big vacation splurge. So they have money to go places, and the boys don't."

George is working on the theory that to attract men you have to offer what they want. "What they want on vacation," he explains, "is to do something they can't do at home. The boy-meets-girl routine can go on anywhere. Men on vacation want to shoot, fish, play tennis—that sort of thing." So George is emphasizing such largely masculine sports as skeet shooting.

Host George Bisacca, wearing sombrero and cowboy suit, with guests during one of the weekly masquerade balls at Eastover, his Lenox, Mass., resort.

"George is a recreational genius," says Ray Glasscock, a Yale University sociologist who is George's summertime promotion director. "Who else would think of arranging for a gal to get her man with a shotgun?"

Another of George's prize schemes for promoting "boy-meets-girl" is his seasonal membership plan. For a modest fee, thirty presentable young men of the vicinity use Eastover as a country club. They golf, play tennis, swim, eat and dance. George, with shrewd psychology, has one rigid rule: They must come stag. If they wish feminine companionship, they date Eastover girl guests. With a full moon rising over October Mountain, it works like magic.

George Bisacca has come a long way since he took fares as a boy on a running-board trolley in his home town, Bridgeport, Connecticut. He turned to the resort business nine years ago as an escape from office boredom. Until then, he owned an auto agency, a tire firm and a string of gasoline stations in Stamford, Connecticut.

During World War II, George, who was overage, enlisted as a private in the state guard or stand-by militia. He arrived at a summer training camp on a motorcycle, flying a Confederate flag as an expression of his individualism. He didn't make the best soldier in the world, even on a stand-by basis. He had a habit of dropping things. This disgusted his captain, who finally told a seventeen-year-old private, "Private Shaw, follow this blankety-blank Private Bisacca, and whatever he drops, you pick up." George believes he was the only private who had his own orderly.

To prove to himself that war is not all hell and picking up afterward, George went on a summer outing to Ted Hilton's famous Connecticut resort. It was there that he decided that he, too, should be a resort operator. "There were four hundred and seventy-five girls and about twenty-five of us old men and Four-F's there," he recalls. "I had the grandest time of my life. Never could forget it. It left me bored with my automotive business."

At a gasoline distributors' convention later on, he mentioned his wish to go into the resort field. A distributor from the Berkshire playground region swore to help him. Then they went their separate forgetful ways. A week afterward, to George's surprise, he received from a Lenox real-estate man a list of enormous old Berkshire estates which could be had for relatively little money.

He went to Lenox, where some mansions had been standing vacant ever since the 1929 stock-market crash. The real-estate man offered a choice of six. Eastover, which George selected, was a red-brick Georgian mansion flanked by marble-balustraded terraces. It had belonged to the late Harris C. Fahnestock, a multimillionaire New Yorker who did not shrink from listing his profession in Who's Who as "capitalist." As millionaire estates go, Eastover was relatively modest. It contained only thirty-five rooms and stood on a mere 500 acres. After an unsuccessful season as a school, it had been closed for seven years. Cobwebs shrouded its windows. Dampness crept down its walls. Its venerable plumbing, gingerly tested, emitted weird noises.

"The moment I announced that I was going to convert Eastover into a vacation resort," George recalls, "my friends, my relatives and my mother-in-law all told me I was crazy. The bankers thought so too. After all, as they pointed out, what had the auto and tire business taught me about running a resort? Two old-time Yankee bankers in the Berkshires were especially gloomy—gave me only one chance in a hundred of succeeding."

The pessimism was increased by George's determination to make the luxury mansion a vacation rendezvous not for the well-to-do but for youthful secretaries, clerks and office workers. "I kept telling myself that secretaries who made twenty dollars a week back in 1940 were now making sixty and eighty dollars and looking for a place to spend it," George explains. "But I did have doubts."

Undaunted by the dim, grim look of Eastover, George went ahead with his long-shot gamble to make the place appeal to younger folks. He began a rip-out-and-rebuild program of awesome proportions. The former lodge became a series of suites accommodating two to four persons. A little schoolhouse across the road from Eastover was bought, repainted its original brick red and converted into guest rooms. So was the upper floor of the two-story carriage house. In addition, George built a guest ranch house, and cottages for honeymooners. "After all," he says, "when we start romances around here we ought to see them through."

From all indications, the sole outdoor pastime of Eastover's original high-society occupants was a sedentary exercise called tallyhoing. The place had no tennis courts, and no pool except an ornamental lily pond. But the carriage house contained a dozen moldering tallyhos, barouches, surreys and wagons. The tallyho has been described as a four-horse pleasure coach built for speed rather than comfort. Riding in it behind four spirited horses required spirited sitting. The pastime enjoyed its widest popularity in the days of rub-on (*Continued on Page 94*)

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(*Continued from Page 92*) patent liniments, good for the sore spots of "horse or human."

Tallyhoing millionaires are now extinct around Lenox, but the gamest aspect of their sport continues at Eastover. Every Tuesday night George marshals all horse-drawn vehicles, including some Fahnestock relics, for a hayride down a rocky mountain road. If he is short of old-fashioned horsepower, he uses farm tractors to haul the wagons.

To provide an assortment of recreations, George did a face-lifting job over much of the estate. The excavations alone ran to several million cubic feet. Below the east terrace, facing majestic October Mountain, there stood three formal gardens. Or so they said. All George found was a tangle of rosebushes. In place of the gardens went a seventy-foot outdoor pool, a $115,000 year-round indoor pool, and clay tennis courts. George also planted a sizable pine grove for barbecues, which include unlimited helpings of broiled lobsters. He built a softball diamond, a ski tow, an abbreviated golf course, a stable for twenty riding horses and a mile-long canoeing stream.

Construction of the canoe stream was epic in itself. George's wife and business associate, Ruth, who lived through it and audited the bills, tells the story best:

"First, George bought eighty acres just to get a little corner of a brook that ran down into the Housatonic River. But the brook ran the wrong way. So he got official permission to reverse its course, and put a bulldozer to work. The bulldozer bogged down. George got another machine, made especially to dig in swampy ground. That got stuck too. Next he took to using dynamite. He blasted away until the brook quit running north and began running south. I think he had it terrified. Then he invested nearly two thousand dollars in a fleet of aluminum canoes. Now he plans to build a large lake. The lake will be twelve feet above the level of the stream, so he is going to pump water up into the lake. Nothing stops him."

During his first two years at Eastover, George lost $30,000. One hot summer before water was piped from the Lenox municipal works, the local wells went dry. The staff had to haul every drop from Lenox by truck and farm wagon. Guests were rationed like lifeboat survivors. In the third season the water flowed freely and the financial tide also turned. George sold his three businesses in Stamford, one after another, and concentrated upon what he calls "my true love." He plays host from noon until past midnight with the energy of a circus ringmaster.

Currently, his income compares comfortably with many a corporation president's pay. It enables him to live in a new ranch-type home with his wife and two teen-age daughters, and, during off-seasons, take the kind of travel vacations that he prefers. During the summer season, winter holiday weekends and skiing time, however, George and Ruth work hard. Presiding over the weekly masquerade ball, George bursts onstage in a sombrero, chaps and cowboy boots as the Frisco Kid. During Lenox Old-Fashioned Days, a community event of which he is chief organizer, he canters along on horseback as the "big chief," stripped to the waist and wearing a huge Indian feather bonnet.

When not playing master of ceremonies, George is a ready participant in stunts and talent programs. He is constantly organizing skits, involving the reenactment of the "great Lenox bank robbery of 1870," the capture of horse thieves or the lethal performance of a Civil War bugler who returned home to find his wife mothering an infant by another man. The bugler killed his wife, the other man and himself. His ghostly trumpeting is said to be heard above October Mountain to this day.

George has a special interest in the Civil War period which finds prankish expression at times. He solemnly announces that "the orchestra will now play the national anthem." The crowd rises. The musicians, mostly Southerners, burst into Dixie.

Southern partisanship is manifest in other ways in this ancient stronghold of rock-ribbed Unionism. An affable visitor named Sherman Grant met short shrift. One of George's Sunday-afternoon stunts involves a kangaroo court for "spies" who are supposed to fall backward into the lily pool when the firing squad shoots blanks. Sherman Grant was convicted of being a Federal spy on "the only Confederate soil in Massachusetts." He refused a blindfold, but accepted a cigarette before doing a graceful backward flip into the pool.

George is supported in his Confederate sympathies by staff members. Nearly all the summertime staff consists of college boys and girls, some of whom return year after year. More than half come from the South. The pronounced you-all accent at Eastover goes back to a pioneer staffer, Leroy (Sonny) Martin, son of a Raleigh, North Carolina, banker. George met Sonny, a genial giant, years ago at another resort. Sonny worked at Eastover while earning two degrees, and is now taking a Ph.D. in applied mathematics at Harvard. Years back, he presented George with a Confederate flag which flies at Eastover under The Stars and Stripes.

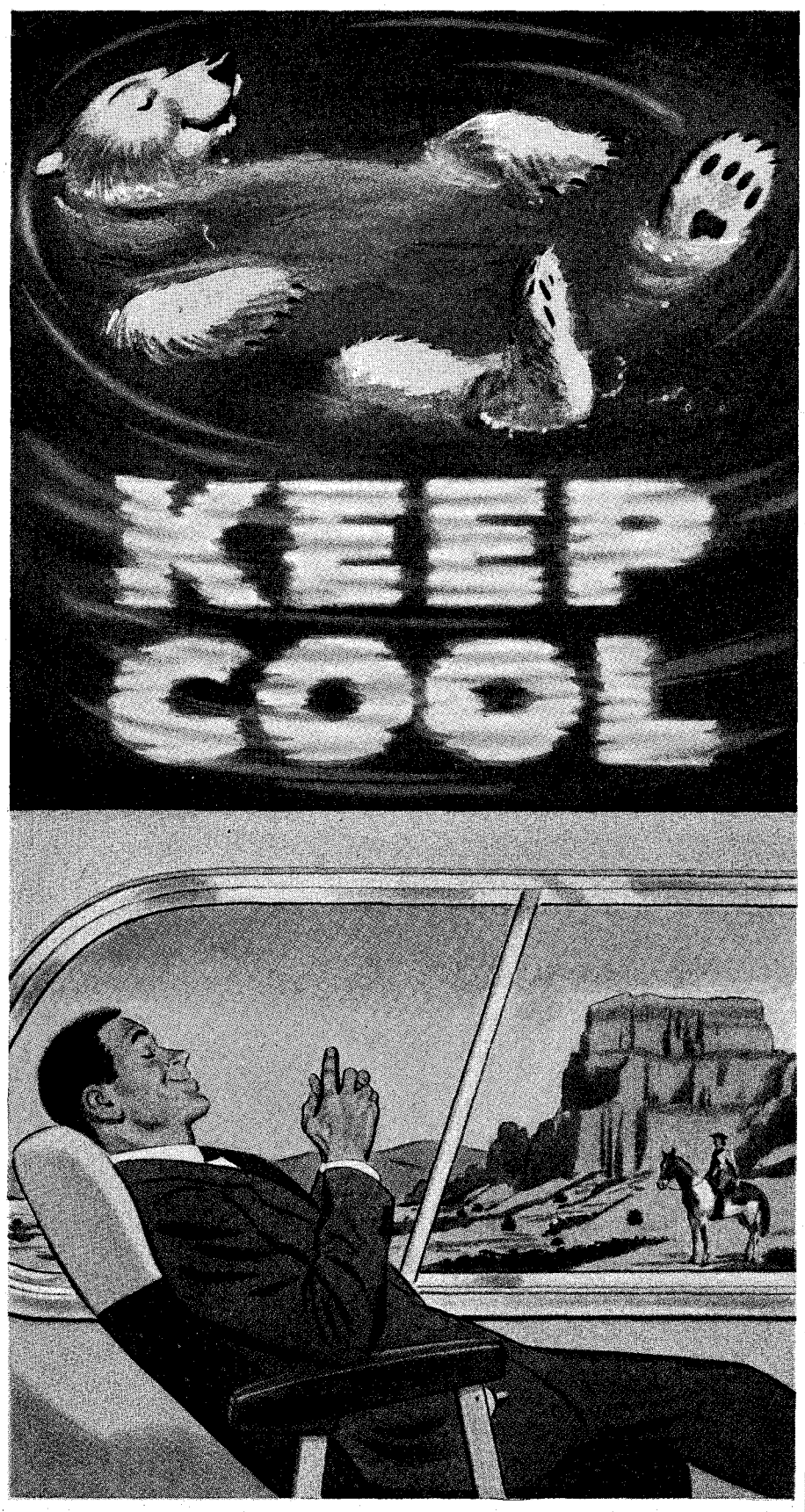
The staffers' status completes the social revolution in the old millionaire's mansion, for they enjoy full guest privileges while not on duty. You may dance with the pretty collegian chambermaid who tidied your room. Or you may play tennis with the lanky lad who served your breakfast—and get licked.

During the summer rush, Eastover operates with 110 helpers, a staffer for every three guests. Meals are served at almost the instant that you sit down in the big dining room. Elsewhere, self-service is a general rule. You help yourself to soft drinks, settling up on the honor system when you leave. You get your own sports equipment from the lockers, paying only if you rent riding horses from the stable concessionaire. Otherwise the summer rates, ranging from $71.75 a week for dormitory accommodations to $99.75 for double cottage rooms, are all-inclusive. Due to the volume of its patronage, Eastover currently grosses about $500,000 a year.

The guests come largely from the Greater New York area, 135 miles by super-highway, or from the vicinity of Boston. To each gathering of new arrivals, George gives a little spiel on the splendors of the Berkshires' millionaire past. With the democratic fervor of his streetcar-conductor days, he tells how Andrew Carnegie, pocketing $20,000,000 a year before there were any income taxes, broke a steel-mill strike with private detectives rather than pay his workers seven dollars a week. Then, compromising neatly, as befits the owner of a millionaire's mansion, he adds: "However, those millionaires built this country. Now they are part of a bygone era, the like of which we shall never see again."

At that climax, one of George's staff hecklers is likely to call out irreverently, "Why, George, you're climbing into the millionaire bracket yourself. . . . Folks, take a free look at the sole surviving moneybags in the Berkshires."

THE END



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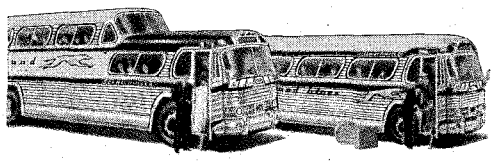

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Suicide Case (Continued from Page 37)

He jerked his thumb toward the west. "Psycho. Dame tried to fly through a window. Not enough jet propulsion."

"That's Doctor Skinner's baby," Doctor Sullivan said.

"Doc Skinner's out. He's buyin' a new convertible."

"Two-tone, no doubt," Doctor Sullivan snapped. "Brown and butter."

"Huh?" Termite asked, his jaw dropping.

"Never mind," said the doctor. "I can think of nothing of less consequence. Let's go."

He trailed Termite down a concrete ramp into a dusky, cavernous passageway, up a long flight of stairs, through a stainless-steel door which he had to unlock, and into Psychiatric. The unit seemed quiet enough. But from experience, Doctor Sullivan knew this could mean the quiet before—or after—the storm.

Doctor Sullivan trespassed considerably in Psychiatric. For that matter, he trespassed in many departments. He was given an unusual degree of latitude in this because of his excellent reputation and his burning desire to improve hospital conditions.

He thought of Psychiatric as sort of a "never-never land." It beckoned to him, almost irresistibly, because he liked people. Doctor Sullivan was fascinated—but never morbidly so—by these people who, like all people, could be sad, exuberant, excited, indifferent, aggressive, jealous, dissatisfied, demanding, hostile, critical, irritable, provocative and unreasonable—only a little more so. Some of them he felt, he could help. And he did. Much more than people knew.

"In here," Termite said, opening a door. "Oh-oh! Gore on the floor. I'll get the old oaken bucket."

A nurse was standing beside the bed. Her uniform was disheveled, her hair rumpled.

"Well, it's about time ——" she began, and turned her head. Her face reddened. "I'm sorry, Doctor Sullivan. I thought it was the new intern."

The nurse's fingers were applied to pressure points. But the blood was still seeping from the patient's right wrist. Doctor Sullivan took over. His large hands moved quickly, deftly. The patient began to struggle as he removed a sliver of glass from the wrist. The doctor merely nodded at the nurse. The needle plunged swiftly into the patient's arm about four inches above the elbow.

"Chart," Doctor Sullivan said sharply. He glanced at it, even as he sewed. It was a Kempf Behavior Chart and the first entry had been made at four o'clock that morning. It gave her name as Ann Sidney, her age as twenty-six and her address, Cherokee Hotel, Jacksonville.

On the chart were fifty-six items, six of which had little "X" marks in the squares beside them. The "X's" reported that Ann Sidney was suicidal, weeping, impulsive, apprehensive, agitated and resistant. The chart also told the doctor that a stomach pump, operated by an intern in Mathers Unit, had recovered, or partially recovered, fourteen sleeping pills, and that sedative medication had been administered.

Doctor Sullivan looked at the nurse. He had the highest respect for nurses in Psychiatric. The equanimity with which they absorbed insults, anger, disappointment and grief astonished him. But now his eyes were blue chunks of ice.

"Who ordered seclusion for this patient?" he asked.

"Doctor Skinner," the nurse said.

The nurse could see the veins pumping hard in his temples, but all he said was, "You may fill out the report. I will be here awhile."

He took the pulse, the blood pressure. He studied the chart again. Then the face and the head. It was a pleasant face. Naturally full lips. A firm but well-rounded chin. A delicate, slightly uptilted nose. A lovely neck. The hair, black and curly and tousled. Little smile creases around the mouth. Abundant eyelashes.

Doctor Sullivan guessed about the eyes. Probably brown, he thought. A good clear brown, because there was no evidence of dissipation and the blood count denied alcoholism.

But when they are open, Doctor Sullivan thought, *the eyes will tell. The eyes always tell.*

There was something utterly pathetic about her—something that disturbed the doctor's emotions. This annoyed him. Detachment was part of his duty.

"Ann Sidney," Doctor Sullivan said aloud, "you are a little fool. If you can't take it now, it'll be twice as hard later."

The door opened and Termite came in with his bucket and mop.

"Day they get carpets in hospitals, I retire, doc," said Termite, dunking the mop. He glanced at the patient. "What've we got, doc? A skitz or a manic?"

"Look," Doctor Sullivan said patiently, "if you'll just stick to your comic books, we'll get along."

The nurse returned. The doctor gave her some instructions, oral and in writ-

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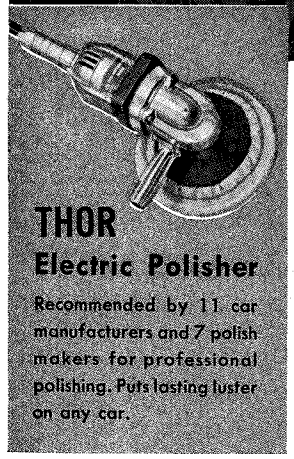

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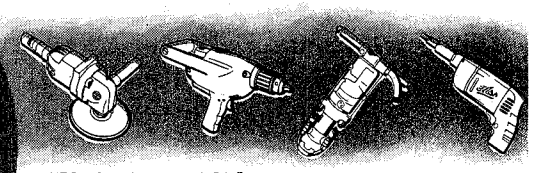

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ing. Then he went back through the dim corridor, past the shock-treatment and recovery rooms, the morgue and the padlocked narcotics room. Bette was waiting for him in Reception. She was tapping a dainty foot on the tile.

"Man delayed by manic?" Bette inquired.

"Sorry," Doctor Sullivan said, smiling. He thought, as he looked at Bette, whose eyes were deep-water blue and whose black hair was glossy and wavy, *You are a lucky guy, Sullivan.*

When Bette spoke again, her voice had a touch of frost. "Interesting patient, I gather. The grapes on the Mathers vine ripen rapidly."

"Green does not become you," the doctor said, still smiling.

Bette thawed. "I'm sorry, Dennis. We lost Four-O-Seven tonight. After I had worked so hard." Four-O-Seven, a promising young attorney, was coronary thrombosis. He had, apparently, been recuperating nicely.

The doctor leaned over and kissed her on the back of her neck. Her fingers, on his arm, tightened, and as she got to her feet she said, a little huskily, "Let's hit the road, my doctor."

But even as they passed the switchboard, Myrt, busily plugging and unplugging, said, "You're wanted in Emergency, doctor."

"Myrt," Doctor Sullivan told her firmly, "I left here some time ago. You do not have the slightest idea where I can be reached. I am not expected back before Monday morning. And Mrs. Sullivan is not posted until Monday morning."

"Patient asked for you personally," Myrt said curtly.

"Who is it?"

Myrt shrugged. "They're trying to find his wallet. He's a mess. Been out cutting down utility poles with his foreign hot rod." She plugged in again and talked for a moment. Then she glanced at the doctor. "Name's Gates. Gates, of Gainesville."

Doctor Sullivan felt Bette's arm tighten on his.

"Ted?" Bette said. Her eyes were wide.

Ted Gates was an automobile dealer. Two years ago Doctor Sullivan had lifted his gangrenous appendix. Ever grateful, Ted Gates had lent them a new convertible for their honeymoon. As wedding gifts, he had given them some splendid spinning tackle.

Doctor Sullivan, his face a mask, looked at Bette. "You can't win," he said.

"Not in this racket," Myrt agreed.

"Wait'll I change," said Bette. . . .

The patient was indeed a mess. Two interns had cleaned him up. But as they probed and swabbed and set and straightened and examined, the chart became crowded with additional entries such as, "Pelvic fractures, spontaneous pneumothorax, possible fractured skull ——"

"Where'd it happen?" Doctor Sullivan asked anybody, adjusting his ophthalmoscope and raising the lids to examine the retina.

The ambulance intern, returning from the soft-drink machine, said, "Roosevelt Boulevard, doctor. Near the Naval Air Station. Left the highway and creamed a pole. Must have been doing seventy."

After a long time, the doctor straightened up, rubbed the small of his back, sighed and said, "Roll him. Keep an oxygen tent by his bed. I'll check him in"—he glanced at his wrist watch and saw that it was three o'clock in the morning—"in about three hours."

As they rode the push-button elevator back to Mathers Unit, the doctor looked both weary and unhappy.

"I'll catch a little sack time in my quarters," he told Bette. "You go on home. I'll try to get home before noon."

Bette shook her head. "Remember me?" she asked. "I'm a nurse." She headed for the room where the new patient had been admitted.

And that is the way they spent their weekend at Daytona Beach. . . .

It was Doctor Sullivan's contention, after many years of observation, that time and nature heal; physicians and medication merely co-operate. The Ann Sidney in 106, Psychiatric, at eight o'clock on Monday morning was not the Ann Sidney who had attempted to leap out of a window the previous Friday night.

Room 106 was clean. That was about all that could be said in its favor. A patch of sun shone through the window, which was shatterproof. It made a mottled, dancing square on the brown-tile floor.

The doctor said "Good morning" very cheerfully, even though he was not an advocate of the bedside manner, which he considered counterfeit. He plumped his large frame into a chair near the bed. The sun reflected on his face. It was a handsome, wholesome face. But a little strained, a little taut.

The woman said, "Good morning, doctor," and he liked her voice, which was low and husky. He quickly searched the eyes and found that they were not brown, but hazel. He also found what he expected in their depths—frustration and anguish, warily concealed.

"How do you feel, Mrs. Sidney?" the doctor asked. He emphasized the "Mrs."

"Miss, doctor. . . . I feel ashamed." Now her voice had an edge to it. The doctor was thinking, *The patient's attitude obstructs affection and promotes an-*

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tagonism. Psychiatric care is an attitude; its objective to soothe, refresh and restore the spirit of the patient.

"Feel like talking?" Doctor Sullivan asked quietly.

"Not much." (He observed, carefully, the movements of her hands.) "They've been trying to make me."

"I'd be stubborn too," the doctor said. "Nobody could make me talk." He arose and walked slowly toward the door, stethoscope dangling. "I'm off limits, anyhow."

He had reached the door when she said, "Wait a minute." He stood at the door. He smiled at her. It was not a professional smile.

"How did you know I was married?"

"We're pretty thorough. We have to be."

"Then perhaps you know I lost my husband. In Korea."

"We didn't know that." The doctor's voice was soft. "What happened to the baby?"

"Marie was three when she died. Polio."

Doctor Sullivan said evenly, "Over in my unit I've got a Mrs. Randall who lost her husband and three children. She was out in the yard, watering flowers. The jet plane dived into her home. She was badly burned. But she's fighting. Fighting hard."

"I told you I was ashamed." The tears came and the doctor handed her a tissue.

"This other man," Doctor Sullivan said. "He's married, of course."

She stared at him, and this time there was fright in her eyes.

"Hey!" Doctor Sullivan said cheerfully. "I wear whites, not blues. There's usually a pattern, you see."

"Oh." She thrust her chin forward a little and the hazel eyes raked carefully over the doctor. "Yes. There was another man. And he is married. But he broke none of his vows and neither did I."

"That is the exception, rather than the pattern. But I believe you."

She was staring straight ahead to where her toes made little mounds in the sheet. "We—we needed each other. But it was—well, it was impossible." The tears were coming again.

She studied the doctor's face for a moment. Intently, almost imploringly. She said, "You look like my father."

Doctor Sullivan grinned. "I feel old enough to be—this morning. Where is your father?"

Her father, she told him, was a lumber exporter, now in Africa. Her mother was dead. Her home was Chicago. But she had attended the University of Florida, majoring in journalism. After college she had worked on a paper in the university town. Two years after she had lost her husband and her daughter a businessman had offered her a job in his publicity-and-promotion department. The words came fluently, coherently.

"It started with lunches," she told the doctor.

"Much more conservative than breakfasts," Doctor Sullivan said approvingly.

"He is a deeply unhappy man," she said.

"Misunderstood, too, I'll bet," said Doctor Sullivan, and immediately regretted it. Occasionally he forgot how, in Psychiatric, trifles could trigger.

She looked at him, not angrily, but reproachfully.

"His wife is a social climber. She thinks she married far beneath her. She doesn't love him at all. But he keeps hoping. And he loves his little daughter desperately."

"And you?" The doctor's patient-penetrating eyes were studying every move of every muscle in her face.

She swallowed hard. "He is the finest, most honest, most wonderful man I have ever known. I love him, doctor. With all my heart and soul. But—but it seems that everything I do gets—gets fouled up. I left town. Before I could foul things worse—for him."

The doctor sighed. "Solving no problems, eh?"

"I came to Jacksonville. I've never been lonelier or unhappier. The night—that night—I tried for three hours to reach dad in Dakar. But he had gone inland. I had a miserable cold. I—well, life can be an awful mess, doctor."

"Dad wouldn't be very proud, Miss—ah—Sidney."

She studied his face again. She said quietly, "It's Audrey Simmons. But you won't have to advise dad, will you?"

She was perspiring. The doctor dabbed her forehead with a paper napkin. "Audrey," he said, "what dad doesn't hear will never hurt him. Now rest. I'm going to get you out of this"—he glanced around—"this hatch."

En route to Mathers Unit, the doctor stopped in the men's "quiet" ward to say hello to some of his friends. They included a lawyer, a clergyman and a night watchman. *The butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker*, Doctor Sullivan thought. He spoke to them as a friend speaks, and simultaneously he checked on sensorium, intellect and motorium, which are governed by the cortex of the brain—*which is governed*, the doctor wondered, *by what or whom?*

Going down the corridor, he met the popinjay, and Doctor Skinner, who wore steel-rimmed glasses and perpetual pomposity, said, "Good morning, doctor. You appear to have attached yourself to Psychiatric."

Doctor Sullivan scratched his nose. "Oh," he said pleasantly, "you can come over to my unit and play. Any time you want to."

Doctor Skinner cleared his throat. "Let me make myself clear. Psychiatric is not hunting volunteers. When it does, we have the Gray Ladies. I have left orders that One-O-Six is not to be disturbed."

"The only thing disturbing One-O-Six," said Doctor Sullivan, "is the fact that she is in Psychiatric. Good morning, doctor." He walked on down the corridor. But Doctor Skinner trailed him.

"Perhaps I should speak to Doctor Fincannon," Doctor Skinner said testily. Doctor Fincannon was chairman of the Resident Committee.

Doctor Sullivan nodded as he entered the elevator. "Perhaps," he agreed. "Once in a while I speak to him myself. He seems to enjoy it." The elevator door closed.

Back in his own unit, work had piled up. In O.R., he removed an appendix. Then they asked him, apologetically, for his help on a monoxide poisoning and a second-degree welding burn in Emergency. The shortage of both doctors and nurses at the hospital was acute. He thought frequently about Ted Gates. He realized, however, that Gates was under heavy sedation, that any questioning was contraindicated. The doctor managed to join Bette for lunch in the cafeteria, and she was full of Gates.

"He's not responding," Bette told him grimly. "Keeps muttering something about losing everything. I think he must have had some severe financial reverses."

"Any coherence?" Doctor Sullivan asked, balancing a portion of steak-and-kidney pie on his fork.

"Very little." Bette added some sugar to her coffee. "He said something about the 'note.' Kept on repeating it—'the note'—'the note.'"

The doctor swallowed his coffee hastily. "His personal effects at Front Office?"

"Why?" Bette began, then nodded. "The orderly put all his stuff in a locker."

Doctor Sullivan got a key for the locker. Ted Gates' new and expensive suit was torn and stained beyond repair. His wallet contained the usual items; licenses, insurance cards, snapshots and about fifty dollars. But in the side pocket of Gates' jacket the doctor found an envelope, and in it was the note.

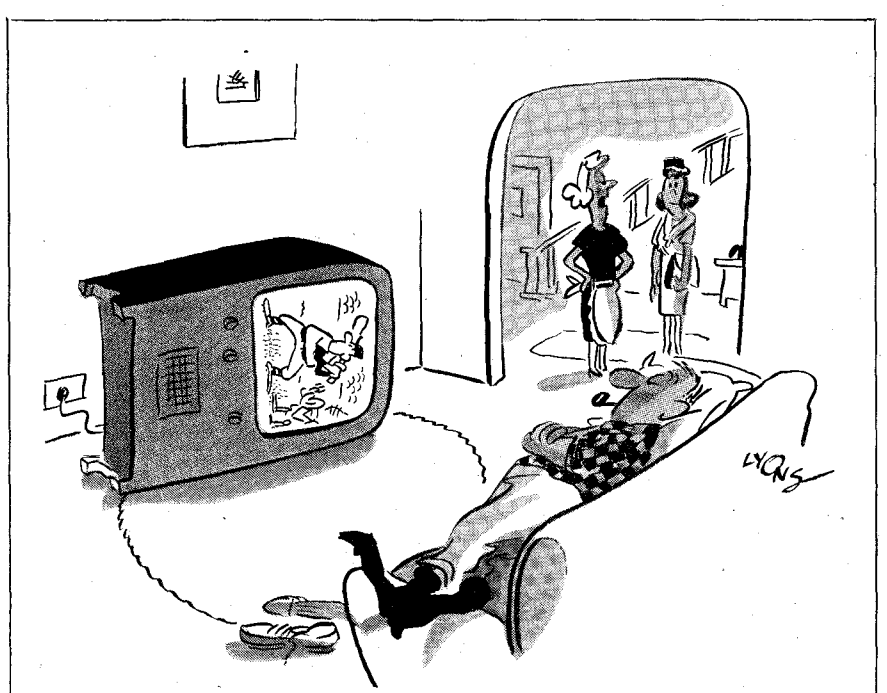
The note was dated the day prior to the accident. It was written in a bold, flourishing, yet distinctly feminine hand. It read:

Ted: I can tolerate this no longer. I don't love you. I dislike Florida. I despise everything about this city. I leave you to your grease guns and sales promotions. I am taking Connie with me to join mother and father in Boston. I ask nothing of you—except Connie. And I warn you, father has the best attorneys in New England. Any endeavor on your part to obtain Connie will be both costly and futile. From Boston I will fly to Reno. Everybody knows we are completely incompatible. Good-by.

It was signed: "Dorothy."

The doctor read the note twice and shook his head sadly.

"So," he muttered, "that's what was burning his big toe."



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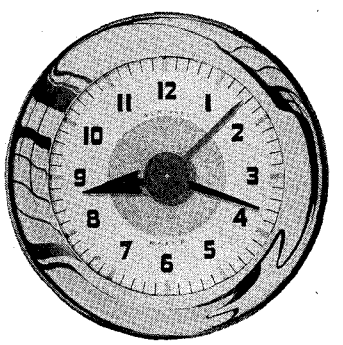

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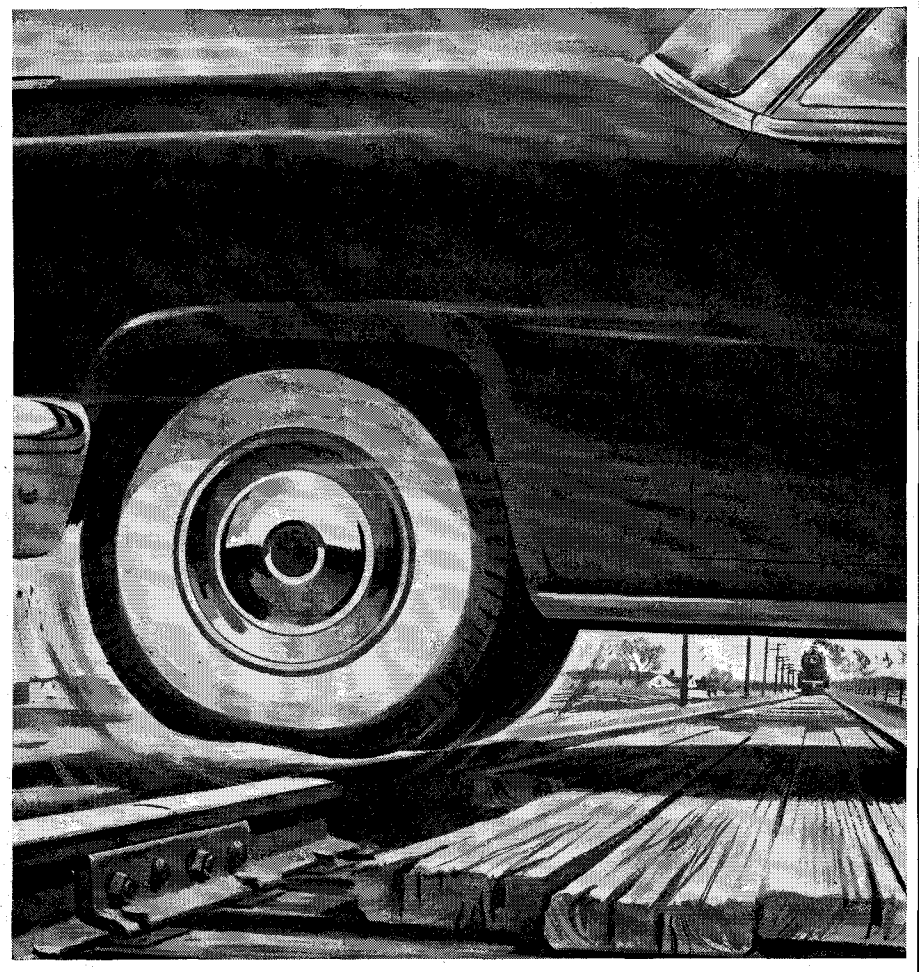

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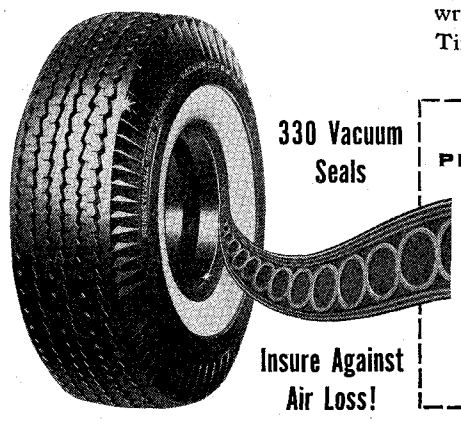

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He left the front office and again headed toward Psychiatric. At the end of the corridor he crashed headlong into a young man whose frozen face matched the enormous whites of his eyes. He grabbed the doctor's right hand and wrung it like a towel.

"Doc," he pleaded, "what's gone wrong? Did she die? Oh, doc! It's been over two hours!"

The doctor placed a firm hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Take it easy, son," he said—and then he saw the young man's eyes staring down the corridor toward a room that had swinging doors. The doors seemed to be in perpetual motion with nurses and nurses' aides coming and going.

Doctor Sullivan put his right arm under the left arm of the young man. It was shaking. He led him gently but firmly down the corridor, across to interns' quarters and into the Resident in Surgery's private room. From a desk drawer the doctor withdrew a flask.

"Here," Doctor Sullivan said, removing the top and extending the flask, "one hundred proof often expedites launchings. Whoa! That's enough. Antidotal, not anesthetic."

The doctor led him back to the room with the swinging doors and said, "You wait right here." About two minutes later, Doctor Sullivan popped his head between the doors and extended a hand.

"Off the ways," the doctor said, beaming. "Boy. Seven pounds, seven ounces. Nice work, pop."

Before his friend could grab his hand again, the doctor had vanished.

Back in Psychiatric, the patient in 106 was apparently under the influence of heavy sedation. Her face was waxen, the corners of the mouth drawn down. Doctor Sullivan asked a nurse for the chart, and as he studied it the nurse said, "Doctor Skinner has ordered complete seclusion. Positively no disturbances."

"Do I look like a disturbance?" Doctor Sullivan asked, returning the chart.

The doctor's large fingers crept around the wrist of Audrey Simmons. The pulse was thready. But some of the newer drugs did strange things to the pulse. The patient moaned. Her eyes fluttered. Out loud she said a name. She said it twice.

"What was that, Audrey?" Doctor Sullivan asked. He leaned over to listen.

"Don't," she muttered. "Please, doctor. I don't need your shock treatments. Just some rest. Please don't."

Doctor Sullivan lowered the wrist to the sheet. He left the room quietly. In his eyes there was a peculiar gleam, in his step a hesitation, and all the way back to Mathers Unit he scratched the tip of his nose.

The intercom growled and a pleasant voice said, "Doctor Sullivan, wanted in Conference Room. Doctor Sullivan, Conference Room."

Automatically, he headed for the Conference Room. He never gave the summons a second thought until he opened the big door and discovered that the room was occupied by only two people—Doctor Skinner and Doctor Fincannon.

"Sit down, Dennis," Doctor Fincannon said cordially. He was a big, understanding man with a finely chiseled, suntanned face and an abundant thatch of silvery hair. Doctor Sullivan sat. Doctor Skinner, grim and puffy, clicked his pen—open and shut—open and shut.

"Ira," said Doctor Fincannon, nodding toward Doctor Skinner, "has been complaining about—ah—shall I say invasion of privacy?"

"Yes," Doctor Skinner snapped, "it's about time we got our ducks in a row."

"My ducts are functioning admirably, thank you," said Doctor Sullivan.

Doctor Fincannon cleared his throat. "Dennis, in Mathers Unit no one questions your authority. It is your unit. I wish ——"

"Psychiatric is my unit," Doctor Skinner interrupted, and it was obvious that Doctor Fincannon resented the intrusion, "and One-O-Six is my patient."

"When One-O-Six needed you," said Doctor Sullivan, "you were courting a new convertible. Furthermore, I happen to have a personal interest in One-O-Six."

A nasty gleam crept into Doctor Skinner's eyes. "I had no idea, doctor," he said, "that your personal life was so complicated."

Doctor Sullivan's square jaw firmed. "Doctor," he said, and his voice was dry ice, "I think you need a rest. A long rest. Possibly upon your own couch."

"Gentlemen!" Doctor Fincannon said, half rising. "My recommendation is that each of you stay out of each other's units—and each other's hair. Either that or take this before the Resident Committee."

Doctor Sullivan couldn't suppress a grin. Doctor Skinner was as bald as a bald eagle.

The grin faded quickly, however, and Doctor Sullivan said quietly to Fincannon, "In that case, you can get yourself a new boy in Mathers Unit."

The board room was deathly quiet while Fincannon, looking deeply troubled, studied Doctor Sullivan's face. Doctor Skinner clicked his pen—open and shut—open and shut. He looked smug.

"Dennis," Doctor Fincannon said finally, "you must have an awfully good reason."

Doctor Sullivan nodded. "A life," he said.

Doctor Fincannon and Doctor Skinner stared at him, and then Doctor Skinner said, "Oh, come, come. Such nonsense ——"

Doctor Sullivan turned on him savagely. "That patient needs shock treatments like I need your advice," he said. "Why, you don't even know her name.... All she needs is a little peace, a little happiness and some cheerful surroundings."

Doctor Fincannon said abruptly, "And you propose?"

"I propose that she be transferred immediately to my unit, where the recommended therapy is available," Doctor Sullivan said.

Doctor Fincannon again studied Doctor Sullivan's face. He took a deep breath.

"One-O-Six is all yours, Doctor Sullivan," he said quietly. "I will add this—although I hardly think it necessary—quite a number of us will be highly interested in the outcome of this—ah—experiment." . . .

Early that afternoon, Doctor Sullivan went to the large room on the second floor of the southeast wing of Mathers Unit. It was a bright, cheerful room. On the bureau were two vases of fresh and colorful flowers. Some Van Gogh reproductions brightened the walls. Softly, from the radio sound box, came a Cole Porter lilt. A huge window overlooked the gorgeous azalea beds on the hospital grounds. Audrey Simmons was sitting up. Her eyes were shining.

"Thank you, doctor," she said.

He was looking beyond her, out the window.

"The beds in here," Doctor Sullivan said, "are ugly. The beds out there, so beautiful. Every now and then I just look out a window and I say, 'Thank you.'"

"I'll try it," she said.

His eyes returned to her. "Your dress has been cleaned and pressed. Mrs. Sullivan will bring your things in. We are going visiting."

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She looked alarmed.

"Just downstairs and up the corridor a ways," Doctor Sullivan said, smiling.

"Oh." She returned the smile. "To see the woman who lost her husband and children?"

"That's a good idea," the doctor said. "A fine idea. We may do that too."

Bette had her ready in ten minutes. She was lovely, the doctor thought when he saw her dressed. They took the elevator to the first floor, and Termite, who was operating it, took one look at Audrey Simmons and said, "R-r-u-fff!"

Bette went into the room first. A little later, when she came out, she smiled at Audrey, frowned at the doctor and to him, aside, said, "Mine not to question why, Sullivan. But it better be good."

"How is he?" the doctor asked.

"Alive. Lies staring at the ceiling."

This time the doctor went into the room. The oxygen tent had been removed. The patient was lying there like a mummy, eyes open, lips parted.

"Ted," Doctor Sullivan said, "it's Dennis Sullivan. Ted, snap out of it, boy!"

There was no response.

Bette brought Audrey into the room. The doctor and Bette flanked her as she advanced two steps toward the bed. She stopped short. Her eyes widened. Involuntarily, her right hand rose to her mouth.

"Oh, no!" she said hoarsely. "No!... Ted."

She moved forward another step. The doctor and Bette moved with her.

"Ted," Audrey said faintly.

The head on the pillow moved—just a little. It turned to the right—toward Audrey.

Now she was on her knees beside the bed. She was holding the limp hand that hung near the edge of the bed. She was pressing it to her face and saying, "Ted, Ted, Ted."

The head turned a little more. Somewhere the eyes found a spark. You could see the spark become a pale blue flame.

"Audrey," he whispered. "Audrey. You. Still with me?"

"With you," she said, kissing the hand. "With you, with you, with you."

The doctor put his hand under Audrey's elbow and raised it gently.

"We'll be back in a little while, Ted," the doctor said cheerfully. "Audrey will be back soon, Ted." . . .

Later, over coffee in the cafeteria, Bette said, "But, Dennis, how did you figure it out?"

Doctor Sullivan tossed his head pompously, in the manner of Doctor Skinner.

"Masculine intuition, my dear," he said. "Masculine intuition."

"Use some on me," Bette suggested.

"I don't have to," Doctor Sullivan said. "I can read your mind. Daytona or bust, this weekend." He blew her a kiss across the table. She caught it and tucked it into the breast pocket of her uniform.

"I'll keep it warm until then," Bette told him. THE END

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Sammy sideswiped the other car, halted and got out to give his name and license number. But when the other driver jumped out angrily and began making threats, Sammy hastily drove away. Later he was arrested on hit-run charges.

"I wanted to obey the law," Sammy pleaded, "but the other driver wouldn't let me. He was going to beat me up if I stayed around as the law requires."

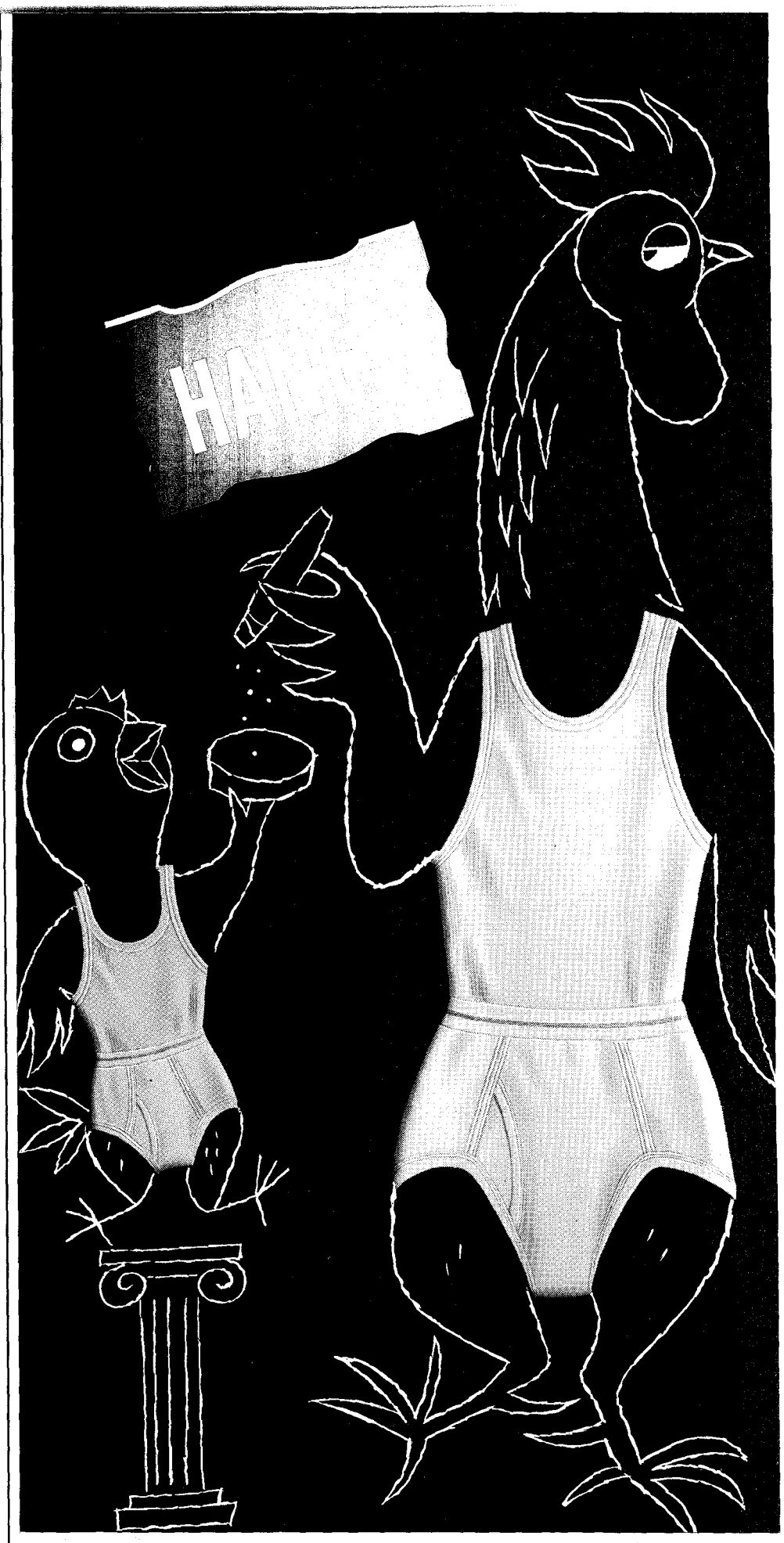
"People whose cars are smashed by reckless driving naturally feel mad, but if we accept Sammy's excuse, everyone will feel free to indulge in hit-run tactics," the prosecutor answered. "Obviously, Sammy should go to jail."

If you were the judge, would you free Sammy?

... ...

Sammy went free. The court said: "Being confronted with danger of bodily harm, it would be unjust to declare that he was required to remain at the scene and go through the formality of complying with the law. The enforcement of any law should be based on justice and common sense."

Based upon a 1954 Alabama decision.



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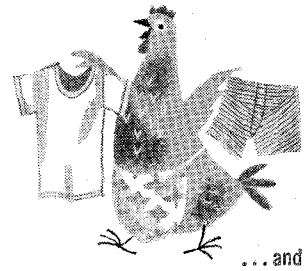

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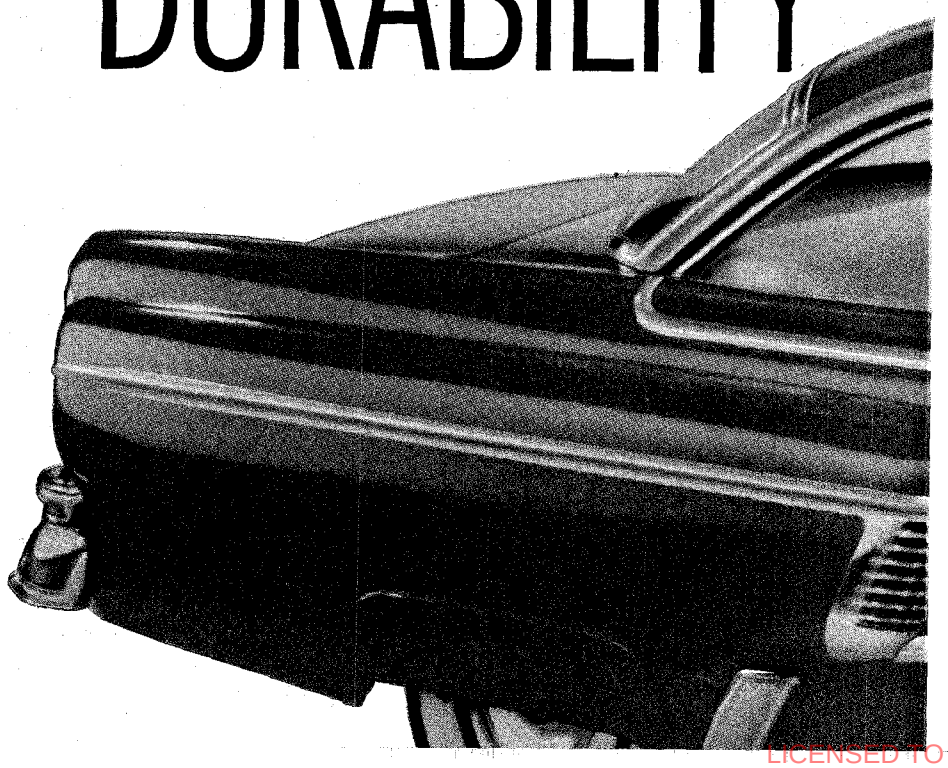

Test Jump (Continued from Page 35)

"Yes, sir," Jim Mitchell said. His lips were very dry, and he could hear his heart thudding in his chest. Even now, just a few minutes after volunteering, his nerves were beginning to tighten up.

That day they got a little worse. That night he had trouble sleeping. From then on, he thought about the test constantly when he was awake and dreamed about it when he finally got to sleep at night. The nights were the worst. He lay and looked up at the ceiling and listened to the clock tick, and his stomach got slowly tighter and tighter, until he wanted to grab the clock and smash it against the wall. Volunteering—brother, volunteering was for the birds! If he came through this miserable test alive, he knew one thing for sure. He would never volunteer for anything again as long as he lived. . . .

Now, as he sat on the bed in the BOQ, Mitchell felt weak and dizzy from loss of sleep, and he had begun to get a little frantic. This was the day. In less than two hours he was going to have to go through with it. *What if I funk it?* he thought. *What if I climb in that plane and then can't pull the handle?*

"You'll pull the handle, all right," he said softly. "You can't get out of it now."

The room made him feel shut in. He shaved and dressed quickly and went outside. The eastern mountains, beyond Apple Valley, were sharply black against the bright-rose of predawn. From somewhere came the faint sound of a jet. Mitchell looked up and made out its shape. It was a B-47 Stratojet—probably out of Castle Air Force Base, at Merced, California.

Mitchell wished he were up there now in an F-100 Super Sabre. There was a rivalry between the fighter pilots at George and the bomber pilots at Castle. The B-47 jockeys claimed no fighter plane in the world could lay a gun camera on them—not when they were at max altitude and traveling full bore. All they had to do was make a gentle bank. If the F-100 tried to stay with them in the turn he'd pull so many G's he'd stall and spin. Sure the 100 was fast. It held the world's speed record: 822 miles an hour. But, up high, speed wasn't everything.

"Any time you want to put a month's wages on it," Lt. Jim Mitchell had once told a B-47 pilot, "we'll put a gun camera on that old hack of yours. May take us a couple of yo-yo's, but we'll do it!"

It was easy to be cocky up there in the stratosphere, with 30,000 feet of soft blue air under you. No matter what happened at 30,000 feet, you had time to do something about it. Down low—on the runway—you didn't. Your life was dependent upon that device made by the Cunningham parachute people. It was a complicated device. Every detail of it had to work instantly and perfectly or you weren't a man any more. You were a twisted huddle of bloody rags on the runway.

A car came around the corner of the Officers' Club, braked in the gravel, and a voice said, conversationally, "Morning, Jim. Training for the Ground Observer Corps?"

Mitchell stopped staring at the B-47. Maj. Vic Hernandez had stopped beside him in his red convertible. Beside Major Hernandez on the front seat was Maj. Craig Smith, Hernandez's buddy. Major Smith was a West Pointer. He was thin and very erect when he walked. He had gray hair, always kept his uniforms immaculate, and had just missed becoming an ace in Korea. He had four MIG's. Major Smith moved over in the front seat and held the door open.

"Get in, Mitchell," he said. "We'll take you down to the flight line and get you some breakfast."

"I ——" Mitchell said, and stopped. "Listen, I ——"

Major Smith grinned a little. "I know exactly how you feel, Mitchell. You want to sweat, but you can't. The sweat's freezing in the pores."

"Get in, Jim," Major Hernandez said. "Time's awasting."

Major Hernandez was going to fly the test plane this morning. Jim Mitchell had asked especially for him. He wanted that airplane flown right—no yawing, no porpoising. He wanted to come out of the back seat cleanly when he pulled the red handle, without a lot of dangerous body English.

... ...

Seventeen

By Abigail Cresson

His arms and his legs are
too long;
He fumbles; he stumbles; he
breaks
Or spills whatever he
touches.
Yet his hands are sure when
he takes
My car engine down, and it
purrs
When he fits each part back
in place.
Fondly I say, "It's yours
tonight."
A delighted grin lights his
face.
His leap tips an oil can on
me;
His wrench bangs my toe. I
know then
My seventeen-year-old
genius
Has shifted to normal again!

... ...

Suddenly the panic welled up inside him. *I can't*, he thought wildly. *I'll have to tell them.*

But he didn't speak. He got in and Major Hernandez headed down toward the flight line. The sun had come over the rim of the mountains. It laid a flat bright orange light on the sides of the buildings. Over to the west, across the runways, a faint brown smog which had seeped through the pass from Los Angeles lay behind the Joshua trees. Except for the faint brown haze, the desert was clear and bright in the low sun. It was the most beautiful light Jim Mitchell had ever seen. It had an unnatural brightness and cleanness, and the seconds that were passing were nightmarish, and desperately precious. Maybe, in another hour and a half, he wouldn't be able to see this vivid desert sunlight. Maybe everything would be black, and there would be a crowd of people looking down at something under a blanket on the runway. *Not if I stop now*, he thought, almost angrily. *Not if I refuse to make this crazy test.*

He said, "Major Hernandez."

"Yeah, Jim?"

"Would you stop the car?"

"What?" (*Continued on Page 102*)

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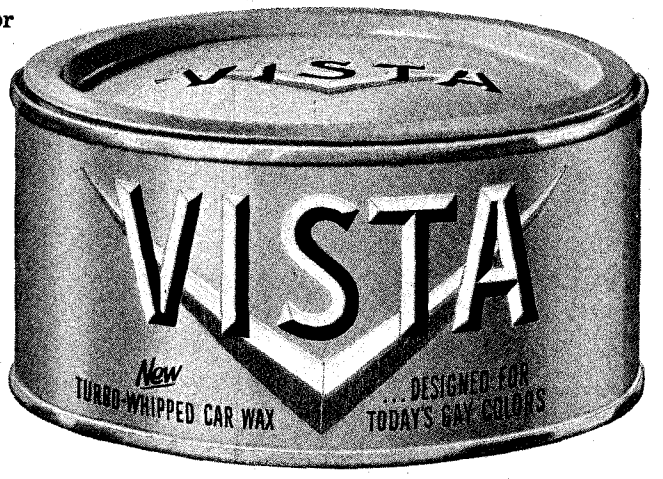
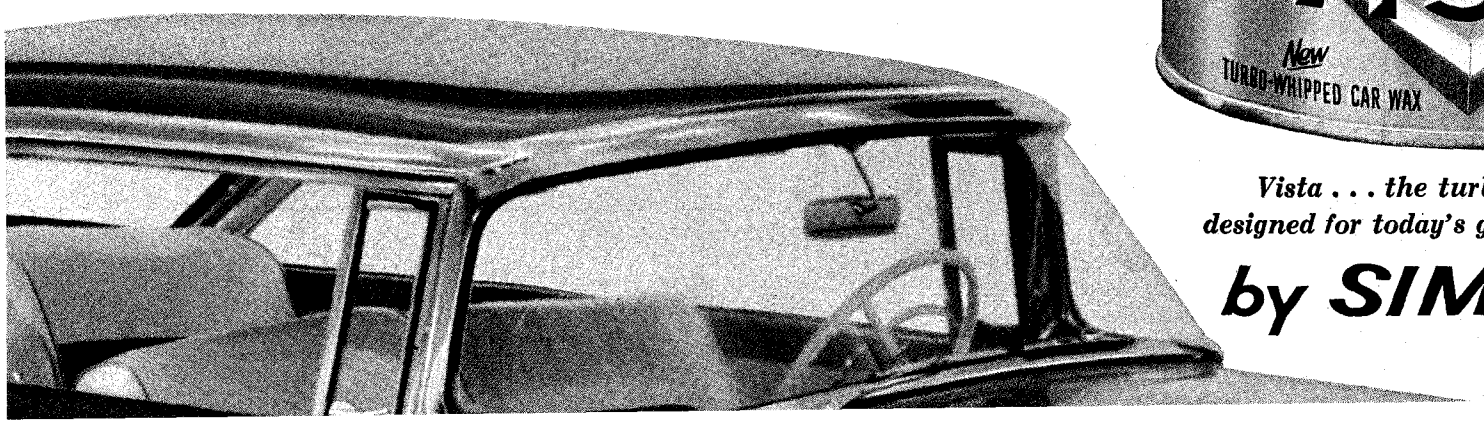


Now the easiest way for you is the best way to wax your car!



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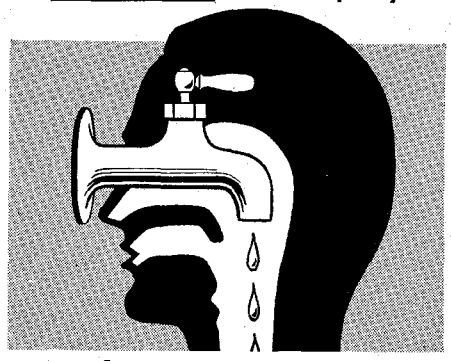

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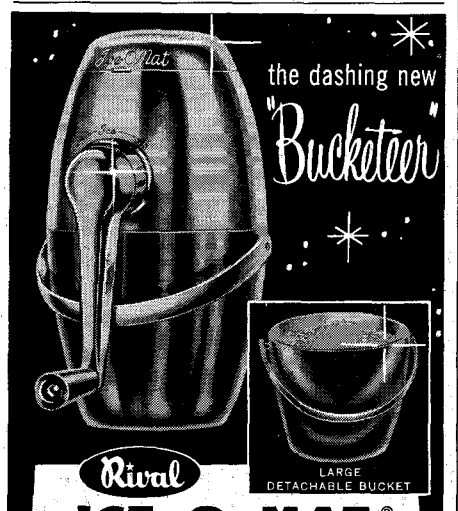

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(*Continued from Page 100*) "Would you stop the car, please? I want to get out."

"Hey," Hernandez said. "What gives?"

Jim Mitchell's lips felt numb. He said, "I can't go through with the test, Major Hernandez."

There was an instant of silence as the car rolled along. Then Hernandez said, quietly, "They're all down there waiting, Jim. General Hall, everybody."

"I don't care!" Mitchell almost shouted. "I can't do it! Stop! I can't!"

Hernandez pulled over to the berm. Mitchell twisted the door handle and got out. He didn't say anything. His whole body was getting the numb feeling that had been in his lips.

Major Smith said, "If you back out of this test, now, Mitchell, you're through in fighters."

"Sure I'm through in fighters! I'm probably through in the Air Force! But I'm still alive!"

He didn't look at either Smith or Hernandez. He was shaking now. He looked down at his hands. He wished he could slug somebody. He wished they'd yell at him, call him yellow, spit on him. They just sat there looking at him.

He heard Major Smith say, "The boy can't hack it, Vic. We might as well take him back to his room."

Hernandez spoke in the same quiet way Smith had used. "I don't know," he said. "It happens to a lot of people, I guess. Remember that wingman you had, back at Kimpo, Smitty? The guy who got all clanked up the first time you spotted some MIG's over Sinuiju? You had to break off the engagement and fly fighter escort on the guy to get him home again, didn't you?"

"That's right," Major Smith said.

"It isn't an unusual thing at all," Hernandez said. "It happens to lots of people. Some guys can hack it, some can't.... Get in, Jim. We'll take you back."

Mitchell stood very still. Hernandez wasn't sore at him. Neither was Smith. They were sorry for him, blast them. Spouting all that junk about Kimpo and MIG's. It wasn't Jim Mitchell's fault he hadn't been to Korea. He just hadn't been old enough at the time. He'd been a senior in high school, sneaking over to the local airport to get flight lessons on the q.t. in a Cub. *Some guys can hack it, some can't,* he thought. *I can't. I'm one of the poor guys who can't.*

He could never remember being more frightened in his life. He almost felt like throwing up. He stepped forward then, and pulled the car door open and got in.

"Take me," he said, and his voice squeaked thinly. "Take me down to Squadron. I have to get my crash hat before I ——" He ran out of breath and stopped before his voice broke again. He felt Vic Hernandez put the car in gear and pull away from the curb....

People were milling around the test center when Lieutenant Mitchell came in in his flight gear—pilots, mechanics, motion-picture cameramen. General Hall was sitting at a table, drinking coffee. His face looked red and beefy in the morning light, but his tough general's eyes were very alert. "Morning, Mitchell. Sit down. Have some coffee."

"Thank you, sir," Mitchell said.

Everything in the room seemed brighter than normal. People, when they moved, seemed to have a faint, bright outline around them. Somebody set a cup of coffee on the table beside him. He sipped it. It was scalding hot, but he scarcely noticed.

Over beside the soft-drink machine he saw Gordie Williamson, the technical representative for Cunningham. Gordie was a good tech rep. He had a pale face, wore rimless glasses, and looked at this moment as if he had slept in his clothes. Gordie grinned and held up his crossed forefingers. Suddenly Jim Mitchell couldn't sit still any more.

"Excuse me, please, General Hall. I think I'll go on out to the plane."

"Go ahead," General Hall said. "Good luck."

"Thank you, sir."

The TF-100 was parked on the hardstand about two hundred feet away. Except for the extra seat, it was identical to the standard F-100 Super Sabre: barrel belly, droop-snoot air intake, thin swept wings. It wasn't pretty, but you knew what it was for. It was to kill people with, and it looked terribly fast, even with the bulging fuselage and the silly-looking intake. Standing still, in the low sun glare, the TF-100 had a fiery sheen on its flank, and cast a long shadow on the concrete.

Trying to keep his mind blank, Mitchell hurried over and climbed in. He put on his crash helmet, hooked in his intercom, and then, very carefully, he fastened the fittings of the Cunningham parachute to his body. They were leaving the canopy off for the test. When Mitchell was ready to eject, he would reach down and yank the red steel handle on the floor beside his left thigh. An explosive charge would hurl him eighty feet into the air. Just before he reached the top of the rise, the seat would fall free. Then a set of heavy springs would fling the parachute fully open, and he would float safely to the ground.

Jim glanced at the red handle beside his thigh. There was a safety guard over it. In order to use the red handle, he would first have to remove the safety guard. He saw Major Hernandez crawl into the front seat. There was a delay while Hernandez went over his preflight cockpit check; then a soft rush of power in the earphones in Mitchell's helmet.

Hernandez's voice said, "Hello, Mitchell. You read me all right?"

"Read you five square."

"Good. I'm not going to horse around when we get out on the runway. I'm going to line up and shove the needle to her. Make your ejection check now."

"Yes, sir," Mitchell said.

"You can take the safety off the red handle," Hernandez said. "You aren't likely to bump the handle by mistake—and you don't want to forget to unsafety."

"Roger," Mitchell said.

He looked down at the red handle. He put his left hand down and touched it lightly. He withdrew his hand. He was breathing heavily and his heart was jolting. He looked outside. They had cleared the people away from the airplane and taken down the ladder. The camera crews were driving off in their vehicles to get set up along the runway. They had rehearsed the take-off. They knew where the Super Sabre would reach 170, and the crews were concentrating on this area. The camera they were really counting on for the best footage was mounted behind Mitchell inside the cockpit. It was mounted on an axis. It would catch him as he catapulted free, and would turn automatically, photographing him continuously up to the point where the parachute opened.

"Mitchell."

"Yes, Major Hernandez?"

"You all set back there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go ahead and unhook now. Take your intercom cord out."

"Roger."

He pulled his intercom cord out of its jack and tucked it into a loop on his flight suit. They weren't missing even the small bets. They wanted him to come out clean, upright, and not tumbling. A streaming chute wasn't the only thing you had to worry about on a ground-level bailout. You had to think about tumbling. You would be in the air only a few seconds. If you flipped or tumbled, there wouldn't be time to straighten out before you hit the ground.

Mitchell heard the starter cart roar, there was a heavy rushing sound behind him and a hot, rising whistle in his earphones. He saw the ground crew unhook the starter cart and pull it back out of the way. Hernandez immediately applied taxi power and moved down the feeder runway in front of Base Operations. Fire trucks and ambulances were parked out on the field in the heat shimmer beside the live runway. Mitchell looked quickly away from them, down at his feet. They were squarely in the ejection stirrups. Everything was tight. With the canopy off, the breeze of motion swirled weakly in over Hernandez's shoulders and washed coolly over Mitchell's face, and he could smell burned JP-4 jet fuel and hot metal.

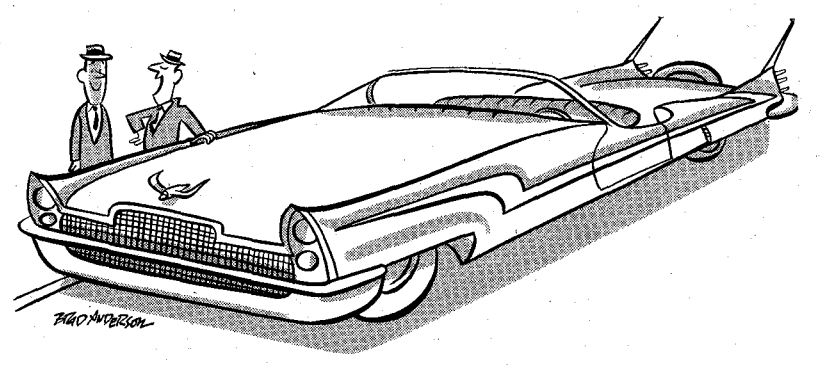
Hernandez swung into take-off position and Mitchell could see his face as he turned sideways and looked over at the tower. Hernandez's cheek moved a little and Mitchell knew he was talking to the tower on the radio, getting take-off clearance. Then the big jet engine rose to full military power, the afterburner booted in, and they were moving.

Mitchell ducked forward and shut his eyes. *I can't,* he thought frantically. *I can't—I can't.*

He opened his eyes. The airspeed needle was moving around its dial: 70 . . . 80 . . . 100 . . . 120. . . . He looked down, realized the safety was still on. He fumbled with it, got it free, looked at the speed needle passing 175, and yanked the red handle with all his might.

Something savage smashed him, like a collision in traffic, and he felt a sharp, bright pain in his back, and then he was out of the airplane, and the airplane was below him, a bright vee-winged shape, pulling out from under him, pulling ahead, and his helmet tore loose and he was looking at the desert without the green visor, in all its flaming dawn glare.

He felt the seat drop away. He seemed to be floating without gravity pull, and



"Well, it takes me there and brings me back."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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things were suddenly very clear, and he was falling, and the chute had not opened. He screamed and grabbed crazily for the hand release, and couldn't get it, and then something hit him in the back, like a heavy push, and he felt the chute go out, felt the leg straps yank viciously in his crotch, and then he was steady and floating downward under the big canopy of the Cunningham parachute. The canopy oscillated gently in the jet wash left by the Super Sabre, and he hit the ground hard, fell and rolled. . . .

He was on his feet when General Hall's jeep arrived, and his back hurt, really hurt. "You all right, Mitchell?"

"Yes, sir—except my back. My back hurts like the devil, general!"

The medics unhooked his chute, and they were very careful in getting him onto the stretcher. There was a flight surgeon in charge. The flight surgeon and General Hall rode with him in the ambulance on the way to the base hospital. The flight surgeon asked him to move his fingers, then his toes. He didn't understand why. When they reached the hospital the flight surgeon had him taken immediately to the X-ray room and they took pictures of his back before they moved him into a bed in the ward.

General Hall stayed with him. He talked and joked. The eject had been a success. They had good movie coverage. Now, when those X-ray pictures came through and they were sure everything was going to be all right, they could feel pretty good about the whole thing. Lieutenant Mitchell tried to listen to General Hall, but it was difficult. He was listening for the steps of the person who would bring the X-ray pictures. The flight surgeon had said they'd rush-develop them. It wouldn't take long. Twelve or fifteen minutes. The flight surgeon was very cheery and pleasant about the pictures, but there was something about him that scared Jim Mitchell. The pictures themselves, and wanting him to wiggle his fingers and toes. And the beads of sweat on General Hall's face, even though it was cool in the ward.

Presently a pimply-faced young man in a white smock came to the door, holding some glittering, dripping black strips in his hand. He was the assistant to the flight surgeon, and he was obviously nervous in front of General Hall, and spoke in very technical language. But the gist of it was good. Very, very good. The pimply-faced young man said that First Lieutenant Mitchell had torn a number of highly-technical-sounding muscles loose from some highly-technical-sounding places along his back. But the spine hadn't been hurt. The spine was all right.

Maj. Vic Hernandez and Maj. Craig Smith had come in while the technician was winding up his medical lecture. Hernandez was still in flight gear. His hair was matted from the crash helmet and there were sweat marks on his flight coveralls. Major Smith was in suntans, and looked, as always, as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox. When the technician stopped talking and left, they saluted General Hall and walked over to Mitchell's bed.

"How are you, Jim?" Hernandez asked.

"Fine."

"Good," Hernandez said. He grinned. "I hear you gave everybody heart failure. The chute didn't pop till you were halfway down."

"He fell about twenty feet," General Hall said. "I aged five years, I think." Hall wet his lips. "The fix should be easy, though. We'll set the timer on the eject-springs a little ahead."

"And take some of that powder out from under the seat, sir," Jim Mitchell said.

They all smiled.

"We'll keep the same amount of powder," General Hall said, "but we'll release its pressure a little more gradually."

Hernandez was looking down at Mitchell. "Anything we can get for you, Jim? Magazines, anything?"

"Nothing," Jim Mitchell said. "And thanks."

"No sweat," Hernandez said. "If you think of something, have the nurse call Major Smith or myself."

"I will."

Hernandez saluted General Hall. Smith saluted too. They stepped out into the corridor, and Mitchell heard their footsteps diminishing, a door open and close, and silence.

General Hall said, "Two fine officers, Smith and Hernandez. I guess they were about the best team we had in Korea, when things really got hot."

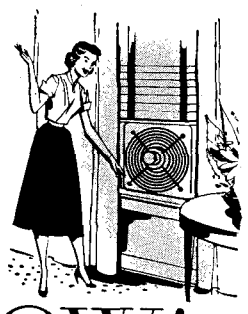
"Team, sir?" Jim Mitchell said, feeling something prickle gently across his scalp.

"When I was over there," General Hall said. "They were flying out of Kimpo against the MIG's. It was before Hernandez got his own squadron. He was still a first lieutenant, flying wing on Smith."

The prickling sensation was gone now, and Jim Mitchell had a strange sensation of lightness and of lifting. *It isn't an unusual thing at all*, Vic Hernandez's voice was saying, in his mind. *It happens to lots of people. Some guys can hack it, some can't.*

Jim Mitchell lay back luxuriously on the pillow. His back ached and his head ached, but he felt good—very, very good. As a matter of fact, when he thought about it, he couldn't remember ever having felt better in his entire life.

THE END



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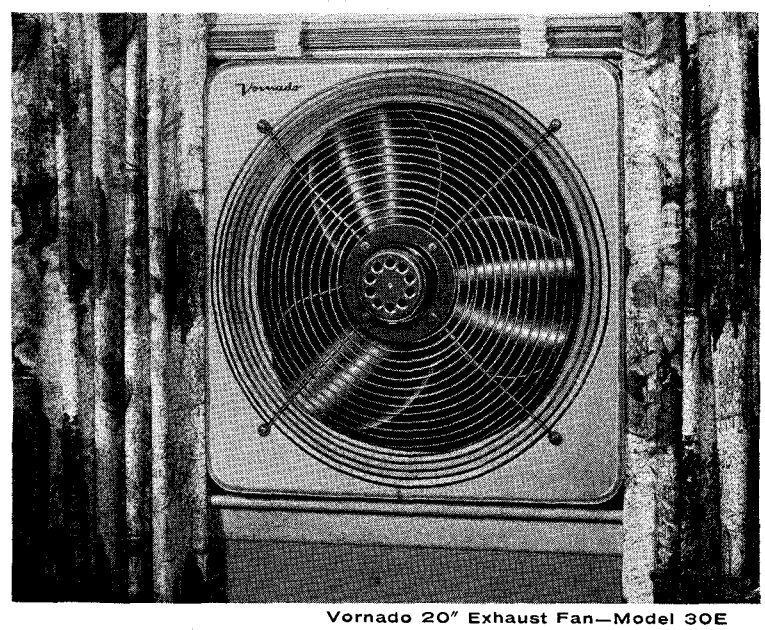

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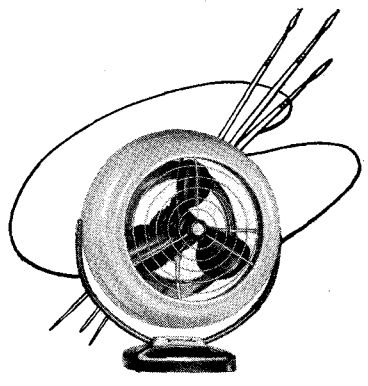

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Reunion With Terror

(Continued from Page 21)

Intellectually he was touched, but emotionally he was too involved with Nemec's fate to be able to feel with them and too nervous at the thought that he might miss Krofiw. He swung around, deciding to go back from where he had just come, to the guardroom. It was then that he saw her—the girl in the blue coat.

She seemed to come from nowhere, from out the shadows of the farthest corner of the entrance hall, moving across the crowded floor as though it were empty. As she passed him he could, for an instant, see her face, the face of a young girl who could have sat as a model for one of Botticelli's angels. Short blond curls with a tinge of red stood like a little halo about the high, round forehead. The eyes, set wide apart above a short, haughty nose, were brown, but with a tinge of copper that made them seem golden. Her rather wide red lips broke into a smile as she stopped abruptly and turned to him.

"Excuse me," she said in a surprisingly low, soft voice, "but could you tell me if a pharmacy is still open, and where I could find it?"

"A pharmacy?" he repeated, conscious suddenly of the fact that, after the death of the girl he had loved, he had remained strangely indifferent to the beauty of any woman. "I'm afraid not. But, of course, if it is serious one could always —— The doctor's name is Wagner."

"No, no," she said, "it isn't that serious. I merely wanted a sedative. It's the waiting, this new delay, that's so hard to bear. One has already reached the pitch, the breaking point."

Whom was she expecting? Ward caught himself sharply and said, "Instead of a sedative, I suggest a stiff drink."

Her eyebrows flew up, puckered; then she broke into a peal of gay laughter. "Mamma," she said, still giggling—"mamma never drinks."

"Mamma?"

"Outside in the car."

She pointed through the uncurtained windows toward a black Mercedes. "I don't know how she's going to stand the news of the delay."

She had not asked him to come with her, but when she turned away from him toward the door, he was behind her, holding it for her, then following her to where the large shiny car was parked. A chauffeur in uniform jumped from his seat, but before he could open the door, the woman inside the car had thrown it open. "They are coming? Let's go, Lisa."

Never had Ward seen a more striking resemblance than that between the two women, but if he had not been told that the woman was her mother, he would have taken her for an older sister of the girl called Lisa.

"Don't get excited, mamma," Lisa said, her voice higher with the effort to sound offhand. "It will take three more hours, if not four; perhaps even longer. Isn't that true?" She was exaggerating the length of time, anticipating a possible second delay, and she winked at him to back her up.

Ward, introducing himself as Martin, said that had been the message received. Inside the car, the woman fell limply back against the armrest, upsetting a little crystal vase near the window. A spray of orchids dropped to the floor.

"Tilly Linden," said Lisa, suddenly speaking sternly and authoritatively, "will you please pull yourself together? I am really surprised at you. If you are feeling faint, it's only because you haven't eaten for practically two days. . . . Fritz, will you please get us the basket?"

The chauffeur set a huge picnic basket on one of the seats. "Do go," Lisa told him, "and have a beer and something to eat." And when he had withdrawn, she beckoned to Ward. "I'd like some ice," she said. "I'm afraid the champagne isn't cold enough."

"We're not going to drink the champagne now."

"There are three bottles, mamma," Lisa said. "I think papa will by now anyway prefer vodka. He won't miss one bottle. We are going to drink to him, poor darling, sitting somewhere waiting, just as we are, but certainly not so comfortably." She turned to Ward again. "Never mind the ice," she said, and bent to scoop up some snow from the ground. She cooled the glasses with it, shook it out; then, expertly, she handled the bottle, letting the cork pop.

"Here. A toast to papa. May he come home healthy and as happy to see us as we are. Dearest mamma, what about a delightful pâté-de-foie-gras sandwich?"

She managed to make her mother eat and drink, succeeded in easing her tension, even made her laugh, but, after a little while, Tilly Linden waved her away. "You won't understand, darling, but I do want to be alone—by myself, I mean. If you don't mind. You don't, Lisa, do you?"

With a gentle kiss, Lisa closed the door. But once outside the Mercedes, she shook her head. "What now?"

"Coffee in the drawing room," said Ward, taking her arm and walking her over to his battered little Volkswagen. "I have a huge vacuum bottle full of coffee rolling around somewhere between my typewriter, radio and overnight bag."

"Thank heavens for that," said Lisa. She drank the coffee he poured for her without a word, sitting silently, lost in thought. Finally she said, "You mustn't think mamma is a silly woman. She is one of the most courageous women in the world, and the best mother anybody could have, in spite of her unhappiness." She paused a moment and then continued, "So much unhappiness, except for the first few years with papa."

With a part of his mind, Ward was doing some arithmetic, figuring that Tilly Linden could not be more than forty at most, that the period of her happiness must have been under Hitler's regime.

As if she were reading his thoughts, the girl said, "You see, because of his brilliant work in the Department of Justice in Saxony, papa was called to the Ministry of the Interior in Berlin, and that's where they met, mamma and papa, and from then on papa worked against Hitler right up to the day he was discovered."

Ward had been told by so many people, so often, that they had worked secretly against the Nazi tyranny, that he had deafened himself against it, but Lisa seemed unaware of it.

"He was sent to Dachau," she said.

It startled Ward.

"Yes," she said, "in 1940."

With his own eyes he had seen the pain man could inflict upon man in cold, calculated cruelty. At once a picture of the man Linden formed in his mind as his wife, perhaps even his daughter, must see him, a proud man, humiliated and made to suffer helplessly. The nights Tilly Linden must have spent lying awake, trying to fight imagination and terror.

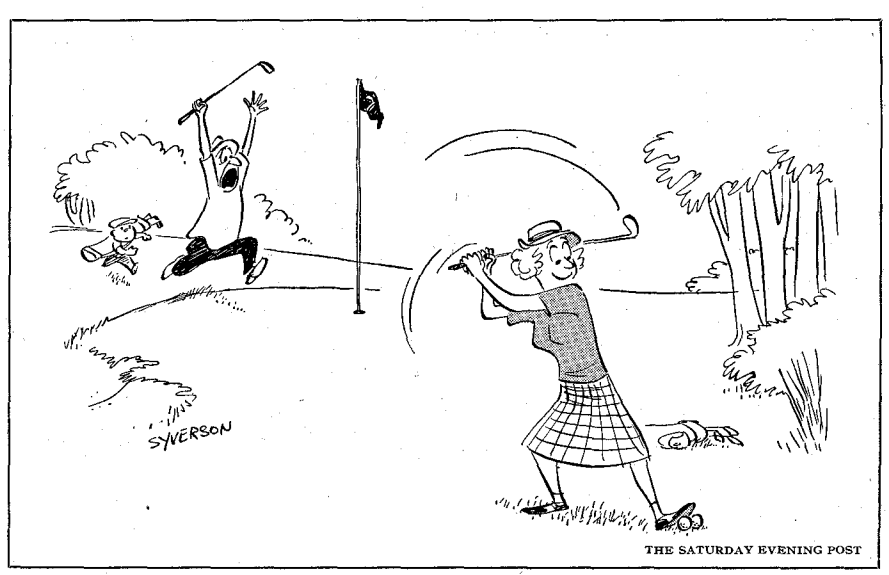
Spontaneously he put his hand on Lisa's in a gesture of apology for not having allowed exceptions. The girl did not notice it. "I was not even five years old and I don't really remember papa, only from his pictures and by what mamma told me, but I remember big men in black uniforms smashing everything in the house to pieces, threatening mamma, and children spitting at me making me feel ashamed without knowing why. And mamma repeating endlessly that I must be proud of my father, no matter what others said. Then she heard that papa had been put into one of those penal-labor battalions. We had news from him once through the Red Cross, while he was with General Paulus in the battle for Stalingrad."

Paulus, Stalingrad. His ears caught the words. The 6th Army. Paulus' surrender. Of course, Linden had become a Russian prisoner of war. But that had been in 1943. Now it was the end of '55.

"For the next six years we had no sign of life. Everybody believed papa dead, but mamma went around saying, 'I know he lives.' She made me believe it too. Then, in '49, some returned prisoners claimed to have seen papa in Siberia. Mamma was walking on air. But the answer to the inquiry was that he would not be released, but held, instead, as a war criminal."

She turned down the window, poured out the last drops of coffee. "That did it. Mamma became ill. I think it was the worst time in my life. By then we were terribly alone. Her parents had died the year before and most of papa's relatives had been killed when Dresden was bombed; the others were caught behind the Iron Curtain in Saxony. There was nobody who still knew papa really well, who could feel like us that papa couldn't possibly be a war criminal—papa, who, as mamma says, couldn't hurt a fly."

She sighed softly and shrugged. "Well, maybe he did have to act under orders. You know how it was. Anyhow, mamma got better. By sheer will power. Ah, the letters that were written, the petitions—well, and now we have today."



The smile lighting her face formed a dimple in her left cheek. "Altogether we haven't seen papa for nearly sixteen years."

Watching the smile still lingering in her eyes, Ward felt a sudden sharp regret that he had not known her before, that he had not been there to stand by and make it easier for her.

She was looking at him, horror-stricken. "How selfish of me, talking on and on about myself. For whom are you waiting?"

Her question brought him back abruptly to reality. Nemec, he thought. How could he have forgotten Nemec, pushed from his mind even for a little while the fate of the professor? Then he knew that the unexpected delay of the news Krofiw might bring about Nemec had heightened his tension so that he had welcomed losing himself in affairs other than his own.

"I? I am waiting for nobody."

"Nobody?" The golden eyes showed surprise. "Then what are you doing here on this night in Eisenstein?"

"Working for the Munich News," he told her. "I'm a reporter."

She frowned sharply, saying nothing, but what she was thinking was obvious.

"My word of honor," he said. "If you don't want me to, I won't mention anything about your mother or you or your father."

"Thank you. I'd rather you wouldn't."

"O.K."

Lisa Linden looked at him gravely, at the long, narrow face that seemed like anybody's face, but changed so unexpectedly when he smiled or opened fully his extraordinarily light blue eyes. There was something about the way his jaw stuck out that betrayed an iron will. A tiny scar caused by the recoil of his first gun stood like a little frown between his straight dark brows.

"I trust you," she said, quite unexpectedly. "Yes, I think one can trust you."

Dawn was breaking before Sepp Tanner finally picked up the telephone to notify the police and the two officials at the Hotel Consul that, in a little while now, the truck with the prisoners would arrive.

During the night the weather had changed, the freezing cold gradually subsiding until it had begun to snow. Both hands holding his field glasses, Ward strained his eyes into the gray, snowy dawn. He had long ago stopped thinking about Lisa or what the last unexpected hours of waiting, added to the first delay, might have done to her mother or the others. What she had said to him he hardly remembered, except for one thing that had made him take a second look at her. She was studying engineering so as to be able to work one day in the factory her mother had inherited. It was the last thing he would have expected. Everything else he had forgotten the moment he had got back to the frontier.

He heard it before he saw it, the noise of a motor; at first far away, then growing stronger, then nearer suddenly than anticipated; looming up in the dawn like some prehistoric animal—a small moving van complete with tarpaulin. And suddenly the deathlike stillness around the Czech station at the bottom of the hill was broken. Four men in uniform jumped off the truck, two from the front, two from the back, saluted the guards in front of the Czech post and disappeared into the house. Then a fifth ambled slowly down off the driver's seat, straightened, stamped his feet to get the stiffness out of his body and waved at Tanner, who was standing ahead of Ward. Krofiw.

"Ask him why they were late," Ward said to Tanner.

(Continued on Page 106)

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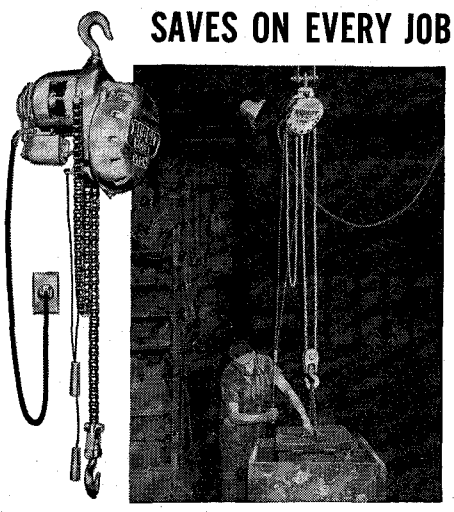

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JOLLY TIME POP CORN
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(*Continued from Page 104*) "What's the big idea of keeping us waiting all night?" yelled Tanner in Czech, one of the languages Ward had studied since he had first come to Eisenstein.

"That's what I'd like to know," a Czech guard joined in.

Krofiw took a few steps in Ward's direction, the Czech following him. Krofiw stopped, took off his cap, under which he had hidden a small package which he handed to his compatriot.

And while the Czech, distracted, eagerly unwrapped it, Krofiw shouted an answer to Tanner's question, "They were dynamiting along the road! Almost got hurt! The dumbbells had forgotten to put up warning signs! What else can you do but wait?"

For a second Ward allowed himself to relax completely. Nemec was alive. What Krofiw had said meant that Nemec had encountered unforeseen danger, had almost got caught, but had escaped and was lying low, hiding somewhere, waiting. But it also meant that the route of escape Ward had planned so carefully for the little professor was blocked and could no longer be followed.

His mind spun. Only two persons could be sheltering Nemec. To approach either without a completely new plan for getting Nemec out, now that his flight had become known and all possible borders were alerted, would be taking too great a risk. He began to whistle loudly, a tune that told Krofiw to go to a certain address within the next twenty-four hours.

Krofiw yawned, took a cigarette from behind his left ear, turned on his heel and went back to the truck. After a minute or so, Ward stopped whistling.

Tanner looked up and shook his head. "Better scram, long nose," he said. "You've seen the list; you've seen the truck pull up; everything else you can see just as well from the other side of the barrier."

Ward shrugged and left. Nemec alive. Nothing else mattered. He was even agreeable to being told by the brass that he could neither take pictures nor interview any of the returned prisoners.

As he came out of the garden that surrounded the German post, he saw that the people from the hotel had gathered about sixty yards away in a straight, solid line. The two officials were not part of the wall. They stood halfway between it and the barrier, leaning beside their car, a closed sedan.

When, moved on by a policeman to clear the road, Ward came closer to the line of motionlessly waiting people, his eyes were drawn immediately to a spot of blue in all the drab browns and blacks and grays. She was standing at the farthest corner, next to her mother, one arm around the older woman's shoulders, as though she foresaw the need of a steadying hand, but with the other she was beckoning him to come to her.

From where she stood one could not see the van through the swirling snow, only one of the wooden towers that had been erected as lookouts along the Czech border. But suddenly the small crowd of people stirred slightly, as if they had been touched by a magic wand and were coming to life. Unexpectedly there was music, the thin melancholy chords of an accordion: "When I come, when I come, when I finally come home."

A dog barked sharply, a child lifted a tiny bunch of flowers, then all motion ceased and everybody stood as quietly as before.

But now one could see the men, not close enough yet to recognize an individual face, but dark figures coming up over the top of the hill, walking across the little stretch of no man's land between the frontiers. Instead of running toward the German barricade from where they could have recognized their families, they stood, each man joining the one previously released, waiting for the next to be set free, until all sixteen of them were once more united. Only then did they move, as if they had forgotten how to walk alone.

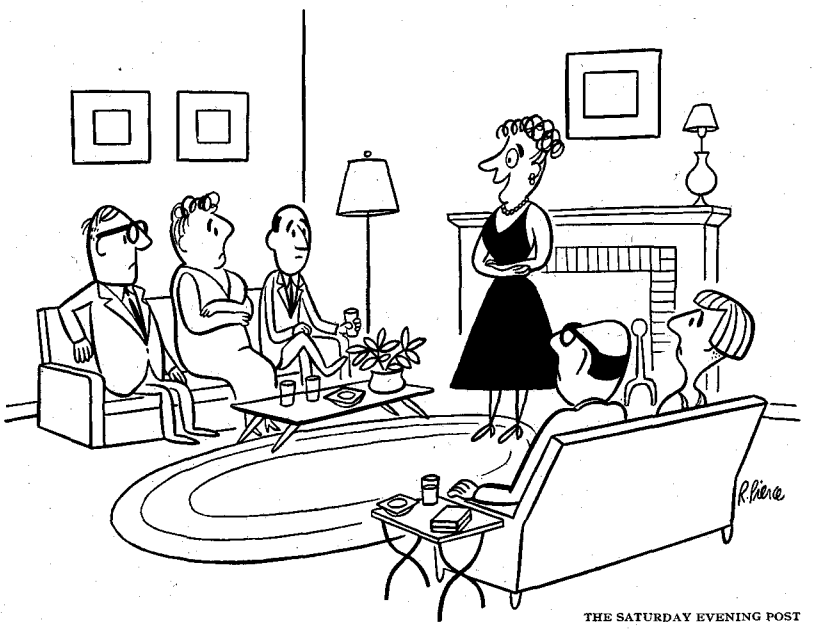
Ward looked at Lisa. Her hand had left her mother's shoulder and was clamped tightly over her mouth as if to stifle a sob. Tilly Linden had grown very pale.

Then the red-and-white-painted beam of the German post went up. Once more each man was checked out singly. But now they no longer waited for the next to follow, they came up the road one after the other and, as each neared the line, voices could be heard: "Karl, mein Karl! . . ."

"That I live to see the day ——" "My son, how ——" and a woman or a man left the line, which broke as if under a silent command to let them through, then closed again.

After the sixth prisoner had come through, a little time elapsed before the seventh came up the road. A heavy-set, tall man, walking slowly and a little stiffly, hatless and carrying a small bundle in his left hand.

"Franz," said Tilly Linden and, like a child, she lifted herself on tiptoe. "Lisa, your father."



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Franz Linden came up the line, hesitated a second and, when it opened, passed through.

"He didn't recognize me," said Tilly Linden.

"Nonsense!" cried Lisa. "We should have moved up. We were standing too far away. He simply didn't see us."

And then, all of a sudden, Tilly Linden was running, turning onto the highway stretching beyond them into Eisenstein, running and shouting, "Franz! Franz!"

Lisa and Ward turned when she broke away from them. Now they saw Linden stop abruptly, throwing down the small bundle he was carrying and opening his arms wide in a gesture of embrace, and for a moment it seemed as if Tilly Linden would fly into the open arms of her husband. And then it happened. A truck came out of the side road where Ward had parked his car last night, a truck loaded to capacity with timber, trying to cross the highway onto the road that led to the mill. On the icy road it could not stop, though the brakes screeched with an ear-splitting noise. After that, for an endless moment, there was nothing but a sound like thunder as the ropes snapped and the timber rolled out onto the road.

At one or the other moment Ward had pulled Lisa to him, turning her head away from the scene of the accident and holding her tight. Feeling her shake in his arms, he remembered that six or seven hours ago, listening to her story, he had regretted not having been there when she might have needed help. He was there now. And he could be there for her because Krofiw had assured him that Nemec was alive.

She made a sudden move, lifting her head, looking at him first as if she hoped to find some negation of the disaster in his eyes. Then, trembling, she turned to face the truth. The police had gathered to keep the curious away, to question the driver, to direct the ambulance, its siren going full blast.

Then, suddenly, she was running, running as fast as she could, and Ward, following her, had trouble keeping up with her. He saw her try to push her way through the crowd of onlookers, heard her say, in a voice flat with desperation, Please let me through. I am the daughter. Please let me through." Then he was beside her, using his elbows to shove people aside.

A policeman stopped them. With the help of the border guards the logs had been rolled away to clear a spot for the ambulance. And while they were still arguing, a stretcher, covered its whole length with a blanket, was lifted into it; the tall, heavy-set, blond man, staring blindly about him, followed it, the doors closed and the ambulance drove off.

"Mamma!" cried Lisa. "Mamma!" and for a moment it seemed as though she wanted to run after the ambulance, already out of sight. Then she seemed to remember the stretcher and the way it had been covered.

"Dead?" she whispered. "Dead?"

The policeman nodded and Ward gently and firmly took her arm. "Come. Let me take you back to your hotel."

There were many things Ward wanted to say, yet it was hard to put them into words, and even if he had been able to express his sympathy, he knew she would not hear him. Her eyes almost black with grief, she was walking next to him as if in a trance.

They had nearly reached the hotel when Ward saw someone running toward them—a young man about his age, tall and lanky. "Lisa, Lisa, I made it!" he shouted. "As soon as I got your call, I got on my horse!" He stopped, out of breath, and stared at them. "What happened? Where are your parents? Why are you looking like ——"

Abruptly Lisa came back to reality. "George!" she said. "Oh, George! Mamma ——" She swayed a little. "A truck ran her down."

The young man addressed as George caught her. He was deathly pale. He just held her against himself while Ward bent to scoop up some snow to revive her, but seemed to notice that Lisa had fainted only when Ward said a little sharply, "You'd better give me a hand."

Then, with a quick gesture, he lifted Lisa into his arms. "I am sorry," he said to Ward, his lips trembling with his effort for self-control, "but this—this is so unexpected, so terrible. I can't grasp it. You see, Tilly Linden—I owe so much to her—to Lisa. They are all I have since I lost my family."

His mouth stopped trembling and settled into a narrow line. "No, thank you," he said to Ward's offer to help him carry Lisa into the hotel. "I can manage alone. Would you be good enough to tell the chauffeur where we can be found?"

Ward stood for a moment, watching them disappear into the entrance of the hotel, remembering the tenderness and love that had shown in the young man's eyes as he had looked down at Lisa. George. There had been no occasion for a formal introduction. But it was obvious that George was not only a friend of the family but in love with Lisa.

What a fool he had been not to realize that any girl like her would no longer be free. An odd little smile pulled at his mouth as he turned toward his car—a smile of self-derision and resignation. Somehow he had always known that love could never play an important part in his life. So much the better. Once more there was nothing to do but concentrate on Nemec. Once more he had to plan a route of escape for the professor. Nemec had to be got out from behind the Iron Curtain. If Nemec was caught before he could act, he would feel guilty all his life. "There isn't a hole a mouse could get through, not even in the barbed wire," Tanner had said. He, Ward, would have to find one.

How big the house was. At least ten rooms. Three separate bedrooms for the family and two more for guests, an informal living room with Biedermeier furniture, a salon, gray-gold, with genuine Louis XV pieces, and a Renoir over the sofa. The dining room with elaborately carved oak chairs and buffet, a library, all round, a music room and his study, big enough to make a small apartment. And flowers everywhere, flowers, flowers.

He had never liked flowers. They reminded him of state funerals. Well, yes, Mathilda Linden would be buried the day after tomorrow in the small cemetery of an old baroque church, a little farther up the street, where it curved unexpectedly into a tree-studded meadow.

The heavy-set, tall, blond man stepped away from the window with its enchanting yet restful view across the garden onto the Isar River, and sat down in front of the writing table. For a moment he sat with closed eyes, his face still tense with the ordeal of the last hours. Then, gradually, it relaxed.

Everything had gone according to plan. Tilly Linden had run after him out onto the open road, and the moment he had given the sign, dropping his bundle, and had opened his arms wide, the truck had roared down on her. She had lived for only a couple of moments, calling his name with the last strength left her, apparently unaware that she was about to die. Reliable man, this Otto Halse, he thought. Undoubtedly, if this first plan had gone wrong, the fellow would have created the right accident on the winding road leading through the Bayrischer Wald to Munich. In that case he would have had to ask the daughter and the chauffeur to go home by train, pretending he wanted to be alone with his wife, whom he had not seen for so many years, and he would have driven the car himself. But he much preferred that it had happened this way, in front of everybody, with no blame falling even on Halse. Willie Lange, the stamp dealer, his contact-to-be in Munich, had arranged everything perfectly.

There was a knock at the door. Immediately his face lost its expression of contentment and became grave. "Come in," he said, and when he saw it was a servant who entered, he added a little harshly, like a man who wanted to remain undisturbed, "What is it now?"

"Excuse me, Herr Doktor, I just came in to draw the curtains and turn on the light, the way the *gnädige Frau*——" Herta, the maid, sniffled. She was a plump, black-haired woman, dressed in a blue sateen uniform. "And cook wants to know ——"

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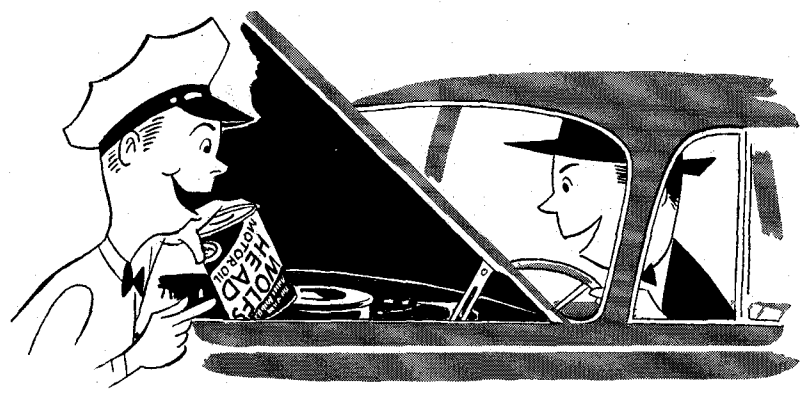

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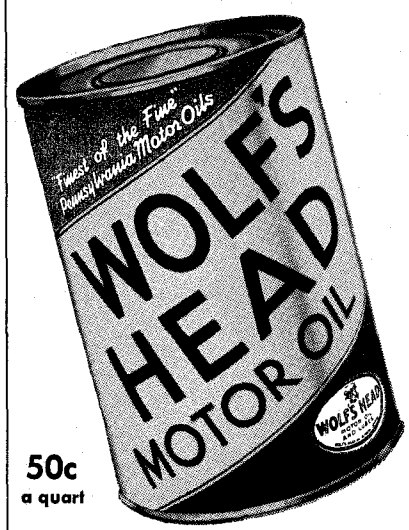

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"Nothing," he said, "nothing," and, to his satisfaction, saw her nod understandingly. "Just as I said. The Herr Doktor certainly doesn't want a gala dinner." She went out softly.

On the desk under the lamp the maid had switched on stood a picture in a leather frame. He pulled it closer, folded the stand and laid it flat in front of him. "She wanted me to have it there," the man whose identity he had stolen had told him in one of their thousands of talks, smiling as if he were still touched by his wife's foolishness. "She was always a little offended that I didn't keep one on my desk in the office. You know how women are, especially when they are still young and sentimental." But he was not looking at Tilly's lovely, gay face laughing up at him, but at the face of the man he had become—Dr. Franz Linden. Of course, he had never known Linden as a young man. This, then, was what he was supposed to have looked like in his youth, on his wedding day, at twenty-six.

Quickly he took from a pocket inside his jacket an oblong little mirror. His eyes narrowed slightly as he compared his face with that of the photograph. The set of their eyes and the shape of their mouths were almost identical. Only their noses had once been different, before his had been operated on to look like Linden's. Both were tall, heavily built men, both blond, with the light, sensitive skin of Nordic people. The young man in the picture might well have grown into the man sitting at the desk—the Russian commissar, Stepan Kozlov.

In all probability Franz Linden would have been sitting here for the last five or six years if the repeated inquiries on the part of the Red Cross and the German authorities had not created a certain curiosity in Russia and the rechecked records had not shown that Linden was no ordinary prisoner, but a man to whom all doors would be open when he returned. While he was being interviewed, therefore, before his release was to take place, one of Kozlov's superiors in the M.G.B. had discovered the fantastic resemblance between him and Linden. Thus the plan had been born to substitute one for the other at an opportune moment, and the German Government had been told that Linden would not be released, but was being held as a war criminal.

Six years, thought Kozlov, six long, grueling years until he had been able to impersonate Franz Linden so well that even the men with whom Linden had been previously imprisoned had accepted him as their old comrade.

To perfect his German had been the least of all difficulties. Since he was born on the Volga, in one of the villages originally settled by Germans, the language was not unfamiliar to him. Nor was it very hard to have to study German law. He had been an outstanding student, thanks to the man who had saved him as a small boy during the revolution that had wiped out his family, and taken him to Moscow. It hadn't been difficult to extract from Linden, under the pretense of being a fellow prisoner and friend, all the knowledge he needed, the intimate details of Linden's life. For, when only twenty-two years old, Kozlov had been asked to join the G.P.U. and had made a career for himself in the different departments of the Secret Police. What was hard, though—in fact, almost impossible—was to learn to think with Linden's mind, to grasp his point of view, the humanitarian concepts of a highly civilized Western individual.

Kozlov glanced again at the photo in front of him and back into the mirror. Of course, there were slight differences. His lids were a little heavier, flatter, and his ears a trifle smaller, his neck a little shorter. But then, nobody's memory worked precisely enough to remember every small detail over a span of sixteen years. Besides, throughout those six years he had spent with Linden, studied law, economics, the history of art, languages, learned to wear European clothes, learned, like a girl at finishing school, to give parties, to play the piano, to acquaint himself with stamp collecting—Linden's only hobby and the only thing Kozlov had enjoyed—the fate of Linden's family, relatives and immediate friends had been carefully checked and rechecked until the danger that anybody was still alive who might recognize the impostor was almost nonexistent. Except, of course, Tilly Linden.

Even the hands, thought Kozlov, spreading them on the polished table, beaten, broken, frozen, would not be a give-away should he ever be fingerprinted for some position or other. This time he smiled a little. The main thing was to play his part so perfectly that the idea of comparing fingerprints would simply never occur. And position, he thought. Tilly Linden's death might easily increase the general feeling of good will toward a man whose brilliance and great human qualities had survived the terror of Hitler's regime, the war and Russian imprisonment. All possibilities would be open to him.

He started when there was another knock at the door, as if thinking of the past and the circumstances that had led to this moment were an unpardonable act of weakness.

The maid again. "Excuse me. Mr. Holm is ——"

He cut her short, "No visitors today."

"But," she said patiently, "it's Mr. Holm, Herr Doktor. He's like one of the family."

... ...

Oh, Shade and Lemonade!

By Doris E. Pogue

Green things grow discouraged
When hot summer comes:
Gardens, grass and flowers—
And also some thumbs.

... ...

Holm. George Holm. He couldn't place him right away. There had been so many names, so many faces. Then he remembered a lanky young man who had pumped his hand, saying over and over, "She was like a mother to me."

Outside, in the hall into which the study led, he could now hear Holm clear his throat as though wanting to warn him not to speak too loud. How would Linden have acted—Linden, dead now since a couple of months? *I am Linden*, Kozlov said to himself. *I am Dr. Franz Linden.* "Come in," he called.

He didn't get up, but remained seated, staring blankly ahead, the bereft husband on whom the strain of the day was beginning to tell. In spite of his own obvious misery, George Holm looked with deep concern at the man at the desk.

"I didn't mean to intrude," he said, in a warm, friendly voice, "but I just talked to Doctor Windl on the phone. He said he'd given Lisa a shot to make her sleep. Still, she might wake up or get restless. And I thought—I thought it might be a good idea, provided it's all right with you, if I sort of stayed here during the night. Next door to her, I mean, with the door open, so when she stirs ——"

Kozlov took his time answering. He didn't like any young man who was regarded like a son in his household, particularly not when this young man, as he now remembered having been told, worked in the office of West Germany's Department of Security in Bavaria—his office.

"How very kind of you, Holm." He paused, listening to his own voice as he had listened for years, to detect if he had caught the right intonation. "But don't you think ——"

How slowly he spoke, Holm thought, as if each word were costing him an enormous effort. If only he could be of help to the man Tilly had loved more than her life, he might repay some of the debt he felt he owed this family for all the warmth and friendship they had given him.

He interrupted Linden. "I know what you are going to say, but, if you don't mind my saying so, Lisa and I are used to each other."

Too frank, thought Kozlov, *even if he is trying to be tactful.* "Besides," Holm went on, "Doctor Windl said if one could only get you to take a pill —— You should try to sleep. You should ——"

Kozlov rose. He put one hand on Holm's shoulder, gently steering him into the hall. "I couldn't possibly think of sleep," he said. "I don't think there's a pill strong enough." His voice broke, then steadied. "As a matter of fact, I think you need rest just as badly." He took Holm's hand, shook it, then softly closed the door.

For a second he stood listening to Holm's steps receding. Then, softly, following Holm's suggestion that someone should sit up with his daughter, he opened the door to Lisa's bedroom.

Except for a shaded light, the wide room was dark. The windows had been left open. Every now and then a small draft played with the curls of the girl lying motionless in a wide double bed. Noiselessly Kozlov pulled up a chair and sat down.

There lay before him, in all the beauty of a young woman, the greatest source of danger. She had been only four and a half years old when her father had been taken from her; still, things might have impressed her which Linden had forgotten; she might remember things that had played an important part in the small world of a child, so mysterious to any grownup. If she showed the slightest suspicion —— He shrugged.

After her mother's tragic death, it would be easy to make the world believe in her suicide. Then he thought of the fortune.

Linden had been poor, the way people in the West called a boy poor, but his wife's parents had been rich for generations, well-known manufacturers of locomotives in Bavaria. Kozlov would know only when Tilly Linden's will was opened if she had left the fortune she had inherited to her daughter and, if so, at what age Lisa would come into it or if he was going to participate in it. A woman might be a sentimental fool, yet have a shrewd and practical streak where money was concerned. One could never tell. And money had its own miraculous power. He needed it badly for propaganda purposes. But fortune or no fortune, Kozlov thought, the daughter would have to be eliminated the moment he detected the slightest sign of distrust in her. But first he would wait and see how useful she might be to him in his task.

He shifted in his chair. What a comfortable chair it was. Her eyelids fluttered. Kozlov bent forward, the right expression of desolation and concern mingling in his face. If she woke up, she would find her father sitting beside her bed, a man who, even in his own grief, remembered that she, too, was suffering deeply.

She was looking at him, wide-eyed, unblinking. He did not speak, but met her glance. And, after a while, she sat up and made a little gesture with her arms, as if she wanted him to come closer.

"Papa," she said, "now we've got only each other."

TO BE CONTINUED

I am a typewriter. Across my ink-stained face are written many human experiences. Over the coming 4th of July holiday, I shall pound into the record books many names.

I shall write—Killed, passing on a hill, John Doe.
Killed, passing on a curve, Bill Doe, wife and 3 children.

I shall also write—"To save a minute, he lost a life" or "A minute saved—a quick trip to the grave."

Tired, hackneyed phrases describing the end of bubbling, enthusiastic, holiday-happy lives.

I write on—into the long weekend—pounding names into the record books of death.

What's *your* name?

What's *your wife's* name?

How many *children* have you?

Because so many answer, I must write—I must work. *You* can make the 4th of July weekend a real holiday for yourself and family—and for me—by driving *extra* carefully. Please be courteous, be careful—*I can spell any name.*

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The Redlegs' Hardest Hitter

Continued from Page 31)

ounds—would be touted in the Cincinati training camp as a future powerouse. By April or May he would be back n the minors. Although he has seen ction in the National League off and on ince 1949, it was 1954 before he got to pend a full season with Cincinnati. His esulting batting mark was a disappointng .255. So a lot of observers wrote him ff for good. And then, in 1955, Wally xploded all over the place.

Some thought he performed over his ead last year, but others expected him o get even better. They were remembering that Wally, who still is only twenty-ix, started out in baseball as a pitcher, nd didn't change over to the outfield ntil his fourth professional season.

This year Post began delivering almost om the start. In his first sixteen games e collected nine homers and fifteen BI's and had a mounting batting averge of .297. Then, on May fifth, he rained his wrist in a game with Pittsurgh and was out of the starting line-up r a week. In the next three weeks he dded only two homers and five RBI's, nd his average sank below .240. It asn't until early June that he began to gain his form.

"We probably brought him back too oon," said manager Birdie Tebbetts reently, at a time when Post was still havng trouble at the plate. "That wrist njury put him off stride. But he wanted o start playing again, and we'd rather ave him in there than anybody else.

"Any man who swings as hard as he oes is going to be stopped every now nd then. Our whole bunch of freeswingers can be stopped on a given day y superior pitching. But you don't hold hose fellows down every day. I'm not orried about Post. He's going to go on nd establish himself as one of the big itters."

Post's name might already be in the ousehold-word class if Cincinnati went t for the sort of tape-measure stunts that rought early fame to Mickey Mantle, ho this year is at last living up to his arly ballyhoo with the Yankees. They ay in Cincinnati—and quite a few baseall men elsewhere agree—that Wally ost hits the longest home runs of any ght-handed hitter in the game. Cincinati doesn't claim that he also can outistance any left-hander, presumably to void comparing Post with left-handed edleg hitters like Kluszewski and Bell, ot to mention Ed Bailey and Smoky urgess. Last year Kluszewski was ahead f Post in total homers, forty-seven to orty. In sheer distance, though, one incinnati aide admits, "If Kluszewski ofted the ball, there's no telling how far would go. But Ted is more of a linerive home-run hitter."

Wally Post does loft the ball. Manager ebbetts says, "Post has a hand action hat seems to give the ball an overspin. nce he gets it up in the air, it keeps on oing. Whenever I see that ball start to ise, I always know it's gone."

Post has unloaded some stupendous allops. In an exhibition at Indianapolis ast before the opening of this season, he elted one with an estimated "carry" of 00 feet. In his home park on April wenty-ninth, he hit no less than four ing-size home runs during a doubleeader with the Cubs. One ball reached he sign on top of the laundry building cross the street beyond left field. A secnd sailed way over the sign. Another leared the high scoreboard in centerield. The last sailed deep into the leachers in right center.

In Pittsburgh last year Post twice cleared the high wall in left center at about the 406-foot sign. In Brooklyn there is a still-smoldering controversy as to whether Wally achieved the "impossible" feat of hitting a ball up onto the left-field roof one day during batting practice.

Jimmy Dykes, now a Cincinnati coach, who was familiar with the mightiest American League sluggers for thirty-three years as a player and manager, declares, "Post can hit the ball as far as anybody I ever saw. That includes Jimmy Foxx." Then Dykes characteristically quips, "A fellow was talking about putting the tape measure to one of Post's home runs, but I told him it wouldn't work out. The ball stopped before it crossed the street. He said, 'What do you mean?' I said, 'Sure. It had to stop. The traffic light was on red.'"

When you inquire about a given player, the people around a big-league club generally will tell you that he is a nice, upstanding young man—modest, clean-living, hard-working. It probably is true that a majority of today's ballplayers, while not necessarily plaster saints, do conform in some measure to this surface pattern. With Wally Post, the Cincinnati people are so emphatic about it that they obviously mean it. However, Wally has much more individuality than his well-intentioned boosters might lead you to believe.

In the years when he was forever being brought up to Cincinnati—and then being

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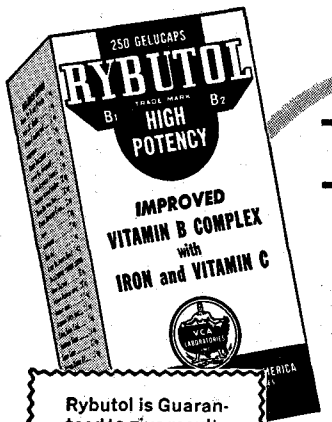

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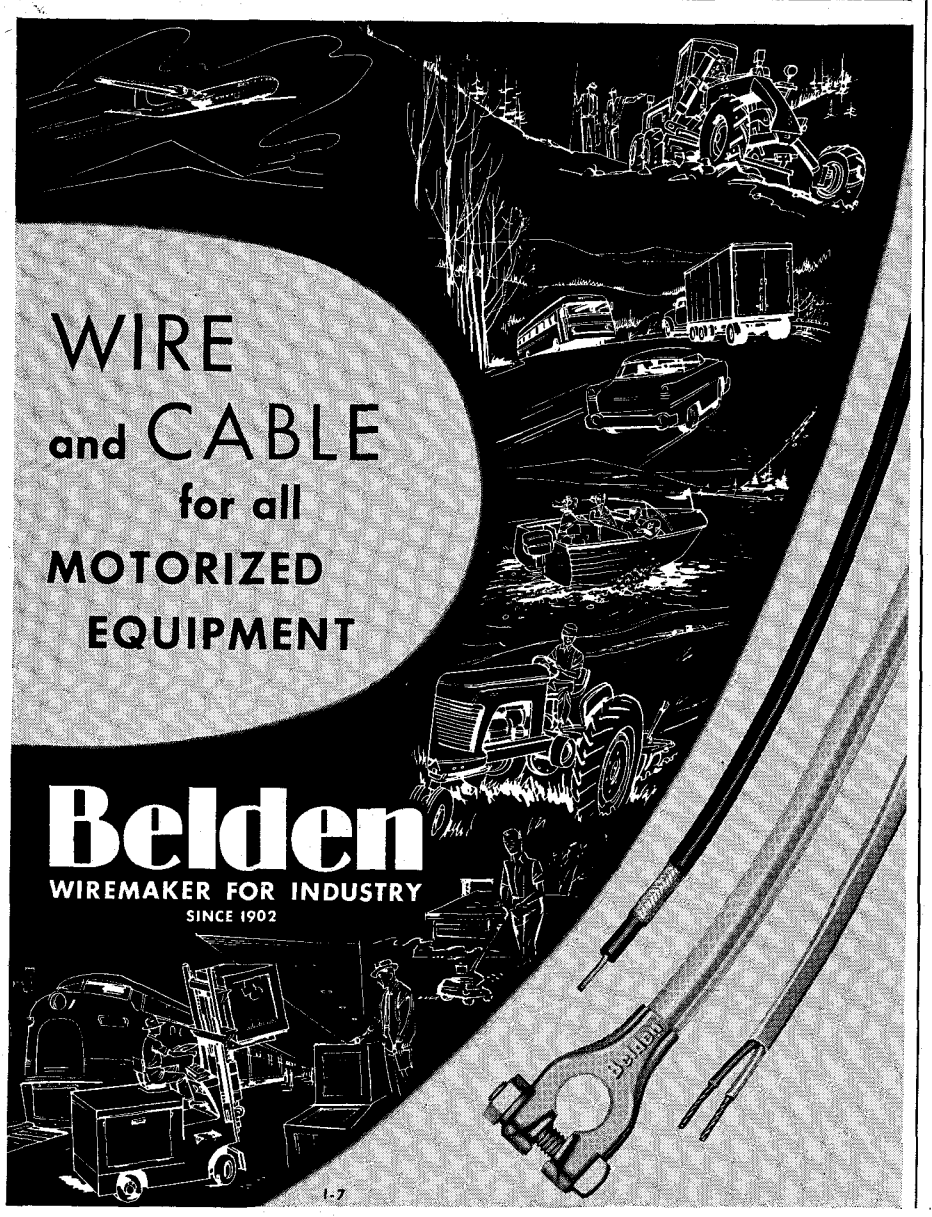

sent back down—Post got the reputation of being a notably quiet and self-effacing person. "You won't get much out of him," an interviewer is warned. "You can't get him to talk about himself." The interviewer resigns himself to a session in which the answers will consist mostly of "yes" and "no."

Well, there are such monosyllable boys in baseball, but Post definitely is not among them. Maybe success has given him greater assurance. At any rate, at least one interviewer has found that Wally today takes questioning in good-natured stride, and talks more and better than most ballplayers.

At home around St. Henry, Ohio, they've never thought of Wally—or Walter, as many of his family and friends still call him—as the tongue-tied type, or as a wishy-washy fellow either. The homefolks speak very well of him, but they give more of a flesh-and-blood picture than you are apt to get around the ball club. They knew Wally as a young athlete who sometimes let his emotions get the better of him—unlike his older brother, Ed, who was always composed. They remember that Wally was suspended from the St. Henry High School basketball squad one year because he was in a group which was found with a bottle of beer in its possession. As it happened, the bottle was unopened.

"There was a lot of strong feeling about his suspension in the town," recalls Stanley Romer, the local druggist. "It was tournament time, and a good many people thought that Mr. Karcher, the coach, should let Wally and the others come back. But the coach went through with it. He never had a bit of trouble with his boys after that. Now everybody says it was a good thing for Wally—he learned his lesson early, and that's why he's kept in such good condition ever since."

Although Wally Post never hit well in the majors until last season, he has always rated high in the other branches of his job. It was his all-round performance that helped to keep Post in the Cincinnati line-up most of the time during 1954, when he was subpar with the bat. Wally can go get them in the outfield. He has above-average speed and alertness, and he runs hard.

This latter quality made an impression as far back as the 1950 training camp upon Edd Roush, one of Cincinnati's all-time heroes. Roush also was struck, it would seem, by Wally's high cheekbones, which occasionally lead people erroneously to assume that Post has Indian blood.

"That high-cheeked kid looks like quite a prospect," Roush told Lou Smith of the Cincinnati Enquirer. "What took my eye was the way he went flying into the second baseman to break up a double play. You don't see many kids doing that these days. They're either too timid or afraid of getting hurt."

When it comes to Post's throwing arm his admirers trot out as many superlatives as they do when talking up his distance hitting. In almost every league he has played in, he has been one of the top outfielders in assists. Some say Wally can throw the ball as far, as fast and as accurately as anybody, although partisans of Willie Mays dismiss this claim as nonsense. Narrowing it down to right fielders, Post's supporters rate him ahead of even Carl Furillo, Brooklyn's veteran rifle arm, who for years has been considered tops in the league at making the long throw to third base.

At any rate, Post demonstrated long ago that his outfield play was more than up to big-league standards. The problem continued to be his batting. He always could hit hard, but he couldn't seem to hit big-league pitching consistently enough. His 1955 metamorphosis was nothing short of astounding. In the space of a single season he added fifty-four points to his batting average, and more than doubled his output of home runs. It was the best all-round hitting year he ever had in either the majors or the minors.

How did Post get over the hump with such a breath-taking rush? The prevailing view is that it was chiefly a matter of Wally's acquiring confidence that he could hit in the big leagues. "You could see all along that he had it—the way he swung a bat and everything," says his pal and fellow slugger, Gus Bell. "He's a

"Don't ask me. He leads his life, and I lead mine."

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natural. All he ever needed was one whole year up here to get his confidence up."

Manager Tebbetts, the man who is chiefly credited with building up Post's confidence, minimizes that explanation. He analyzes Wally's progress in much different terms.

"At first there were pitchers and pitches that gave Post trouble," Tebbetts says. "Gradually he adapted himself to the pitching that was giving him trouble. He stopped trying to hit everybody the same way.

"I don't want to say too much about what types of pitching have bothered him, and how he's adjusted, for fear of giving ideas to the other teams. But I will say"—and this comes as no news to anybody in the National League—"that there was a time when pitchers who were very fast could get him to go for a high fast ball. Now he doesn't swing at it. That used to be his biggest weakness.

"Oh, it may have helped him some to know that I still believed in him, even when he wasn't going well. But he made it himself. The ballplayer has to do it himself. There are plenty of things that can be taught, but they also have to be learned. Post has the intelligence—the professional intelligence—to learn."

Wally's own summing up of his transformation takes in both his mental attitude and his batting swing. "Birdie never gave up on me in 1954," he declares, "and toward the end of the season I finally began to hit. Last year, for the first time since I've been up here, I wasn't overanxious at the plate. My confidence had increased to the point where I waited until I got a pitch I could hit. My big trouble in the past was being overanxious and wanting to hit too quick."

Post's hitting technique still revolves around the simple idea of trying to lambaste the daylights out of the ball. Coach Tom Ferrick observes, "He has a type of swing that he can't cut down on. He has to swing with all his might. He can't just protect the plate and meet the ball."

Wally smilingly agrees. "I always feel that I need three strikes to hit the ball. I go up there swinging." Last year, when he had 102 strike-outs, a majority of them came during the first part of the season. This year he is hoping similarly to cut down on his strike-outs as 1956 goes on.

Wally Post comes from a farming section known as "the Dutch country" in Mercer County in Western Ohio, about 100 miles north of Cincinnati. The people are predominantly of German descent—Wally has some Irish in him, too—and predominantly Catholic. At his old high school in St. Henry, there was only one non-Catholic pupil this year in a student body of around 225.

St. Henry, where Wally now lives, has an official population figure of 715. It is a metropolis compared to the place where Wally was born and grew up—St. Wendelin, four miles away. According to a current oil-company road map of Ohio, St. Wendelin is an unincorporated town with no post office and an estimated population of twenty-five. The figure may be somewhat low—this reporter counted that many children in the St. Wendelin schoolyard one morning last spring. But the total can't be very high. The "town" is just a country crossroads, with the school and Catholic church on one side and a general store with two gas pumps on the other.

Walter Charles Post was born on July 9, 1929, the youngest of three sons and the sixth of nine children of Frank and Mary Post. Today, with all but the youngest daughter married, there are thirty-four grandchildren, of whom Wally has contributed four.

The Posts are respected, homespun people. Wally's dad is a fine figure of a Middle Western farmer—snowy-haired, with a strong, ruddy face and a tolerant, deliberate manner. He is active in local civic affairs, and so is Wally's mother—a brisk, vigorous woman, still black-haired like her son.

The only trade Wally ever knew before he went into baseball was farmwork. There was plenty of that for Wally and his older brothers, Ralph and Ed. Their father was not only growing grain and raising livestock on his own 160 acres in St. Wendelin, but also operating the nearby farm of his wife's widowed mother. Since the latter's death a few years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Post have moved to the other farm and turned over "the home place" to son Ralph and his family.

The Post boys used to spend a lot of their spare time throwing a baseball around, and sometimes organized pickup games with neighboring youngsters. Both Ed and Wally displayed precocious skill. This was pleasing to Father Post, who loved baseball himself, although he never got beyond town games on Sunday afternoons.

Ed began dreaming of the big leagues early, but to Wally in those days baseball was just a game he enjoyed. Ed was two grades ahead of Wally in school. Each became a basketball and baseball star at St. Henry High under Charles Karcher, the coach who convinced Wally that training rules were meant to be observed. Wally says that Karcher also gave him a good grounding in the fundamentals of the game. Karcher, who is now superintendent of schools at Kalida, Ohio, says Wally early assumed the proportions of a "boy wonder."

The Post brothers were both pitchers. In 1945, when Ed was a senior and Wally a sophomore, they rotated between pitching and first base, and carried St. Henry to the finals of the state high-school Class B tournament. Around this time a few baseball scouts began calling.

The father was hesitant. He had heard tales about the drinking and carousing of some of the old-time ballplayers. He didn't want his boys in a business where they might get "bad habits." Finally being persuaded that such behavior was frowned upon in modern baseball, he allowed Ed to go with Middletown, of the Class D Ohio State League that summer. Ed put in only about six weeks there before the World War II draft took him away. After the 1945 season Wally also signed to play with Middletown, which was then an affiliate of Milwaukee, in the American Association, but soon to become a Cincinnati farm outlet. Wally was only sixteen—there were no restrictions on signing youngsters then. He got a $500 bonus and a contract calling for $165 a month, which was better than other offers he had received, from representatives of the Cubs and Indians.

"I thought Ed would make the grade in baseball sooner than Walter," the father said recently. "He was cooler. Walter had a hot temper."

"He learned," the mother interposed. "He learned."

Ed Post did come back after his Army service to advance as far as the spring-training roster of the late Boston Braves. Then his southpaw pitching arm went bad. Ed bowed out after the 1949 season, and now works in a brother-in-law's beer-distributing business. He still gets in some baseball during the summer with a semi-pro team in Fort Wayne, Indiana.

As for Wally, his 1945 contract signing didn't prevent him from playing high-school ball as a junior in 1946—he led St. Henry to the state finals again. However, when he appeared in a couple of games for Middletown in the summer of 1946, his high-school athletics ended.

His professional career began in earnest after his graduation in 1947. The Middletown franchise had shifted to Muncie, Indiana, where Wally got off to an excellent pitching start with a seventeen-and-seven record. Brother Ed, incidentally, won nineteen and lost eight for Muncie that year.

When Wally stepped up in 1948 to Class A ball at Columbia, South Carolina, he could win only eight while losing eleven. Wally says the trouble was that he pulled some (*Continued on Page 114*)

"There! . . . How's that for an expansion band?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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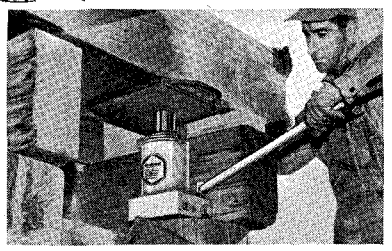

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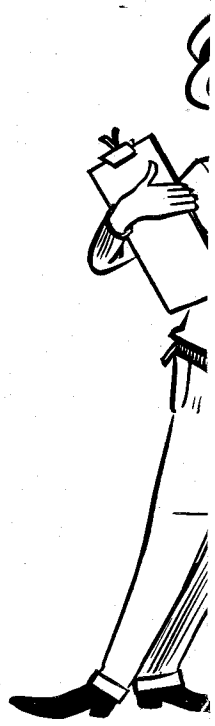

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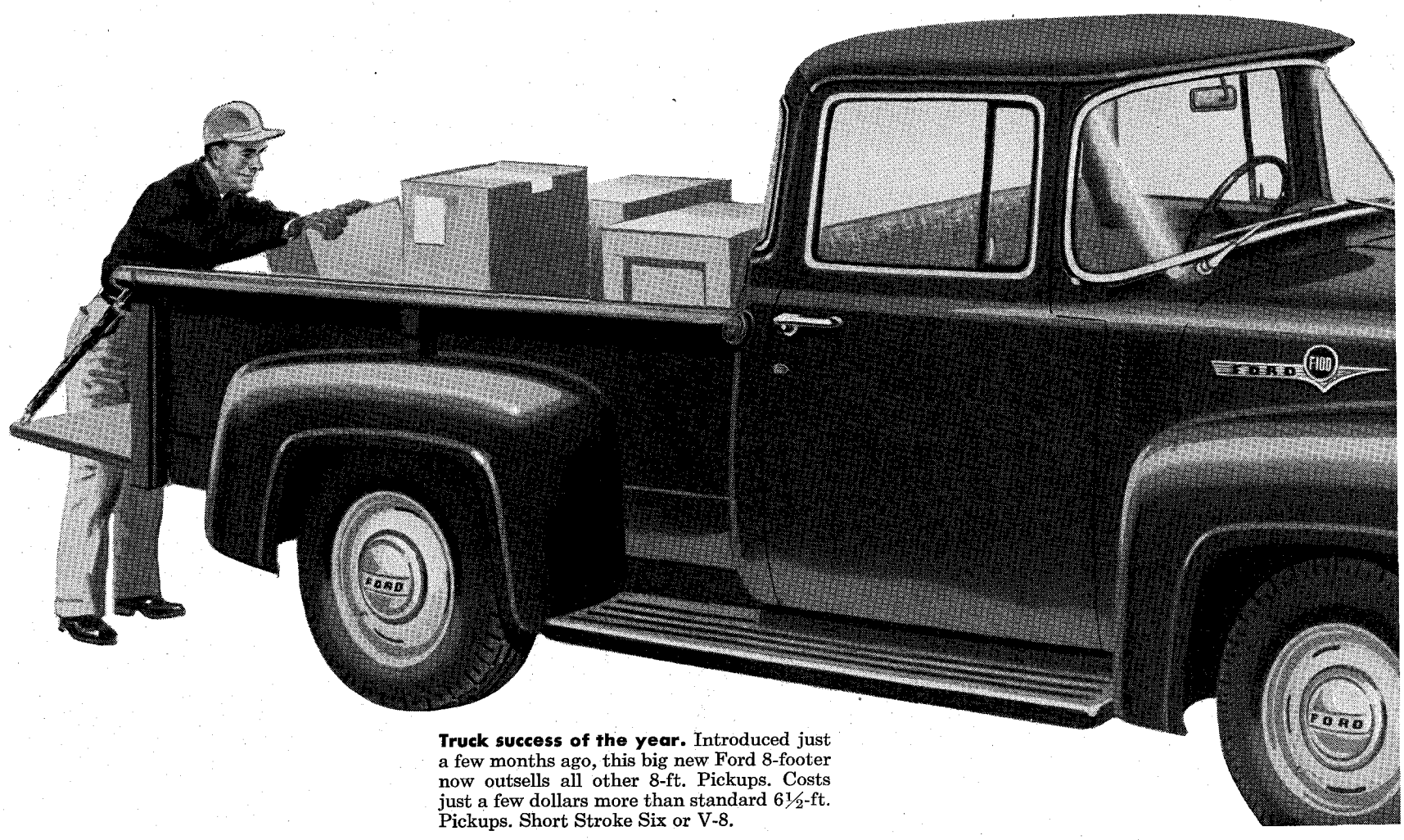

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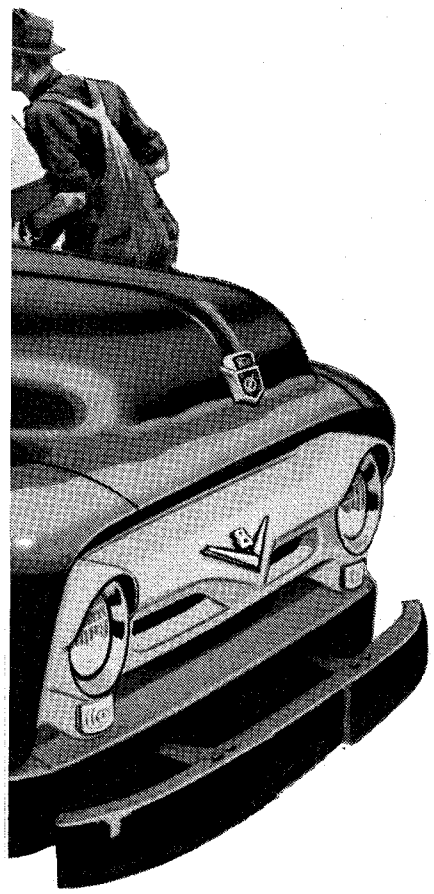

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(*Continued from Page 111*) tendons in his shoulder that spring.

The Columbia manager, Gerald (Gee) Walker, who was a big-league outfielder for fifteen years, thought Post would do better in the outfield. Walker sought permission to make the change from the Cincinnati farm director, Fred Fleig, now assistant secretary-treasurer of the National League. Fleig wanted to give Post one more trial as a pitcher first. He assigned Wally for 1949 to Charleston, West Virginia, also a Class A team. After Wally got belted hard in his second start, Fleig had him transferred back to Columbia and told Manager Walker to go ahead with the outfield experiment.

Wally had everything to learn about his new position. Ground balls gave him particular trouble. He got a lot of help on this from the Columbia shortstop, Roy McMillan, who has since become an ace shortstop at Cincinnati. At bat also Wally was crude. He hit only .253 in 130 games. However, he did blast out fourteen home runs and won a local fan popularity poll. At the end of the season Cincinnati brought Post up for a brief look.

He got eight chances to bat and made two singles. "Here I'd been a bust as a pitcher with one Class A team that year, and a .250-hitting outfielder with another," Post says now. "Then I suddenly found myself playing in the big leagues.

"The first game I started, Warren Spahn was pitching against us. I struck out twice and grounded out twice. I'll never forget that first strike-out. The count was three-and-two, and I was sure Spahn was going to come in with his fast ball. I dug in to swing. And he threw me a change-up! I must have finished my swing before the ball even reached the plate."

Post was only twenty years old, and he was neither surprised nor disappointed when he wound up being farmed out to Tulsa, of the Texas League, in 1950. He got some much-needed instruction in how to hit curve-ball pitching from manager Al Vincent, who would take Wally out to the park in the morning and throw curves to him by the hour. Post hit .294 for Tulsa, and after training again with the Redlegs in 1951, was moved up another notch to Buffalo, in the International League. Post had quite a year at Buffalo—a .306 batting average and twenty-one home runs in 111 games—and finished out the season in Cincinnati. Now everybody thought Post was all set to make the ball club. It was at this stage that frustration set in.

In 1952 Wally had a variety of problems. First he hurt his ankle playing in a Cuban winter league, and then his wife had a miscarriage during the training period. The final blow came when Wally had to have an emergency appendectomy in the early weeks of the regular season. After that, Cincinnati optioned him for the balance of the year to Milwaukee, in the American Association. Milwaukee was still a Braves' farm then and not greatly interested in this piece of Cincinnati property. Post got into only fifty-one games.

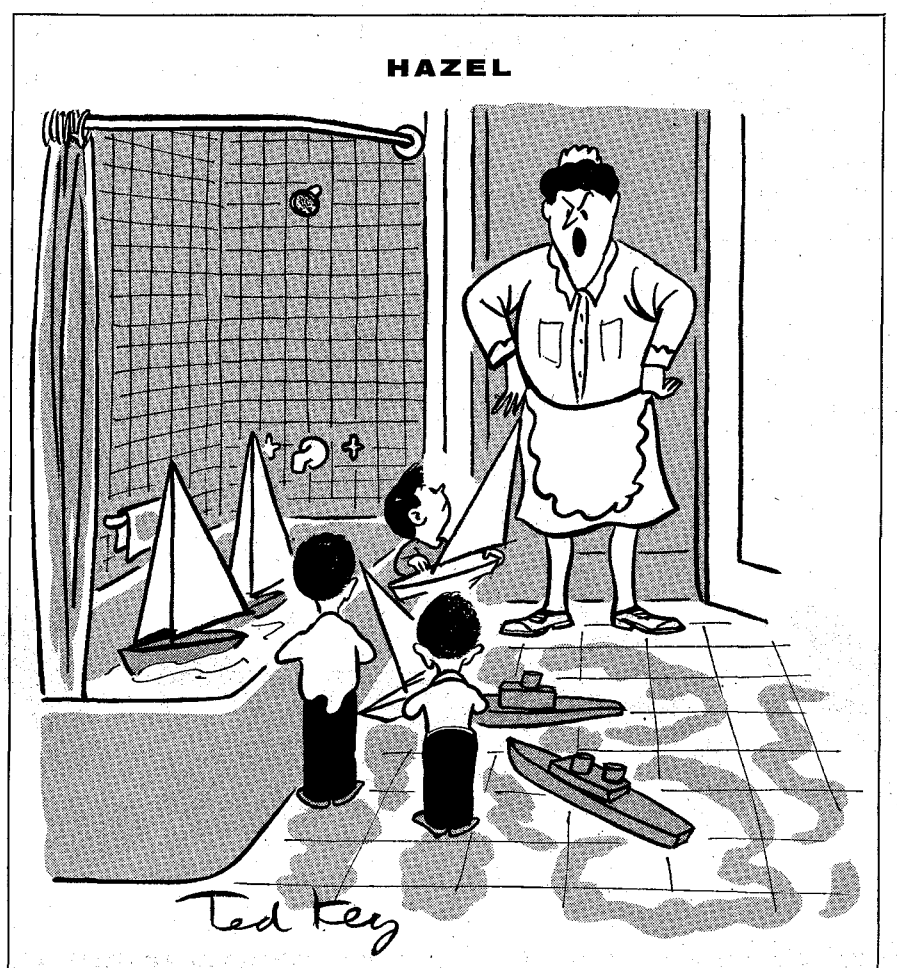
In 1953 Post's only apparent problem was that manager Rogers Hornsby didn't see fit to make much use of him, even though Wally was a red-hot hitter in exhibition games. When it became clear that Post was due to spend most of his time on the Cincinnati bench, chief executive Gabe Paul decided that the young man would be better off seeing regular action in the minors. He notified Wally that he was being optioned to the American Association again, this time with Indianapolis, a Cleveland farm.

Wally balked for a couple of days, but his father helped convince him that the only thing to do was to report to Indianapolis and have such a big year that the Redlegs would have to bring him back. After being assured by Paul that he would get a chance to play every day at Indianapolis, Wally went on to have the big year. He led the American Association in RBI's, with 120, and was runner-up in homers, with thirty-three.

He would have tied for the home-run crown had it not been for one embarrassing event. With the bases loaded, he hit a towering fly ball. Since it was uncertain whether the ball would clear the fence, Post ran it out full tilt. For the same reason, the runners held up. The ball did go out of the park, but Wally sailed right past the runner at first base. So Post was called out instead of getting credit for a homer, and Indianapolis netted only three runs from his clout instead of four.

On this last count, Wally's view is again at variance with that of quite a few sluggers. And there are other points about hitting on which his ideas run counter to popular notions. Take the one about right-handed hitters' being able to do better against left-handed pitchers, and vice versa. As most fans know, this belief is based not upon superstition, but upon the fact that a right-hander's curve breaks away from a right-handed hitter, while a left-hander's curve breaks in.

Yet the right-handed Post says he'd rather hit against right-handers, and his explanation sounds sensible too. It is simply this: "You don't get to see so many left-handers, especially when you're coming up through high school and the minors. I feel more at home against the right-handers."



"Now hear this!!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It was at Indianapolis that Wally Post first came under the managership of Birdie Tebbetts—a relationship which was to continue at Cincinnati to their mutual benefit. It was also at Indianapolis that Wally acquired his most distinctive batting characteristic. This is the fact that he chokes up about an inch and a half on the bat. In other respects, Post looks orthodox enough at the plate. After considerable experimentation, he has arrived at a medium, straightaway stance and swings from a moderate crouch. His shortened grip, though, is most unexpected in a fellow whose specialty is hitting the ball a country mile.

"At Indianapolis," Wally says, "Buster Mills told me something that I refused to believe. He said that if I'd choke up on the bat a little, I'd not only connect more often but hit the ball just as far as I could holding the bat down on the handle. I finally tried it, and he was right. In fact, I think I can hit the ball even farther now. I can bring the bat around better. At the same time that I began choking up, I switched to a heavier bat. I'd been using a thirty-two-ounce bat. I changed to thirty-five ounces. I think in those heavier bats you get better wood. It gives the ball a harder ride."

It so happens that the two pitchers who have given him the most trouble are right-handers—Lew Burdette of the Braves, and Bob Friend of the Pirates. However, each does it with an in-breaking pitch—the screwball. "They break it in on my fists, and I can't seem to get around on it," Post declares.

Wally has never had his baseball life interrupted by military service. He was too young for the World War II draft, and by the time his number came up in the next draft, he was exempt as a father. He was married at nineteen to Pat Beckman, a St. Henry girl, whose father has a cannery in Minster, Ohio, turning out 60,000 to 90,000 cases a year of tomato products.

Pat says, "The first time I really got interested in baseball was in 1939, when Cincinnati won the pennant. My hero then was Ernie Lombardi. I sent him a case of my dad's best spaghetti sauce and asked for his autograph. I got the autograph, but he didn't mention the spaghetti sauce."

Pat gives Wally high marks as a husband. "He's easygoing. He doesn't seem to get upset. I think he does, really, when things aren't going well, but he usually doesn't let on."

As a boy, Wally is said to have been prone to blow his top, but since entering professional ball he has only once been bounced by an umpire. This was during a game last summer in St. Louis.

"Dascoli called a third strike on me," Wally relates. "As I turned and walked away, I said, 'You're crazy!'" (The actual phrasing was somewhat stronger than this.) "Dascoli said, 'And we can dispense with your services for the rest of the afternoon.' And that was that."

Around the ball club, Post is the type who gets along with everyone. "You can room him with anybody," says road secretary John Murdough. "He's the ideal ballplayer from a traveling secretary's point of view."

Wally's No. 1 buddy is Gus Bell. They often make a threesome with pitcher Joe Nuxhall. "Bell has a little more polish than Post," says one observer. "He's a little sharper dresser. Post still has some 'country' in him."

This last impeachment is one to which Post no doubt would cheerfully confess. "I don't really like the cities," he says. "I want to have my own farm someday."

Meanwhile Wally and Pat have built a modern split-level home in a twenty-acre tract of woods on the outskirts of St. Henry. This land was the property of father-in-law Luke Beckman, who also has a house there. Wally works in Mr. Beckman's canning business in the off season, supervising the labeling and shipping. During the season, Wally and his family take an apartment in Cincinnati.

Although Cincinnati officials continued to profess faith in Post during his disappointing years, they obviously didn't anticipate that he would come on with such a big rush in 1955. After the 1954 season they almost let him go in a multiplayer deal with Brooklyn. The Redlegs' chief objective was Junior Gilliam, whom they planned to convert into a third baseman. Brooklyn manager Walter Alston insisted that Post be included in the package. The Redlegs agreed. At the last moment it was the Dodgers who backed out.

"That was a close one," says vice president Gabe Paul, shaking his head. "It was almost the worst mistake we ever made. As far as I'm concerned, we did make the mistake. It was pure luck that saved us. Why, today we wouldn't trade Post for Gilliam and Furillo put together."

Others around the league think equally well of Post, including Milwaukee's Charley Grimm, who has been high on Wally since he first saw him in the American Association in 1952. "Post has it," Grimm declares unhesitatingly. "He's going to go all the way."

Of course, there are some baseball men who still have reservations about Post. Manager Mayo Smith, of the Phillies, said before the season, "To tell you the truth, I didn't think Post was really as good a hitter as he looked to be in the records last year. I thought he might be too wild a swinger. He seemed too easy to strike out. But he wound up with all those home runs and runs batted in, and he hit .300 too. If he can do the same thing again this year, then there won't be any question about it. Those pitchers are going to be making adjustments on him. This year will be the test."

The best guess is that Wally Post's baseball salary was around the $8000 bracket last year. After his tremendous 1955 performance, he was given what Gabe Paul described as one of the biggest salary boosts in the history of the Cincinnati ball club—probably to $15,000 or more. But that's nothing to what Wally may eventually earn if he can improve on his 1955 power-hitting performance, or even maintain it. In baseball, it's the home-run hitters who acquire the fleets of convertibles. THE END

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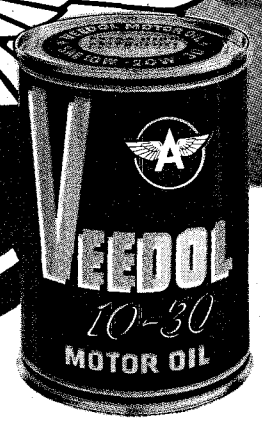

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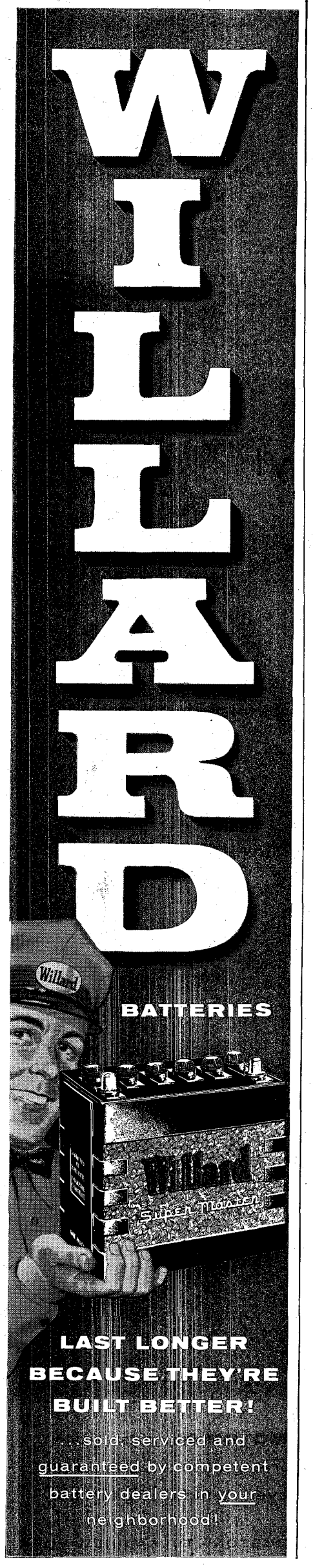

Keeping Posted

A Gallery of Post Prizewriters

Let's start this roundup of recent writing-award winners with Steven Spencer, the Post's medical editor, who is on page 32 this week with an important report about cancer. To Spencer has come the top selection for 1955 in the coveted magazine division of the Albert Lasker Medical Journalism Awards. His victorious article was MYSTERY OF THE BLINDED BABIES, published last year in June, and it brought Steve $1000, plus an illuminated scroll and a statuette of the Winged Victory of Samothrace, symbolizing victory over death and disease. About the writer the scroll employs terms like "skillful, sympathetic reporting . . . inspiring insight into problems of clinical investigators . . . brilliant exposition of laboratory and hospital triumphs"—terms that describe his work year in and year out.

Pretty soon, Steve Spencer may have to add a trophy ell to his home, for during his eleven years on the Post editorial staff he has shown a persistency about collecting topflight honors. In that photo of the divisional winners, Mrs. Lasker, president of the Lasker Foundation, is in the center, and beside her stands our man.

Two years ago it was joyfully reported here that John Bartlow Martin was a winner in the annual Benjamin Franklin Magazine Awards, administered by the University of Illinois, and now it can be added with redoubled joy that he has done it again. (Incidentally, he is the only writer to have won Franklin honors twice.) You'll remember MURDER ON HIS CONSCIENCE, the four-part series last April on the prison life of Nathan Leopold; that work, given the award for the best portrayal of a person, brought Martin $500 and a warmly laudatory scroll.

Martin, who free-lances out of Highland Park, Illinois, is another Post oldtimer, though far from being an oldish man. He writes about whatever agitates his interest, but crime is his forte, and at that he is a master. The Franklin Awards were made recently at a Society of Magazine Writers dinner in New York City. In the picture, Dr. David Dodds Henry, University of Illinois president, presents the winnings as Martin, right, registers jubilation.

Here you see, right, Associate Editor Richard Thruelsen, who works next to Steve Spencer in what can be called the editorial rooms' statuary department. For an article about an airplane flight engineer, he is collecting, during the 18th Annual Writing Awards of Trans World Airlines, a plaque and $100 for the best personality story in a magazine, plus another $100 and a rotating trophy for sweepstakes winner. Dick's piece was an element of his extremely popular MEN AT WORK series.

Furthermore, the Frank Ross photos that illustrated Thruelsen's story carried off TWA awards in the picture division. Frank wished to see to it that we had well-rounded representation.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Red Kidnapers are After Me"

Would you believe that five men could be kidnaped by communist thugs in the heart of New York City? Viktor Solovyev, above, an intended victim, tells you how he escaped his shipmates' fate, and why he is now waiting for a second attempt to get him.

He Flew Out of His Office in a Plane

Frank Harvey, page 34, wants you to make the acquaintance of that airplane in the photo, for it flew him up off a desk in New York and landed him on a New Jersey farm as a free-lance writer, accent on aviation. A good one, let's add.

Harvey explains that he was a frustrated ad writer, wavering between freedom and the nice, dependable Madison Avenue checks that fed his family. Then he bought that little Mooney Mite plane: 496 pounds, 40 miles to a gallon, 125 mph level flight, climbing range 25,000 feet—"if you took oxygen along." Well, Harvey used to get up early in the morning, fly over New York at 8000 feet, cut the power, do a wing over, fall through into a dive, and pretend he was making a bombing run at a building where a client of his worked. It should be hastily noted that this wartime training officer on the super-carrier Midway was "attacking" far above legal CAA altitude minimums. "My target," exults the bomber, "was the desk where that client had been murdering my copy, off and on, for years.

"This was childish," Harvey says, but he doesn't believe what he says. As time went on and he kept making those strafing runs, he kept feeling freer and freer. He says he knows airplanes don't have souls—"Yet, in that plane, when I was coming downhill all cleaned up and balling the jack, the little craft seemed to be nudging me into getting on the ball myself, taking the big writing chance." He took it when he had flown the plane about 25,000 miles—not all of that in dive bombing, of course. Fiction and articles Harvey has had fifteen happy landings in this magazine; Ballantine Books have successfully issued a collection of his Post stories; Hollywood is working on his Post serial, Volunteer Assignment. He concludes, "I've flown a jet with great joy but that little single-seater—ah, there'll never be another vehicle like it!"

Swindler Makes Clean Confession

Take Joe Alex Morris, who relates, on page 36, how dishonest turnpike motorists and collectors cheat the tolls of much money each year—did Joe do a little amateur finagling himself to give his research the feel of realism? "Sorry, no copy," he regrets. "I was accompanied on my studies by various officials like highway-commission secretaries or cops. It was too much of a handicap."

But Morris chips in an anecdote that showed up after his story was turned in. One day a member of the bridge authority of a Florida toll causeway noticed a light laundry truck whiz through the toll gate much too hastily to permit the yielding up of a coin. So he overhauled the truck, and asked the driver how come he merely waved a warm greeting to the collector. "You mean the guy at the gate?" asked the driver in astonishment. "Why, I never pay him. I do his laundry."

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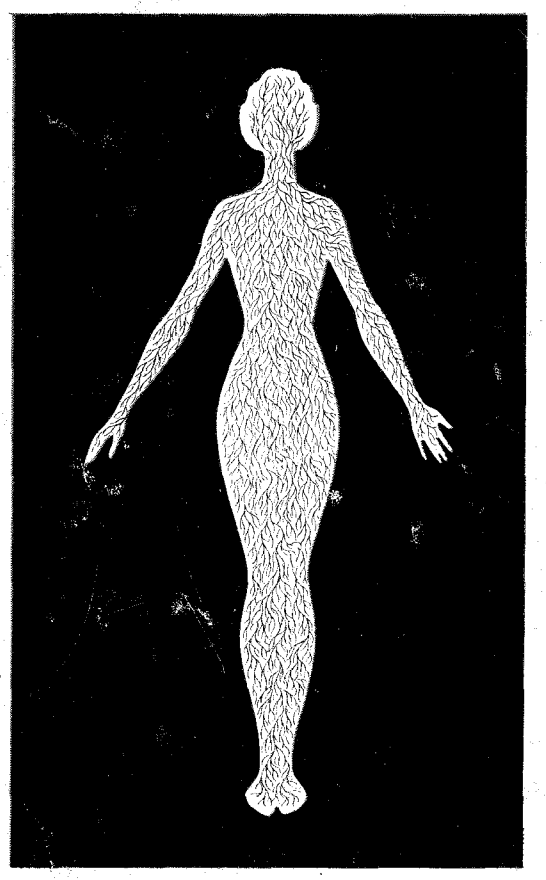

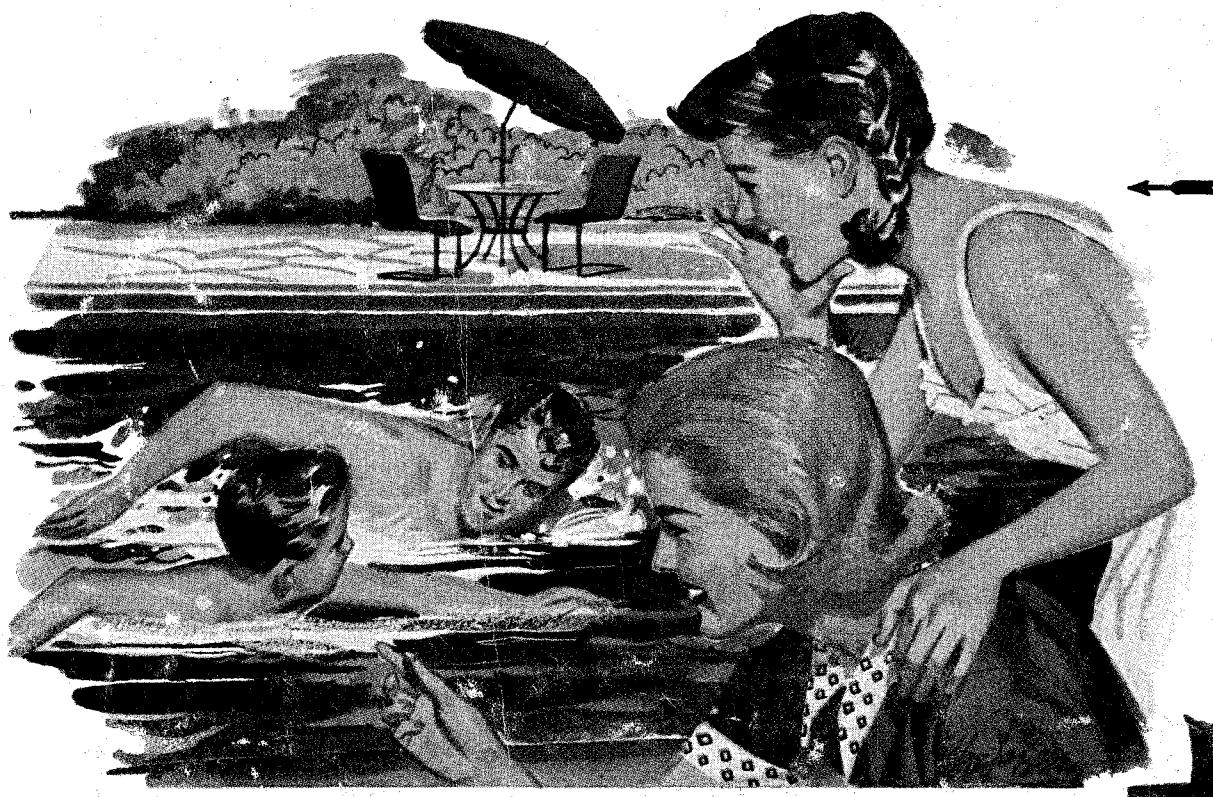

2. Teamed with vitamin C, these factors in the "meat" of oranges help keep capillary walls strong, efficient. Nourishment passes quickly and easily to the body's tissues. Waste is rapidly removed. Thus the bio-flavonoids improve your *basic* health . . . help you feel young and vigorous . . . help you ward off infection and disease.

The bio-flavonoids are abundant in the fresh orange but *not* in processed juice. A medium-sized Sunkist Orange contains a rich supply . . . *about 1000 mgs.*

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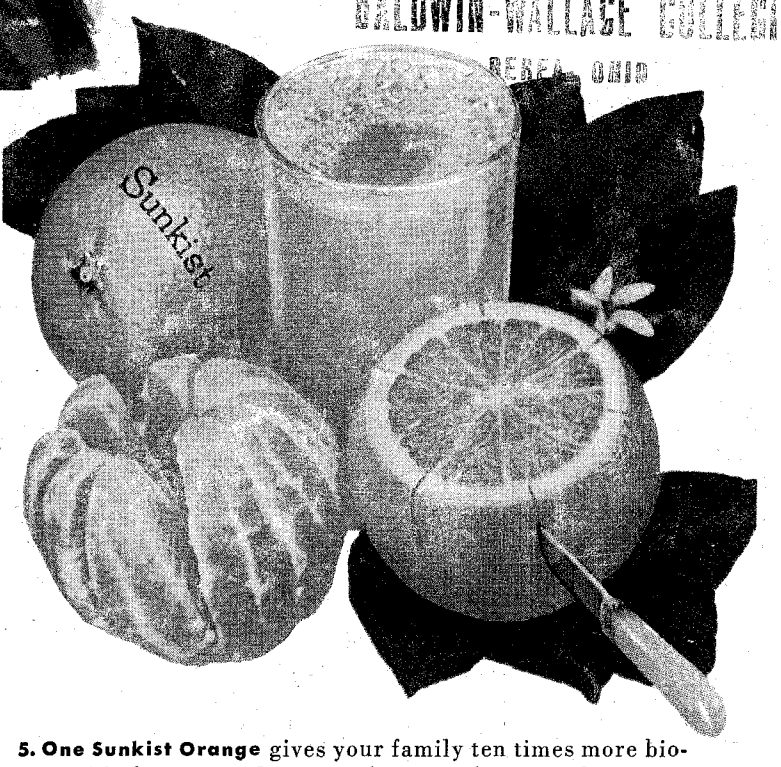
3. Vitamin C becomes more effective. Research indicates the bio-flavonoids actually *boost* the efficiency of the vitamin C in oranges, allowing it to do a better job for children of building sturdy bones and strong muscles, sound teeth and gums, fighting colds and infections.

4. Sunkist Oranges are so reasonable in cost, your family can enjoy them daily. Nothing is easier to serve. *Just hand them out*—at meals, between meals, at TV time. When you squeeze fresh orange juice, don't strain out the solids that contain the bio-flavonoids.



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